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DECEMBER 1950

COMMENTARY

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COMMENTARY

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

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American Politics at Mid-Term *Robert Bendiner*

An analysis of the meaning for American liberals of the 1950 elections, with special reference to the political defeats suffered by the labor unions.

Israel and the Private Investor *Hal Lehrman*

Continuing his series of articles on how the new state hopes to solve its economic problems, Mr. Lehrman reports on the impediments: political, technological, and procedural—real and reputed—which have tended to slow up the investment process, and discusses present plans and proposals for attracting venture capital to Israel.

Looking for Mr. Green *Saul Bellow*

In the shifting universe, one man tries to find another. A short story by the author of *The Victim,* a novel which some critics believe to be among the best works of fiction published in this country since the war.

Protecting Our Children from Prejudice *Bruno Bettelheim*

One of the chief fears among members of minority groups in this country is that their children will be exposed to verbal and perhaps even physical attacks because of their race or religion; and a constant subject of discussion among them is how to minimize the harmful effects of such experiences. Mr. Bettelheim, director of the Orthogenic School at the University of Chicago, discusses the role of parents in dealing with this problem.

Two Medieval Poets

Translations by Allen Mandelbaum from the works of Solomon Ibn Gabirol and Immanuel of Rome, poets of wine and women and of a worldly gaiety none too frequent in the Jewish tradition. In the department, "Cedars of Lebanon."

Park Forest *Herbert Gans*

The outskirts of America's great cities are increasingly dotted with new "garden communities"—planned housing developments inhabited principally by war veterans, their wives, and their young children—which seem destined to become the typical dwelling places of our metropolitan middle classes. Mr. Gans, a sociologist, gives a vivid picture of the Jewish community that has sprung up in one of these new developments.

Israel's Jewish Minority *S. D. Goitein; Constantine Poulos*

Two articles on the underprivileged Yemenite minority in Israel. Professor Goitein describes the unique culture from which these immigrants have sprung; Mr. Poulos discusses the problems of their adjustment to life in a modern state.

COMMENTARY

NO GERMAN REARMING WITHOUT ATLANTIC UNION

Europe Alone Cannot Assimilate German Power

RICHARD H. S. CROSSMAN

ONE COMMON characteristic of the British and American approach to politics is the illusion that no problem is really insoluble. If only people will be reasonable, we fondly believe, if only all sides will be ready to "forget their nationalist obsessions" and "reach a sensible compromise," any conflict can be resolved without war or violence.

This illusion is natural enough in a people which is geographically secure, enjoys a well-established, democratic pattern of life, and knows that, in any international dispute that vitally concerns it, the compromise will always be of its own making. Neither Britain nor the United States has ever lost a major war. Hence the widespread delusion that war settles nothing and that no one is the winner. Nor has either nation, in any post-war settlement, been compelled to sacrifice a vital national interest for what its allies assert to be the common good, as France was compelled to at Versailles, Czechoslovakia at Munich, and pre-Communist Poland at Yalta. It is easy to believe that every problem is soluble, as long as others bear the brunt of your solution!

In the Washington talks of the Western foreign ministers, in October, on the future of Germany, and in the more recent conversations in London, this Anglo-Saxon illusion has been once again very much in evidence. Mr. Acheson obviously found the French attitude to Germany intensely irritating. Why should M. Schuman be so unwilling to take Mr. Churchill's chivalrous advice that he should forget old scores and accept the Germans as comrades in arms? Was it not obvious that the new threat from the East had made the Franco-German feud a sheer anachronism? Was it not a proven fact of military logistics that Europe is indefensible unless German contingents are added to its defense, and the German economy harnessed to the democratic war machine? Would it not be possible, with a little good will on the part of the French,

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A RECENT New York *Times* dispatch from London opened as follows: "Representatives of the twelve North Atlantic Treaty powers agreed today on the need for speed in settling the question of Germany's participation in the defense of Western Europe. They did not immediately agree on anything else." And thereby hangs a tale which RICHARD H. S. CROSSMAN here relates. For, on the whole controversial question of German rearmament, there seem to be only two certainties: that it is a matter of some urgency and that the Western powers are at an impasse before it. Mr. Crossman proposes a way out of the impasse. Mr. Crossman, a Labor member of Parliament, contributes frequently to this magazine, the *New Statesman and Nation,* and other periodicals. His latest article in COMMENTARY was "Nationalism: Enemy or Ally?" in the July 1950 issue.

to make the Germans full partners in the Atlantic Union?

All these rhetorical questions sound reasonable enough three thousand miles across the Atlantic. Thirty years ago similar questions were being asked twenty miles across the Channel. Then it was the British who were infuriated at the French intransigence which culminated in 1923 in the military occupation of the Ruhr. From our insular position of security in the pre-atomic 1920's, we viewed the traditional feuds of Western Europe with the detached irritation that Americans feel today. What we failed to realize, in framing the Treaty of Versailles, was that the interests of Germany and her neighbors cannot be reconciled in terms of Europe.

With the United States still isolationist, the choice in 1918 was between a peace treaty which gave German democracy a reasonable chance to survive, at the cost of jeopardizing French security, or else the Carthaginian peace which the French desired. You could be just *either* to the French *or* to the Germans, and the compromise which Lloyd George actually made between these conflicting claims achieved the worst of both worlds. Germany democracy was compelled to accept the stigma of war guilt and to sign a treaty which, in the case of Silesia, clearly violated the principles of national self-determination. In signing this treaty, the Weimar politicians paved the way for Hitlerism. But, simultaneously, the British refusal to permit the French to annex the German provinces west of the Rhine made France indefensible against a renascent Germany and sowed the seeds of that French defeatism which culminated in Munich. The Versailles Treaty, in fact, was a typical piece of Anglo-Saxon common sense, acceptable neither to France nor to Germany. We English learnt our lesson, but not in time to prevent World War II. The question is whether, in our present generation, the United States can do better—whether, to be precise, Mr. Acheson can avoid the pitfall, into which Lloyd George fell, of forcing on Europe a "settlement" of the German problem which makes no sense to Europeans.

EVERYONE now accepts Goethe's dictum that two souls dwell in the German breast. They are at once respectable bourgeois, with a love of family and home, and jackbooted SS men, reveling in the extermination camp. They are a law-abiding people with a fine tradition of administrative justice, and yet they can display the contempt for law of Nietzsche's superman. They have a genuine respect for learning and culture, and yet they will suddenly smash both in an ecstasy of barbarism. It would be pleasant to believe, as some liberals and socialists have done, that these conflicting characteristics are neatly divided between "good" and "bad" Germans, between Prussians and non-Prussians, or between militarist Junkers and a democratic working class. But there is little evidence for such a simplified picture. The "good Germany" and the "bad Germany" are abstractions. The *real* Germany is a divided personality, exhibiting the characteristics of both, and the problem we face is to create conditions in which this spiritual conflict can be resolved into a stable national temperament without another world war.

What we often fail to realize is that this German schizophrenia has its counterpart in our own attitude to Germany. We swing within a few years from a hysterical anti-Germanism to a sentimental belief that the Germans are really just like ourselves. In 1916 anybody with a German name in London was in danger of physical assault. Five years later British public opinion was blaming the French for not accepting Germany as a civilized democracy. The second mood was just as irrational and unbalanced as the first. Since 1944 American public opinion has undergone a similar experience: in 1950 the French are being bitterly blamed for holding views about German militarism and aggressiveness which American public opinion would have condemned as too "soft" four years ago.

I shall never forget the autumn day of 1944 when we received in SHAEF the terse telegram which informed us of the conclusions reached by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at the Quebec Conference. They had just initialed the Morgenthau Plan, and its immediate practical result was a two-clause directive to General Eisenhower. The first clause enforced the policy of non-fraternization; the second instructed us only to undertake such economic reconstruction in the occupied areas of Germany as was necessary to prevent starvation and insurrection. This directive arrived when the main plans for Military Government had already been worked out on the assumption that occupation policy would follow the principles established in Italy. The aim would be to get the economy running again as soon as possible and, while removing Nazis from their jobs, to permit friendly relations both between the troops and the civil population, and between Military Government and the Germans with whom they would be working. The new directive based on the Morgenthau Plan made all these plans wastepaper and forced upon the British and American occupying forces a policy which violated every natural instinct of human decency and stimulated the worst in all of us. We were to behave as a *Herrenvolk*. Our only human relations with the Germans were to be illicit sexual intercourse or black market activities, and we were to re-educate them in democracy by keeping them just above the level of starvation, while systematically destroying the industries on which their livelihood depended.

British colonialism at its worst, with its segregation of pukka sahibs in their exclusive white man's clubs, and its frigid disdain for the social aspirations of the lesser breeds outside the law, became the model for the Anglo-American occupation of Western Germany. Any Tanganyika settler who, as lately as 1948, visited the American fortress in Frankfort—half a square mile of residential suburb surrounded by barbed wire and nicknamed "KZ Amerika" ("the American concentration camp") by the Germans—would have felt perfectly at home.

When Mr. Acheson now calls on the Europeans to treat the Germans as fellow defenders of Christendom, he should remember the Morgenthau Plan imposed as a code of conduct only two years ago. It is easy to forget the contrast in the atmosphere of Washington; but the fact that America within six years has imperiously proposed both the Morgenthau Plan and the remilitarization of the German state is bound to be taken in Europe as evidence of a fundamental instability in the American attitude to Germany. If Mr. Acheson finds the French "difficult," he should remember that they at least have the virtue of consistency, whereas American policy towards Germany displays the same ambivalence which made British opinion the prime obstacle to a sound European settlement after World War I.

OUR first task is to get rid of this emotional unbalance by seeing the Germans as they really are. They are neither the eternal enemy, to be eradicated mercilesssly by a Morgenthau Plan, nor are they decent, reliable fellows who can be armed without hesitation. The characteristics which make them both an asset and a danger to Europe are derived not from original sin but from their national history, which has set them three problems that no other nation has had to solve.

1. THE NATION WITHOUT FRONTIERS. In the first place, the Germans are not, as they fondly believe, a *Volk ohne Raum,* but they are a *Volk ohne Grenzen.* Like the Poles, they are a people with no naturally defined living space. The French, the British, and the American ways of life are coterminous with the frontiers of three well-defined states. The frontiers of Germany must always be artificial, and to make matters worse, if all Germans are to live in a single nation-state, that state will include vast numbers of non-German national minorities. The Austrians, the Germans who used to live in Poland and Czechoslovakia, in Hungary and Rumania, are all just as German as the inhabitants of Frankfort or Berlin, though they have lived for hundreds of years in countries which were not part of a German Reich. When Bismarck unified Germany he did it arbitrarily and from above, by

creating a Prussian-dominated German state which excluded the whole Austro-Hungarian Empire. When the Treaty of Versailles recarved Germany's frontiers, it excluded still more millions of Germans; and when National Socialism, under the slogan *"ein Reich, ein Volk, ein Fuehrer,"* finally created the German nation-state, it could do so only by subjecting the whole of Europe to Hitler's rule. When a Frenchman or an Englishman demands national self-determination, he may do so without aggressively threatening his neighbors. When a German does so, he menaces every Pole, Czech, Hungarian, Frenchman, Dutchman, and Belgian. The other nations of Europe can only feel secure if they prevent the Germans from achieving their national ambitions. If the Germans are to unite, and to inhabit all the territories where they historically belong, they can only do so by aggression.

This fact—that Germany is a nation without frontiers—explains another characteristic of German policy, its "neutralism" towards East and West. Shall Germany achieve her aims by alliance with Russia against the Western powers, or by defending Western Christendom against the Mongolian hordes? Or shall she, as Hitler tried, make a tactical alliance with the East in order to destroy the West and then fulfill her destiny by conquering the East as well? The question whether Germany should be "East- or West-oriented" has been the basic issue for German politicians ever since Bismarck. It should not be confused with any ideological difference between democracy and totalitarianism, or between Catholicism and Marxism. As a matter of fact, the most influential proponents of an East orientation in the 1920's were the Reichswehr generals, who certainly had no predilection for Communism but were ready to collaborate with the Russians in order to evade the restrictions on German rearmament imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. On the other side, the main protagonists of a West orientation have always been the Social Democrats, owing to their strong spiritual affinity with British and French democracy.

But in Germany, because she is still a nation striving for self-determination, ideology will always take second place to national expediency. In signing that 1939 pact with Stalin, Hitler had the support of the German General Staff and of German heavy industry. Through that pact he obtained the partition of Poland and the German domination of Central Europe, which had been the ambition of German nationalists for generations.

Today, when eight million Germans have been expelled from their homes in Poland and Czechoslovakia, it still remains true that, if the West is unable or unwilling to satisfy German aspirations, many Germans of the Right, though they detest Communism, might be tempted, under certain conditions, to adopt an East orientation. That is why Germany can never be treated as a wholly reliable ally.

2. MANAGERIAL CAPITALISM. Ever since the war, frantic efforts have been made by the American and British occupation authorities to "democratize" the Germany economy in order to prevent a revival of Hitlerism. The Americans have been chiefly concerned to break up the mammoth cartels, in accordance with the principles of the Sherman anti-trust laws. The British Labor government has dallied ineffectively with the idea that socialization is the cure. Both remedies are bound to fail because you cannot democratize a foreign country by forcing it into the laws of your own historical development.

The German industrial revolution was unnaturally retarded to the end of the 19th century, with the result that German capitalism sprang, like the goddess Athena, fully grown and fully armed from the head of Zeus. The German middle class did not win its place in the sun by a democratic revolution but remained the servant of a huge economic machine, subservient to the requirements of the state and of the military power which controlled it. From its beginning in 1870, German industry has been a managerial society economically "trustified" and organized by the state as an instrument of national ambition. Owing to Bismarck's farsightedness, Germany had also become a "welfare state" long before the phrase was thought of in Britain or America. But it has been a welfare state on a strictly military pattern. You can see this clearly if you glance either at its trade unionism or at the ethics of the German businessman overseas. The trade union secretary is the non-commissioned officer in a Marxist army, and the German commercial traveler is the representative not only of his firm but of the Reich.

Once again, it is no use blaming the Germans or trying forcibly to reshape their industrial life on a British or American pattern. On the other hand, it is futile to overlook the fact that German economic recovery constitutes a threat not merely to Germany's commercial competitors, but to the national existence of her neighbors.

3. AUTHORITARIAN DEMOCRACY. Soon after the war I visited Düsseldorf and Frankfort, to study re-education. At Düsseldorf I found the British busily engaged in democratizing German local government. The first step, I was told, was to create a non-political civil service and, in particular, to force the Germans to accept a "town clerk" as the head of the municipal service. In England the mayoralty goes in rotation among the elected councillors, and the town clerk is the non-political civil servant responsible to him for coordinating every department. The German tradition, on the other hand, has always been that the party which won the election should select a burgomaster, a political official who combines the offices of both the British mayor and town clerk. When I asked the occupation authorities why they considered a town clerk so essential to democracy, they replied, "It's the way we've always done it," apparently unaware that this is a peculiar British convention which no other democracy has adopted.

In Frankfort I found the Americans busily engaged in democratizing the German press by establishing it on a commercial basis and preventing the formation of party-political newspapers. When I asked them why they thought a commercial press was democratic, I was asked to look at the press of the United States. They had not noticed that a party-political press is an established feature of European democracy.

The moral of this story is clear. A democracy, to be genuine, must be the organic expression of the popular will. Democratic institutions cannot be imposed by an occupying army, nor can totalitarianism be exterminated by making everyone fill out long and complicated forms. The Russians had a simple task. Their aim was to substitute one totalitarian system for another. So the Socialist Unity party in Eastern Germany is merely the Nazi party with a few changes of personnel and a new directive. In the Western zones it was presumably our purpose to enable the Germans to evolve their own uniquely German form of representative government. What that will be no one can predict, but we can say one thing with certainty: it will not follow the British, the American, or the French pattern.

The genuine ideal for most Germans is the *Rechtsstaat,* the state administered according to strict justice by an incorruptible civil service, in which the rights of the individual are ruthlessly subsumed to the common good. Sovereignty, in the German mind, derives not from the surge of public feeling below, but from an authority far above the common man. That authority may be checked, and to some extent controlled, by public opinion, but if it is to be respected it can never be a product of public opinion. The result, therefore, of forcing on Germany a democratic system on the British or American pattern will only be to produce a reaction in favor of extreme forms of totalitarianism, such as occurred in the 1920's. Indeed, the beginning of wisdom on this matter is to realize that the best constitution Germany ever achieved was the mixture of authority and representative government under Wilhelm II. If, instead of the Weimar Republic, Germany had developed a constitutional monarchy, the Hitler revolution might never have occurred. It is far too late today to talk about restoring monarchy in Germany. But some other form of authoritarian democracy must be found if freedom is to be stabilized in that country.

Of the three Western powers, it is only the French who have shown any understanding of these three aspects of the German problem. They entered Germany as victors and not as re-educators; their prime object was to grab as much reparations as they could, and to annex the Saar while the United States was still in its anti-German mood. They recognize that no one can democratize the Germans except the Germans themselves, and that the attempt to replace the "bad" Germans with "good" Germans throughout the administration of their zones was bound to end in a welter of mismanagement and hypocrisy.

The French occupation policy was cynical and overtly vindictive. But it was at least intelligible to the German mind, which recognizes the victor's right to loot. I doubt whether the French are more resented today in Germany than the British or the Americans.

SO FAR I have written about Germany as though it were still a united nation. But the fact, as we all know, is that it is artificially divided into two states. When we talk of the Germans, we too easily forget that the Western Germans are not a nation but a fragment of a nation, whose primary objective must be: German unity. To give the Bonn government independence means giving it the power to work for the national ambitions of all Germans.

But Germany is not only divided: it is also dismembered. This is the tragic legacy of Yalta. Roosevelt and Churchill permitted Poland and Russia to acquire vast areas of purely German territory and to expel nine million Germans from their homes. It was a gross violation of democratic principle and human decency which, directly they are strong enough, the Germans must seek to redress. To take a parallel from my own country, it is as though we had lost the war and Britain had been divided into German, Italian, and Japanese zones of occupation. Then we must assume that, within five weeks of the end of a devastating war, the whole population of Australia had been bundled into Britain. If all this had happened, I fancy that most of the inhabitants of this island would be determined to liberate Australia, if only to liberate themselves from the unwelcome Australians. Today no German, whatever his political party, will be content so long as Königsberg remains a Russian city and Breslau is called Wroclaw; and that means that nationalism must be the dominant force in German politics.

To achieve an Eastern dismemberment, while preventing a Western dismemberment such as the French desired, was one of the most brilliant achievements of Stalin's diplomacy. In the short run it meant that Russia's Slavic allies were satiated, while our Western European allies remained in chronic insecurity. In the long run, if Stalin ever wants the Germans as allies, it gives him the chance of winning them by yet another partition of Poland.

On the other hand, the Western powers have one advantage in Germany which they could never have anticipated—the effect produced by the Russian occupation. Both in the West and in the East the Germans have conceived a hatred of the Russians which it is impossible to overestimate. Mainly this is the result of the brutality of the Russian occupying forces in the first months after the war. But it is also in part caused by the instability which the Soviets, no less than ourselves, display in their German policy.

The Russians want to win the Germans as allies against the West. But they cannot welcome the Germans too warmly as proletarian comrades without deeply disturbing the whole Slav bloc. The Poles and the Czechs are as frightened of a German revival as the French, and the recent crisis in the Polish Communist party, which ended with the purge of Gomulka, was almost certainly due to disagreements about Germany. In the last resort, the Kremlin has to choose between the support of Germany and the support of the Slavs. Unwilling to make this choice, it vacillates.

Moreover, the Russians still want loot. In 1945 and 1946 they almost stripped the Eastern Zone, and since then there have been further waves of dismantling. There are factories in Saxony which have been dismantled four, five, and six times. Eastern Germany is still an area of colonial exploitation, and this exploitation, combined with forced labor in the uranium mines, forced service in the East German police force, and an NKVD reign of terror which may mean Siberia for anyone at any time, outweighs in the German mind the social and economic reforms carried through under Communist directive. In Eastern Germany there has been real land redistribution, a genuine equalization of incomes, and a considerable degree of nationalization. But these advances are obliterated in the German mind by the totalitarian colonialism of Russian policy.

IT SHOULD be clear by now that, under present conditions, every "solution" of the German problem can be shot to pieces by those who dislike it. Let us take the French position first. Most Frenchmen are frankly opposed to any kind of German rearmament. They wish to maintain permanent Allied occupation of Western Germany, and they demand sufficient British and American divisions to make the recruitment of Germans unnecessary. To this proposal Mr. Acheson has objected (1) that, even if the United States and Britain quadrupled their present forces in Germany, Western Europe would be militarily indefensible without active German participation, and (2) that anyway neither the United States nor Britain is prepared to go on bearing forever the costs and burdens of defending Western Germany while the Germans themselves go scot free.

In view of the American attitude, supported somewhat half-heartedly by Great Britain, the French have retreated from their first intransigent position. They now concede that German contingents could be used on one condition. This condition is that a European army should be constituted, responsible to a European minister of defense, and that the Council of Europe should be immediately transformed into the nucleus of a European government. "Create a Federated States of Western Europe," they say, "and we will concede equality to Germany."

On paper, this is a powerful argument. If Western Germany could become merely one state in a larger political union, the menace of German nationalism would be largely removed. Ever since M. Briand sketched his plan for a United Europe in the 1920's, farsighted Frenchmen have advocated this solution. Unfortunately, at present it is even more unrealistic than the first French proposal. Even if we grant the desirability of merging Western Europe and Britain in a superstate, the job will take years to do. To make the defense of Europe wait upon the complete solution of one of the most difficult of all political problems (in which the interests of the British Commonwealth and of France are diametrically opposed) is to court defeat. Mr. Acheson may sympathize with the French longing for a European Federation. But he realizes that at the very best it is a long-term policy, and what is needed today are short-term measures to deal with the immediate threat of Russian aggression, and to re-moralize those millions of defeatists in Western Europe who, assuming that nothing can prevent the Red Army reaching the Channel coast, have lost their will to resist. This second French proposal may be logical, but it is not practical politics.

IF BOTH the French proposals can be dismissed, what about the American counterplan? Mr. Acheson has been using all the pressure of which the United States is capable to persuade Western Europe that Germany should be accepted as rapidly as possible as an equal member of the Atlantic community, and required to contribute a contingent to a European army. At first sight this sounds like sheer common sense, but on reflection we see that it is open to just as serious objections as the French viewpoint. Despite the polite phrases about "German contingents in a European army," no one can seriously doubt that the American plan would involve, within a very few years, the constitution of a German army. This army would be officered by men we were condemning as war criminals only two or three years ago, and its creation would be passionately opposed by every German democrat and socialist. To rearm the Germans now would mean giving back political power to the very forces in Germany which we fought two world wars to destroy, and there is no guarantee that, when this army was reconstituted, it would fight on our side.

But there is an even more serious objection to the American plan. To talk about "rearming the Germans" is to evade the central problem. It was possible in 1945 to impose unconditional surrender on the Germans: it is not possible in 1950 to impose unconditional rearmament upon them. The more loudly American generals talk about the indispensability of German forces for the defense of Western Europe, the more reluctant Germans become to accept the role allotted to them in American strategy. We talk glibly about the defense of the Elbe line, but the Germans are well aware that, in the event of war, the European army, even if it were strongly constituted, would have to make a fighting withdrawal from the Elbe across Western Germany. "You permitted the Russians to advance deep into the heart of Europe," says the German. "You partitioned our country, smashed our cities to pieces, and dismantled our industries. The responsibility for defending Western Europe rests not on us, but on those who brought us to our present desperate plight."

It is now only too clear that the American pressure for German rearmament has been interpreted in Germany as a sign of Western weakness. So far from being grateful to us for wanting to put them into uniform again, the Germans are cynically contemptuous. They will only consent to rearm themselves on their own terms, and the more urgently we ask for their help, the more exorbitant those terms will be.

Finally, there is an objection which every responsible French and German politician must make: that the rearming of Germany might well provoke the Russian aggression which it is intended to prevent. If the United States is so anxious that Europe should take the risk of precipitating war, what guarantee can Mr. Acheson give that during the critical period when the rearmament is still in process, Allied strength will be sufficient to meet this risk? It is argued, therefore, that during this period the Americans and the British must put into Germany enough troops to reduce the danger to a minimum. In this case, the rearming of the Germans, so far from reducing the number of British and American divisions required for Western European defense, would actually increase it.

IS THERE any way out of this impasse? Only if we realize the mistakes which got us into it and set about rectifying them at once. In the first place, it was a grave tactical error for Washington to raise the issue of German rearmament at a time when it was still academic. Even if the principle is conceded to Mr. Acheson, as Mr. Bevin has reluctantly conceded it, there is no prospect for months, if not years, of forming any German divisions and equipping them. No one in the Pentagon denies that in rearmament the West Germans must come last in the queue. Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, and Italy, not to mention the Middle East, where the military danger is probably most acute, must receive priority in the supply of equipment; and furthermore the whole system of Atlantic defense, which today is little more than a hierarchy of paper-producing committees, must be made to work before German rearmament can become a practical issue. By putting it on the agenda long before anything can be done about it, the United States has caused heart-burnings and dissensions in Europe for no good purpose whatsoever. If Mr. Acheson thought that, by so doing, he could at least win German good will, he must be a very disillusioned man today.

But the blame does not rest only on

American shoulders: a large part of it belongs to Britain, owing to her ambiguous attitude to Western Europe. There are sound reasons why Mr. Churchill, just as strenuously as Mr. Bevin, opposes British participation in a European Federation. Britain is the banker of the sterling area, in which over half of world trade is conducted. Her economic recovery, and her success this year in bridging the dollar gap, is largely due to the dollars which the sterling area *as a whole* has earned, and the economies in dollar imports which the members of the sterling area have imposed upon themselves. To enter a European Federation would mean either forcing the countries of Western Europe into the sterling area (which is the last thing they want) or breaking the area up, which would have catastrophic results for the British people.

Britain is also the head of a Commonwealth based on the principles of national self-determination and progressive decentralization. Whereas France, for instance, seeks to raise the living standards of the backward peoples in her colonies by turning them gradually into Frenchmen, and even in some cases giving them representation in the French parliament, Britain has adopted the opposite approach. She has systematically weakened the control of Westminster over the Empire, and hurried territory after territory towards national independence. India, Pakistan, and Ceylon are now sovereign nations alongside Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and within ten years the West Indies, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast will have achieved the same status of sovereign states, bound together solely by loyalty to the symbol of Commonwealth unity, the British monarchy. For Britain to merge her sovereignty in Europe would be to destroy the last ties of Commonwealth, the common loyalty to the symbol of unity—the British Crown.

These are powerful reasons for British opposition to the French demand for Federation. But they do not excuse Britain's insular attitude since 1945. If Britain cannot accept European Union, what positive proposal of her own has she to put forward for dealing with the German problem? It is not good enough to point to the vast amount of practical cooperation which Britain has shown in such an organization as the European Payments Union, and in her decision to institute a two-year period of conscript service as a contribution to European defense. What Europe needs above all is an inspiring lead, and it has not come from London.

I BELIEVE that the lead which Britain should give to Europe is to enlarge its vision and to make Frenchmen realize that, in the modern world, European Union is a parochial concept. Both Europe's economic problems and the political problem of German nationalism can only be overcome in a union which transcends the frontiers of Europe. *It is the participation in Europe on a permanent peacetime basis of Britain, the United States, and Canada which is required to give France the security without which she cannot tolerate a German revival.*

Marshall Plan aid has provided evidence enough that any European economic revival, to be more than a flash in the pan, must be based on a permanent transatlantic plan for dealing with the dollar shortage. Moreover, we have already recognized that European defense must be organized not in European but in Atlantic terms. During the war, we developed, in the Combined Chiefs of Staff and the combined commodity boards at Washington, effective instruments of world planning. In 1945 most of this complex organization was scrapped, along with wartime controls. But, under the pressure of a cold war, they must be reconstituted. Strategically, politically, and economically, Atlantic Union is the smallest unit of organization which offers any chance of survival for Western democracy.

It is Britain's task, as the power which is both a part of Europe and the center of a world organization, to make all this clear both to the peoples of Western Europe and to the United States of America. If the British government refuses to join a European Schuman Plan, it should be ready to put forward a Bevin Plan which would integrate the coal and steel of every Atlantic power. If she frustrates the French demand for European Union, she should herself show the way to a political union which includes Western Europe, the Commonwealth, and the United States.

In doing this, Britain would provide the basis for a long-term solution of the German problem. Ever since Bismarck it has been insoluble *in terms of Europe*. As Marshal Foch drily remarked when he was asked what was wrong with the Germans, "There are too many of them." By their numbers, by their geographical dispersal, by their energy and authoritarian discipline, they have upset the balance of Europe for a hundred years, and been the cause of two world wars. In both wars it has been necessary to bring in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. After each war the idealists have imagined that one could transcend German nationalism by Europeanizing the Germans; but in fact, as we have seen, they would merely Germanize Europe. Atlantic Union provides the only framework within which Germany could be free without being a menace to her neighbors. If Europe is too small to digest Germany, the Western world is not.

It can be objected that Atlantic Union is just as visionary as the French plan for European Union. It is not something which can be achieved at a round table conference in Washington or by a Constituent Assembly and an Atlantic Constitution. It must grow slowly, over a period of years, as a result of practical successes in Atlantic cooperation, and the political act of union can only be envisaged as the remote final stage in this process of growing together.

This is all true. Yet the fact remains that Atlantic cooperation would be vastly easier if Europe, the Commonwealth, and the United States all formally and solemnly agreed on the common end we are striving to achieve. I should like to see Britain propose the establishment of an Atlantic Consultative Assembly, on the lines of the European Assembly, and give it all the fanatical backing which the French have devoted to Strasbourg. Atlantic Union and European Union are not alternative but complementary concepts, and I believe the response in both Europe and the United States to such a British initiative would surprise us all. At long last Europeans, Americans, Asiatics, and Africans would be united on equal terms in a single organization; and millions of frightened people would feel that we were beginning to build the foundations of that world government which is the only final solution of our problems, and the only effective bulwark against world Communism. In this world perspective we could at last view the German problem in its proper proportions.

But even if we accept this long-term plan, it is essential to reach agreement on the immediate contribution which Germany should be asked to make towards the defense of the West. Here again, there is a chance for a British initiative to bridge the gap between the French and American viewpoints. The French refuse to consider any German unit larger than a battalion; the Americans any unit smaller than a division; and the Germans will accept nothing less than complete equality of treatment. One way out of this deadlock is to drop all talk of a European army—a misleading concept anyway—and to concentrate on defense measures which can be carried out at once. We should relieve French anxieties by organizing our Atlantic army without German participation. On the other hand, we should relieve the natural alarm of the Germans by permitting them to organize at once a militarized police force as strong as the *Bereitschaften* now in existence in the Russian Zone. But, just as these *Bereitschaften* are not units in an integrated East European army, the West German police force should remain a strictly German affair. Meanwhile, the West German state should be permitted to develop as rapidly as possible all the other institutions of an independent nation.

I do not suggest that this proposal is anything else than a stopgap. If the cold war continues at its present intensity for five or ten years, the two rival German police forces will ultimately be integrated into the two rival armies. But, from the French point of view, the integration of the Germans into an extremely strong Atlantic army, organized within the framework of a rapidly developing Atlantic Union, would be far more palatable than Mr. Acheson's present plan to organize ten German divisions in order to fill the gaps caused by our own weakness. I believe that such a police force would also be palatable to the Western Germans. The responsibility for the defense of Western Germany against the Red Army would remain that of the occupying powers, and the Germans would only be concerned with suppressing Communist insurrection and deterring the East German *Bereitschaften* from any "Korean" experiments.

Finally, this stopgap measure would provide time and opportunity for negotiation with the Russians. In Eastern Europe, the Kremlin is faced with just the same dissensions about Germany which harass Mr. Acheson in Washington. The Poles remember that Stalin partitioned their country in order to avert a German attack on Russia, and they are well aware that the stronger Germany grows, the greater the temptation for the Russians to repeat the partition of Poland. Their reluctance to see East Germany integrated as an equal partner in Eastern Europe is reflected in varying degrees throughout the Slav bloc.

By making it clear to the Russians that we shall permit the West Germans whatever military organization they concede to the East Germans, we are therefore creating the basis for a hardheaded deal between East and West, under which each side would agree to keep its zone of Germany demilitarized.

Such an agreement, if achieved, could lead to a general *détente* throughout the world. We should not assume it to be likely, but we should be well advised not to destroy the opportunity for it. Once we integrate the Germans into a European army, we make impossible either the unification of Germany, except after a world war, or an agreement with Russia for the demilitarization of both zones. To take this irrevocable step at a time when it brings no increase of military strength, and at the risk of the gravest dissensions among our allies, is surely an act of irresponsibility.

A BILLION DOLLARS FOR ISRAEL

The Four-Point Plan's Impact on American Jewry

HAL LEHRMAN

The economic crisis of huge proportions now perplexing the State of Israel can be met only by aid from abroad; and leadership, both in Israel and here, has agreed that America's share in this effort should amount to one billion dollars over the next three years. What are the needs that prompt this ambitious plan? By what means is it to be accomplished? What are likely to be the effects of such a fund-raising effort on the structure and activities of the American Jewish community? **Hal Lehrman**, author and lecturer, tries here, on the basis of information obtained from authoritative sources in and outside of the American Jewish community, to sketch the economic, institutional, and political facts and factors involved in this unprecedented demand upon American Jewish resources. The latest in Mr. Lehrman's long list of articles in **Commentary** dealing with Jewish and world affairs was "Turning Point in Jewish Philanthropy?" (September 1950).

BY ROUGH but fairly sound computation, the total of all the funds raised during the past three years for Jewish development in Israel from all sources in the United States—philanthropy, investment, and credit—adds up to something just beyond 400 million dollars. The goal for the next three years, however, is no less than an additional *thousand* million dollars. This is the apparently astronomical pledge to which the leadership of the organized Jewish community is now formally committed.

The dimensions of this goal grow even vaster when one reflects that the 400 million-odd dollars were amassed in three years of high drama and exhilaration. The first year, 1948—the year of Israel's birth, of her battle against the Arab invader, of the opening of her gates to the mighty immigrant tide—was the peak year in the history of fund-raising. The following two years saw a progressively slackening response—but a response still relatively alert to the challenge of buttressing the victorious new state, shutting the DP camps of Europe forever, "ingathering the exiles."

Ardor has cooled, inevitably. Yet now the call is out for one billion dollars. True, new fund-raising channels are being devised: Israeli bonds and United States government aid. But even they will be tapping reservoirs which have already been generously drawn upon—and the fact remains that the sum demanded, in a time of emotional fatigue, is more than twice the sum yielded in the three previous years of ardor.

The task is mammoth. It need not by any means be impossible. But it clearly needs objective analysis rather than pure sentiment if we are to understand the dimensions of the task and the problems it sets for American Jews, and to assess the prospects for success. It is almost too early to attempt this, but the implications for American Jews of a billion-dollar three-year drive for Israel are too great for the community-minded not to want even now to know as much as possible. It is the purpose of this survey to describe the situation in all its controversy and complexity, and leave it to time and the mature judgment of the community to separate the real and the possible from the merely hopeful and visionary.

THE emergency requirements of Israel until the end of 1953 are officially set at one and one-half billion dollars—one-third to be somehow extracted from the already hard-pressed Israeli community and the rest of the world outside America, the remaining billion to come from the United States. What is this staggering amount for? The reception, care, and economic absorption of *new* immigration. How is the calculation made? By multiplying 600,000—the total of the anticipated yearly average of 200,000 immigrants for three years—by $2,500, the estimated cost of absorbing each arrival. Result: one and one-half billion dollars. How will this be allocated? The Israeli Finance Ministry's plan presents this break-down: 600 millions for housing and public works, 290 millions for industrial development, this much for agriculture, that much for transportation, immigrant maintenance, resettlement, and so on, all neatly balancing up to the requested billion and a half.

These figures are round, inspiring, and easily understood. The economics are transmuted into warm human terms; the emphasis is exclusively concentrated on the new immigrant and *his* crisis. Certainly such an appeal is likely to evoke maximum sympathy.

A considerable body of informed opinion, however, holds that the calculations are arbitrary and the emphasis inexact. Such observers point out that Israel's *present* financial condition—the result mainly of the large numbers of immigrants already received—is desperate enough for emergency measures. As for immigrants still to come, there is no way to anticipate their precise or even approximate number. The caprice of other governments—in Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Iraq, and elsewhere—will determine how many Jews may enter Israel. The number may be far less than 200,000 annually—and it may be substantially more. Presumably the government of Israel will impose no ceiling on immigration. Dictated by idealism and hard military prudence, unlimited immigration has become an axiom in Israel. Consequently, arithmetic based on any fixed immigration total will be subject to large error, in either direction.

Moreover, according to the analysts, the $2,500 proposed as the cost per immigrant does not have to be raised in dollars. Some 60 to 70 per cent of it is payable in Israeli currency. This does not mean that 30 to 40 per cent of the one and one-half billions is all that is needed from the outer world. It does mean that the real crisis is one not of immigrant expenditure but of foreign exchange—hard currency to meet the requirements not merely of immigrants but of the *entire* country and *whole* population. This is a cold and intricate problem which lacks the simplicity and resonant overtones of rescue, survival, and global calculations. It is nevertheless the true problem.

THAT a foreign exchange crisis of disturbing magnitude now rages in Israel is indisputable. Without going into head-aching statistics, it suffices to say that the pitiful inadequacies of dollar and other hard-currency reserves are the primary and overwhelming cause of Israel's current Spartan austerity, hoarding, and black-marketing. Further, the dollar shortage is directly responsible for Israel's inability to obtain abroad the equipment and materials without which its economy cannot expand to meet the needs of an expanding population. Production is the key to Israel's solvency. Israel must export more —and import less of the non-productive commodities, like food, which she now is buying abroad instead of producing at home—in order to live and grow. Without a rapid acceleration of her productivity, Israel's currency and economy will topple.

Already half throttled by the foreign exchange vise, the country confronts in 1951 the prospect of further tightening, notably through the exhaustion of its present Export-Import Bank loan and its sterling reserves and the need to make payments in foreign exchange on certain overseas loans and investments. Estimates of Israel's requirements in dollars or other hard currencies vary widely. To import the same volume of goods in 1951 as this year, and to meet her growing international obligations, Israel would need about 325 million dollars. She is expected to earn, in visible and invisible exports, only about 100 million dollars. The balance of 225 million dollars will have to be met by gifts and worldwide philanthropy (around 100 million dollars for 1950), private investment, inter-government aid, capital of immigrants, dwindling foreign exchange reserves, and borrowing—borrowing by government, by organizations, and by individuals.

But the 1950 level of import has already put Israel into an economic strait jacket, with a hardly tolerable standard of food, clothing, and housing. In 1951 the population will continue to be swelled by immigration; prices of all the commodities Israel must buy abroad are higher now and still rising; more development programs must be inaugurated. Therefore a total of only 225 million dollars in "unearned" foreign exchange will obviously be inadequate for 1951. From this point of view, a billion-dollar drive for 333 million dollars annually in the next three years—to meet the foreign exchange needs of the country *as a whole,* and not merely for new immigrants—does not seem at all unreasonable.

Objective economists point out that there is one approach to the problem which fundraisers generally pass over in silence: how much of the unearned foreign exchange needs could be cut down if Israel herself increased her earnings by ampler and more efficient production from her own farms and factories? This question has evidently not received proper emphasis even in Israel.

It was only in October 1950 that the top posts were filled in the two production ministries—Agriculture, and Trade and Industry. Visitors to Israel have noticed, even if they do not discuss publicly, the neglect of important foreign-exchange-earning assets such as the abandoned (and now destroyed) citrus groves, the vineyards, olive trees, and fruit plantations, and the years of delay in resuming potash workings. It is also asked whether Israel is really putting to most effective use the resources in foreign exchange which she does possess even now. The construction of hospitals, office buildings, stadiums, cinemas, convention halls, or the importation of passenger automobiles and materials for "luxury" housing, are related to production only in a very indirect way. Are these so necessary, or, at least, are they consistent with Israel's crucial need for emphasis on expanding production? Admittedly, some of this failure to concentrate on purely economic development is due to the uncontrollable preferences of well-meaning organizations which raise money abroad, or of non-Israelis whose funds are paying for the luxury imports. It is nonetheless undeniable that much more good could come from the available resources if these expenditures were more rationally coordinated and aimed at first things first.

In essence, the Israeli crisis may be pictured as a race between production and the expanding needs of an expanding people. Production is starting far behind in the race —at least by 225 million dollars in 1951 and probably much more. How much will it take to catch up, and when? This is beyond precise evaluation at this time. Even with the one and one-half billion dollars advertised, the government has promised to be "well on the road to economic stabilization" only by 1956. It should be noted, on the other hand, that there is a limit set on the use of dollars by the limitations of Israel's present planning and productive resources; only recently have the final projects been elaborated for all of the 100-million-dollar American loan available since December 1948. But, in general, it is correct to say that the more aids extended, the earlier will American Jewry begin to see release from its moral obligation to sustain and underwrite the struggling people of Israel.

The mobilization of the American community for this new and vast effort will require more careful planning and effective techniques than ever before. What progress can be reported up to this moment?

THERE seems, unhappily, to have been very little planning for or during the National Planning Conference for Israel and Jewish Rehabilitation held with much éclat and advance publicity in Washington over the last weekend in October. Seven weeks earlier, some fifty American Jewish leaders, assembled in Jerusalem, had agreed with the government on a billion-dollar drive through philanthropy, bonds, private investments, and inter-government aid. The Washington meeting was to present this plan to the national community and lay the groundwork for its implementation. But even before its opening, word went out that the Hotel Statler conference would be mostly eloquence, with a minimum of deliberation.

Reportedly, the original intention in Jerusalem had been to launch the idea of bonds in Washington; all the mass organizations of American Jewry, which had little experience with large-scale fund-raising but might be important pins in a bond-selling machine, were invited; it quickly became evident that any definite talk about bonds was premature; still, the meeting had been called—there was nothing to do but go ahead and muddle through.

This, by and large, is what happened. The agenda was reportedly not available to component organizations in advance, nor were even printed programs distributed until the conference was well under way. A significant number of top fund-raising personnel came to Washington persuaded beforehand that, in view of the variegated makeup of the groups attending and the absence of preparatory documentation or concrete proposals, no worthwhile results would ensue. They were pretty nearly right. Neither the "Steering Committee"—which, with 280 accredited members, was somewhat overloaded for accurate steering—nor the vast plenary sessions heard much fruitful exchange of views. The only genuine discussion occurred in small caucuses, committees, private breakfasts and luncheons—but there, too, the emphasis was something less than positive: to eliminate all differences, however basic, simply by postponement. Thus, the vexing questions of a central fund for unified campaigning for Israel in this country, and of a central budget for priority disbursements in Israel, were gingerly sidetracked to spare the sensibilities of groups like Hadassah, Histadrut, and the Jewish Agency. Conversely, the explosive issue of pre-campaign budgeting in the communities, i.e., allotting a first guaranteed share to Israel in advance of the welfare fund campaigns, was tabled to avoid ruffling other national agencies, and some over-exuberant phrases identifying world Jewry too nationalistically with Israel were removed from resolutions in order to meet the criticisms of pro-Israel non-Zionists. The result was acceptable to all but scarcely productive.

EVEN the one strongly avowed purpose of the conference—to stimulate a great surge of popular feeling for the billion-dollar drive—almost fizzled. There were 1102 delegates—the most representative communal and organizational assemblage in American history. It was a superb opportunity to spark an élan which would send the multitude home burning to touch off enthusiasm around the country. Instead, the conference was treated to round after round of platform oratory—eloquent enough, but all saying much the same thing and virtually none of it on ways and means of collecting the money that everyone agreed ought to be collected. Delegates began strolling disconsolately through the Statler's spacious corridors, wondering how many refugees could have been transported to Israel for the price of the conference. The climax of futility came with a monster banquet in the National Guard Armory on Saturday night, when a skilful, acrobatic but quite inappropriate rifle drill by a squad from Bolling Field was fatuously described as "a salute by the armed forces of the United States to the armed forces of Israel"; the longest dais of dignitaries ever seen by mortal man disgorged seven more orations; a regiment of waiters forgot to serve dessert and coffee.

The conference, miraculously, was retrieved at the closing session on Sunday. A few valiant men gathered at 8 AM to plan the last day properly. With unprecedented courage they struck two Congressmen from the list of speakers. Resolutions reaffirming and elaborating the Jerusalem program, calling for immediate preparation of the 1951 United Jewish Appeal campaign, and urging the communities through their welfare funds to amass fifty million dollars in emergency cash for Israel by the end of 1950 were resoundingly moved, seconded, and passed. Discussion from the floor, partly by pre-arrangement, kept to a high level of purposefulness. Over five million dollars in community checks paraded to the platform. Delegates pledged themselves to take bank loans now in advance of 1951 pledges, to call state-wide meetings, to pitch into the campaign with all possible strength. The hall throbbed with belated but true enthusiasm. At the close, a magnificently apt speech by young Israeli Ambassador Abba [Aubrey] Eban—who is fast becoming the Winston Churchill of English-speaking Jewry—lifted everyone up in prolonged and proud tribute. It was a fine and memorable moment.

But the fundamental procedures and necessary agreements for 1951 still remain to be achieved in the time ahead—and these problems are now being deliberated by the pertinent organizations and personalities. Meanwhile it may be possible here, on the strength of private interviews in Washington and elsewhere, to throw some preliminary light on a few aspects of the four-point, billion-dollar plan for Israel's economic salvation.

INTER-GOVERNMENT AID: Loans and free grants by the United States may be a large—perhaps the largest—part of the total funds from all channels tapped by the billion-dollar drive.

To begin with, it is expected that shortly—possibly before this article reaches print—the Export-Import Bank may announce a new loan of 35 million dollars for Israel's agricultural development. This duplicates the 35-million-dollar agriculture slice of the bank's 100-million-dollar loan in 1948. Industrial use of the previous loan has lagged, but on the agricultural side the bank seems highly satisfied. Israel has made good or better on its pledges: it has invested two dollars of its own for every borrowed dollar; its projects are financially sound; it has increased its farm production by 50 per cent or more in two years instead of the promised three (although some outside observers do not consider the latter too striking an achievement in view of the greatly increased land, labor, and capital made available for agriculture).

But the borrower's successful application of part of a loan is not necessarily reason for the lender's giving more. A usual prerequisite is the borrower's ability to repay. On a cold economic diagnosis, according to American government analysts, the symptoms are unfavorable. US Department of Commerce reports have not overlooked a steady decline of the Israeli pound, severer rationing, and rising gold quotations on the Tel Aviv exchange. Official specialists here read Israeli statistics as demonstrating small ability for repayment when servicing of the loans commences, and even less chance of repayment in dollars.

Why the new loan, then? Because, it is cautiously indicated, there are other considerations besides economic ones—moral, humanitarian, and political. These, especially the last, may impel Washington to give not only interest-bearing loans but free grants.

The question hinges on the degree of Israel's reliability as a democratic partner. Eighteen months ago Israel might even have rejected Marshall Plan aid in order to maintain its hopeful policy of "non-identification" with East or West. Today, responsible Israelis are prepared for almost any commitment the West may require. The chasm between Mapai, the dominant government party, and the Moscow-genuflecting Mapam is deep and now unbridgeable. Mapai has shelved its naive belief that Soviet policy toward Israel—on Jewish emigration from Russian or satellite territory, on Jerusalem, on Arabs, and other matters—might be influenced by anything Israel said or did. Short of belligerent denunciation of the Kremlin, Israel has lost no recent opportunity to make its pro-Western turn clear. Its vigorous stand on Korea at Lake Success, and forthright declarations by its spokesmen at home and abroad, particularly in Washington, have underscored the change.

In consequence, friends of Israel have been able to plead with good conscience that, among all the wavering Arab feudalistic states, modern and democratic little Israel is America's strongest bastion and "best friend" in the strategic Near East—and therefore entitled to at least the same kind of direct aid given by the United States to friends elsewhere. American Jewry will continue to contribute and invest, but it cannot carry the whole burden of Israel's development and has the right to expect help for a sister democracy from the great American democracy too. This argument has been carried forcefully to the White House, the Export-Import Bank, and the State Department. In the last, certain echelons still have doubts as to whether Israeli Prime Minister David Ben Gurion or King Abdullah of Jordan and other Arab potentates would be more dependable in an East-West showdown. But the department at top level seems to have made up its mind that the national interest requires a more active policy than mere concern for Arab sensibilities.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, it is known, has a much broader vision of the "Point Four" program than the narrow legislation already enacted to dispense American "know-how" with small funds in undeveloped regions. His concept, rather, blends know-how with the wider aims of the Marshall Plan, enlarging the latter's focus on *recovery* of the war-damaged European democracies to encompass *development* of backward—and deserving—areas around the world. This concept, only vaguely hinted at in recent declarations by Secretary Acheson and others, has now been strongly reinforced by a projected Philippine aid plan and the Gordon Gray "Report to the President" recommending large loans and grants to Asia. The technical staffs in government have their research well advanced, with the data for concrete programs ready on short notice. Emphasis has been primarily on the Far East. I understand there is no specific program for Israel, or even for Israel *and* the Arab states. But all that is needed is a White House green light and a Congressional proposal.

Congress—especially the lower House, where the measure is likely to originate as a financial bill—now takes the spotlight. This is the first time the State of Israel will be testing its prestige with the legislative branch—and with the American people at large. It will therefore be an important objective of the billion-dollar drive to create a favorable climate of opinion for Congressional action. Significantly, the inter-government aid idea, which was soft-pedaled at the September meeting in Jerusalem, became the leading plank in the platform of the October conference in Washington. The general campaign proceeds vigorously, having already elicited vocal approval of aid to Israel from leaders in the old and new Congresses as well as from a host of political spokesmen for the major parties throughout the nation.

The form which an "Aid Israel" program may assume in Congress has several possible variations. It might come as a separate bill, or as an amendment to a fresh Marshall Plan appropriation, or even as a technical rider to some phase of the military aid program. Any one of these would be a bargaining advantage for Congressional supporters of Israel if, as may occur, a State Department recommendation for a vast program of grants to a "Near East" including India and Pakistan takes Congressional shape.

Such a proposal would be a welcome recognition by the department of the feasibility of helping the part of the world where Israel is situated. On the other hand, if the Near East aid bill—which may envisage an annual expenditure of a half billion dollars for five years in the entire area—is allocated on the basis of population rather than need and merit, tiny Israel's slice would be very thin. It is at this point that bi-partisan support in Congress, fortified by White House benevolence and a strong current of public opinion, would be most needed.

No hard figures for Israel's eventual share of such American grants-in-aid seem yet to have been broached. The rather peremptory call by Zionist Organization of America President Benjamin G. Browdy for a cool half billion is considered over-enthusiastic and ill advised, to put it mildly. But knowledgeable circles feel the atmosphere is agreeable to substantial help—provided that the strengthened Republican-Southern Democrat coalition in the 82nd Congress does not entirely frustrate White House plans for increased US participation in world economic recovery. It is noted, as a sign of the times, that the 35-million-dollar agricultural loan will put Israel close to the top among the Export-Import Bank's beneficiaries. There is good reason to hope that Israel will not be badly treated in any grants-in-aid program either.

Private Investment: The government of Israel is being urged by its economic advisers here, and in turn is urging them, to increase the flow of venture capital into Israel. To date, despite consultations, plans, and even laws passed in the Knesset, not too much progress can be recorded.

Not that private investment from the United States in Israel has been any feebler than elsewhere. The present-day American businessman is notoriously allergic to any kind of foreign risk. Compared with his puny investments in other countries, he has been positively bold in Israel. This year has seen the beginnings of American-financed factories for shoes, tires, and automobiles, more investment in Israeli concerns through the American Palestine Trading Corporation (Ampal) and Palestine Economic Corporation (PEC), a housing program sponsored by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, and numerous smaller individual projects. The grand total for 1950 may reach 30 million dollars.

But this falls far short of the great potential hoped for, especially from American Jews, whose zeal for Zion was supposed to override much of their normal commercial caution. Israel's hunger for investment dollars is particularly sharp because the entrepreneur, not the government, absorbs any loss; his success means increased revenue for the state through taxes, and further expansion of the economy; his investment does not subtract dollars which might otherwise have come to Israel anyway through philanthropy.

A main problem has been the rather weak and confused cooperation by Israel and interested organizations here among themselves and with potential investors. Israeli representatives are currently striving for some kind of over-all committee which will harmonize the sometimes competing activities of PEC, Ampal, and the economic section of the Jewish Agency and other groups, as well as secure better liaison with the official Investment Center apparatus in Israel.

The latter's sluggishness and slow motion have provoked justified complaint, whose echoes resounded even at the Jerusalem meeting between government and American leaders. Criticism there of the new investment laws' poor administration brought government admission of buck-passing and red tape, at least in the middle and lower bureaucracy, and a request for advice on remedies. Independent American economists are now urging a large-scale revamping and expansion of the Investment Center, giving it greater authority and staffing it with energetic Americans who will go out looking for investors instead of waiting for them to turn up, and will know how to deal with them when found. Until now, the government has revealed a willingness to engage American technicians, but at Israeli salaries—wistfully proposing as an alternative that they serve, in the American style, as "dollar-a-year"men.

More politically-minded observers, however, suggest the real need is for several fresh and impressive examples that it is possible for new investment to operate healthily in Israel without ideological impediments, to make money and to get a reasonable part of it out of the country in usable form. Only if this can be demonstrated, it is said, will American risk capital be encouraged to fill a fair quota of the billion dollars for which Israel is asking.

PHILANTHROPY: The downward trend of Jewish community giving has been persistent since 1948. Yet many fund-raising experts now profess to believe that, if all other things were equal, the trend could be arrested in 1951 and the total sum raised in Jewish philanthropy next year might match the results of the year now closing.

This theoretically hopeful view is based on a prognostication of increased prosperity and taxes ahead for big givers. Improved business and stiffer tax rates have already stimulated the use of income tax exemptions for philanthropy and given a fillip to this fall's campaign. For the first time in years, unsolicited gifts have been coming in from contributors who find they now have more dispensable tax-exempt cash on hand than when they made their pledges.

In view of American defense preparations in a troubled world, continued economic acceleration and sharper taxation seem inevitable. Hence the confident assertion by many observers that fund-raising next year, despite the reported general fatigue of the givers with giving, has a good chance of breaking even with this year. Interestingly enough, however, such prophets are, almost to a man, those who are dubious about the success, or downright antagonistic to the use, of a contemplated new fund-raising method in the billion-dollar program for Israel. This new method is the Israeli government bond issue. No discussion of philanthropy's prospects in the period now opening can be valid without consideration of the bond flotation and its possible effect on the collection of free philanthropic dollars.

BONDS: It may be stated flatly that the Israeli government has made a positive desision to float bonds, though formal announcement is being delayed.

The parliament's Finance Committee has given its "agreement in principle." For final action the committee awaits a definitive plan from the Finance Ministry, now being prepared by Finance Minister Eliezer Kaplan with American consultants. But the date of its presentation thereafter to the Knesset will be determined by the dispersion of the last lingering possibility of technical, legal, or political embarrassments here. There are the forty-eight states, whose "Blue Sky" laws necessitate fulfilment of various stipulations. More important, there is the necessary registration with the federal Securities and Exchange Commission, whose approval is paramount. No serious reason exists, however, to believe the SEC will not be satisfied with the information supplied by Israel as required by American law. It is hoped that the SEC will even waive any "full" disclosure of Israeli finances which might include details of top-secret military expenditures.

Two kinds of bonds are being considered—the coupon type for large investors, the E-bond type for small. From details revealed to the Washington conference by Henry Montor, director-designate of the bond drive, and from high Israeli sources, it appears that the general term will be twenty years, with an interest rate between 3 and 4 per cent payable in dollars, immediate convertibility into Israeli currency, and redemption in dollars after five years from a sinking fund. This fund, estimated to start at around 20 per cent of receipts, will be designed to absorb the shock of any dumping and keep the market steady against sudden investor demands for cash. The redemption scale will show a disproportionately large dividend in the last two or three years.

In the communities, welfare funds will retain their present primacy as raisers of philanthropic (non-bond) dollars. Acquisition of bond dollars is to be supervised by an entirely new national organization which will develop its own regional and community branches distinct from the welfare-fund system. Banking and investment houses may be integrated into the bond-selling mechanism; mass Jewish organizations certainly will. In all phases of the billion-dollar drive, each segment of American Jewry will perform tasks suitable to its competence, form, and traditions. Just as the American Jewish Committee and its president, Jacob Blaustein, are specializing effectively in the area of inter-government aid, so groups like the Zionist Organization of America are prepared to enlist their mass memberships for the purchase of bonds and for the recruitment of other purchasers. B'nai B'rith, for example, with its 350,000 members and some 1,500 lodges and chapters, sold 700 million dollars in US bonds during World War II. Nobody expects the same monumental performance with Israeli bonds, of course, but B'nai B'rith is planning to set up . special bond department and hire a technician at its own expense to coordinate the drive. There is no question, however, of any one of these large groups—Zionist or non-Zionist—taking over the top national direction. Each will be asked to make its maximum effort under a unified professional command and lay coalition.

What success will the bond issue enjoy? Estimates range from 25 million dollars to 100 millions and over in the first twelve months of sale. But these are sheer guesses. There are too many imponderables. The risks and disadvantages of this new fund-raising instrument are legion, and critics have not hesitated to point them out. Let us list some of the arguments here, remembering that the whole subject is experimental and that dogma is not the best pilot for ships braving an uncharted sea.

It is warned that Israeli bonds may have to compete with US war bonds if the American government should decide to finance part of its rearmament program by public borrowing; that money going into interest-bearing bonds will reduce non-repayable money which might have gone into expansion of private enterprise or even into philanthropy; that the latter loss—if the bond drive fails—may grievously damage Israeli's credit with banks, which have hitherto relied for security on the large flow of gift dollars into Israel; that the bond issue, on the other hand, has no real security and may constitute, moreover, a crippling burden of repayment. Israeli Labor Minister Golda Myerson assured the Washington conference that the best security behind Israel's pledge to repay was the established settlers, the torrent of immigrants yet to come, the tent-dwellers in the transient camps, and the ardent generations to be born of the free citizens of the new state. This, it is countered, is uplifting doctrine but hardly calculated to persuade bank officials and investors with cash to lose. True, governments rarely, if ever, pay off their national debts; when obligations come due, these are largely refunded through more borrowing. But, it is pointed out, such borrowing is likely only if credit is maintained, if the borrower is a going concern, with a stable economy and plausible sources of future earned income.

Who will buy the bonds? Large coupon bonds are bought mostly not by private individuals but by insurance companies, foundations, and similar institutions. Foreign government issues generally find no mass market here, as demonstrated recently by British, Canadian, and Australian flotations. As for the big givers to Jewish philanthropy, Israeli bond-buying will mean to them a cut into capital, without benefit of tax exemptions. These big givers constitute the heart of the United Jewish Appeal, which normally raises some 80 per cent of its total from 15 to 20 per cent of the contributors. The very wealthy invest in steel, motors, oil, railways, and the like, not in sentiment—especially not in a region where, in the minds of such investors, there hover the unexorcised specters of socialism and other devils. What will those in the $10,000-and-over gift category do? Will they sell their domestic stocks, or American A-bonds, to buy Israeli debentures? Will bonds from Israel be impressive collateral when businessmen turn to the banks for ready cash on current operations?

What about the small giver? Bond advocates hope that he will rally to the call, digging into his savings for an extra $100 or more after he has done his UJA stint, that bonds will become standard gifts for graduations and Bar Mitzvahs—and that the sum of many little purchases will make a great total. Possible, but if so, say the critics, it will be an amazing phenomenon, a revolutionary reversal of all previous theories and techniques of fund-raising. Hitherto the belief and practice has been to solicit small givers in the mass not for any vast amounts of money that might be raised from them but to establish a popular mood and atmosphere in which the big gifts—the ones which really count—could be most effectively extracted. In fact, the experts say, the expense of mass campaigning has scarcely been justified by the size of the total collected from the mass.

Nor can little givers be expected to regard bonds primarily as an investment. How can they, it is asked, after years of exposure to the UJA's "misery and crisis" propaganda, especially when they see at the head of the bond campaign some of those who until yesterday were long-time leaders of the "charity" campaigns? If bonds are bought, the argument runs, they will be bought by and large for sentiment, not investment. Where is the advantage in that? Isn't there a danger that bonds will become simply a new gimmick in philanthropy, eliciting the same cash from the same people for essentially the same reasons and through the same appeals? Must bonds not then, inevitably, be a dangerous competitor to the collection of free dollars?

THE above arguments, and others, are not unknown to Israeli leaders and to bond sponsors in this country. As a matter of fact, when the bond idea was advanced by its American partisans a year or more ago, it was supported among the "Big Three" in Israel only by Mrs. Myerson. Finance Minister Kaplan rejected it, and the Prime Minister backed him up. Kaplan in particular, as the man who would have to obtain funds with which to service and redeem the bonds, realized then—and realizes now—that a free dollar is worth in effect at least twice as much to Israel as a borrowed dollar. But another year has gone by, and UJA receipts have continued to decline—from 150 million dollars in 1948 to 105 million in 1949 to an expected 90 million dollars in 1950 (according to latest estimates); and, of course, a sizeable fraction of UJA receipts goes for purposes not connected with Israel. And the dollar need is more acute than ever. The bond decision is a counsel of despair. Israel cannot suffer a further slump in its foreign exchange supplies. Bonds may cut into free dollars, but the total from both, it is hoped, will substantially exceed any total from philanthropy alone. The accompanying risks are therefore considered justifiable.

At the same time, there is no sign that the Israeli government is prepared to dismiss gift dollars as a vital source of support. It knows too well that vast sectors of Israel's reconstruction, such as irrigation, soil improvement, and low-cost housing, are thirty-to-fifty-year programs which cannot show an early profit and should be financed by free dollars or, at worst—as often in the United States—with assistance of loans at ultra-low interest rates. So far as the Israeli government is concerned, therefore, all possible precautions must be taken to keep the structure of philanthropy in this country healthy. "Priority to the UJA" is virtually an official slogan. In any case, it is anticipated that the involved procedure for clearing the bond issue through federal and state agencies, and the necessity of building a bond-selling apparatus from the ground up, will delay the flotation until the late spring of 1951 at the earliest. By then the major part of the UJA campaign will have unfolded without hindrance.

Beneath this anxiety not to damage philanthropy, there can nevertheless be detected a fundamental change of official Israeli attitude toward the future financing of the country. Gift dollars will continue to be a source of solace and sustenance for some years to come. But they can never again play the dominant role they did in the years of Palestinian development and Israel's emergence. A new financial organism must somehow be fashioned, resting not on emotion but on confidence in the viability of a flourishing economy. The decision to issue bonds represents an initial step in the direction of a new pattern of American-Jewish cooperation with Israel.

SUCH is the long-term view held in Israeli quarters. But in this country, where the actual labor of amassing Israel's desperately needed funds must be accomplished, the serenity of theories will give way to the hot clash of field operations. It requires no divination to anticipate at least two sharp conflicts in the months ahead: between Israeli and domestic Jewish needs; between Israeli philanthropy and Israeli bonds. On both these fronts, the opening skirmishes are already being fought.

The rivalry between champions of "Israel First" and of "America Too" is not new.* But it threatens to become more bitter than ever because the demand on both sides grows steadily greater.

At the Washington conference many supporters of local and national Jewish activities regarded as ominously feverish the efforts being made to accumulate emergency funds for all kinds of Israeli causes through essentially the same channels. Various persons were being pressed simultaneously to contribute or collect money for special transportation of immigrants, special needs of the Israeli Defense Ministry, and a variety of other urgent year-end requirements. The same persons were also being invited to set up local groups for the stimulation of private investment in Israel. The conference resolution calling for an immediate 50 million dollars in cash urged a speed-up in collection of outstanding 1950 pledges, advance use of 1951 pledges yet to be made, short-term loans from banks, and further borrowing from individuals and organizations blessed with inactive funds. A move to launch the 1951 UJA campaign virtually at once was blocked, but only by agreement on immediate planning for that campaign and its inauguration as far ahead of normal date as possible.

All this is interpreted in some circles as a dangerous abandonment of tried and tested procedures and schedules for the sake of making a fast dollar. It is conceded that the primary objective—quick cash accumulations—may be largely achieved. But at what cost? At the cost, it is said, of getting welfare funds too deeply in debt, of exhausting the givers, of pushing the next campaign too hurriedly, and of ultimately injuring the net total from which all causes—overseas *and* domestic—must draw their share.

Moreover, since the bond issue will accelerate the drain toward Israel from funds generally available for philanthropic purposes, advocates of local causes are contending that domestic needs must take larger percentage allocations of the money to be raised by welfare funds next year, and basic budgets of domestic agencies should be met *before* overseas agencies receive their portion.

To this extreme view—and to restrained versions of it—the Joint Distribution Committee, the United Palestine Appeal, and other constituent parts of the UJA are understandably and vehemently opposed. Countering that their percentage of welfare funds has been shrinking in the recent lean years, they speak with determination of making a stand not merely to hold percentages but for a better deal this time. As for gambling that enough will remain for them after local agencies have peeled off "basic needs," which they contend are inflated or at least postponable, their attitude right now is aggressively opposed. As happened last year, one hears strong talk again of separate UJA campaigns in communities that decline to make satisfactory pre-campaign agreements giving UJA what UJA may think it deserves. And the same is being heard from the Joint Defense Appeal on behalf of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Committee, which already are groggy under previous cuts by the welfare funds and are legitimately concerned for the survival of their varied programs to forestall and check anti-Semitism and to fortify the American democracy through improvement of intergroup relations and integration of the Jewish group into the broad American pattern.

Again, there is the old complaint by overseas advocates that certain communities are sapping the welfare funds' gross receipts through large allocations or competitive drives for "unnecessary" projects like synagogues, hospitals, and Jewish centers. In view of the Israeli crisis, it is asserted, such communities should delay further building programs. To this the local advocates reply they have been delaying long enough. They also suggest that there might be less crisis in Israel if competitive overseas drives like Histadrut were merged with the welfare funds, if philanthropic money reaching Israel were more wisely expended on priority needs there, and if "unnecessary" building were curtailed in Israel itself. They note with some asperity that Hadassah is commencing a large Israeli hospital project; they read with wonder a current resolution by the Mizrachi Organization of America which summons the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare

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*See the author's "Turning Point in Jewish Philanthropy?" in the September 1950 COMMENTARY, which discussed the present crisis in fund-raising and the conflict for allocations as between domestic and overseas needs.

Funds to limit new local construction here to "minimum needs" but in the same breath sets aside money for construction in Israel of a Mizrachi college!

PINCHED purses make strange bedfellows. Despite the old and recurring antagonisms described above, friends of UJA and of community causes are now tending to line up side by side against a new opponent: the bond salesman. It is ironically true that, on this fresh battlefield, local advocates are zealous in support of the ancient opponent, the UJA—for the obvious reason that bond incursions on free dollars for Israel threaten also to reduce the common philanthropic total in the communities for *all* causes, foreign and domestic.

Even if the bond sale is delayed till next summer, and its agents were to refrain scrupulously from interference with the spring philanthropic campaigns, the mere anticipation of bonds is gloomily expected to make inroads into the 1951 pledges. Knowing that bond-sellers are sure to catch up with them, many givers will, it is felt, put aside some of their available cash to meet the pressure. This may be new funds, distinct from the sum reserved for philanthropy—but too often it will be at least in part shaved off the latter. Next fall, besides, UJA and bond campaigns will be running neck and neck. Overlapping and friction seem inevitable. In addition, the creation of a bond staff will raid key UJA personnel, further injuring the free-dollar prospects.

Philanthropic officials believe some system of clearance, consultation, and coordination should be devised to hold bond interference down to a minimum: to control, for example, alleged overzealous efforts by bond enthusiasts who are said to be approaching certain big givers, and, despite UJA's priority, seeking their advance commitment to large bond purchases before they have been approached for their UJA pledges.

Part of this gathering storm centers around the personality of Henry Montor, until now the dominant figure in fund-raising and the future supreme commander of the bond-selling battalions.

Montor is the man who first had the audacity to set 100 million dollars as a UJA campaign goal—and make good on it. He is highly competent, energetic, and aggressive. But his previous high-pressure tactics have left resentment in many communities; and he has the opposition of a considerable number of Zionists, who think they detect in him the spearhead of an Israeli effort to cripple the Jewish Agency and the World Zionist Organization. In the UJA also, some of his former associates are already uneasy over the potential impact of his brand of zeal on their campaign.

Montor made a statesman-like speech in Washington denouncing as a "grave injury to Israel" any backsliding from large contributions to philanthropy. He has given every assurance that he will respect UJA's priority, at least until the spring campaign is over. He has offered his direct help to UJA in any consultative capacity during the interim months. But he is also expected to exert himself for the largest success of the new bond enterprise with which he is to be identified. In all calculations he is regarded as a formidable and uncertain factor.

To provide the proper coordination between philanthropy and bonds, there is, on the part of some, talk of the elevation of a small, impeccably recruited committee over both the UJA and bond structures to act as umpire, arbiter, and final judge; and they also have a man in mind to head that group—Dr. Joseph J. Schwartz. Now slated to lead the UJA next year, he is felt to possess the prestige, based on his achievements as JDC director-general overseas during more than a decade, for an impartial chairman.

Dr. Schwartz's departure would leave the UJA directorship vacant, but a replacement should certainly be obtainable. A more difficult obstacle, it is felt, is the resistance to be encountered—from the permanent UJA nucleus and the new Montor organization—to the idea of control from above. Each organism, very naturally, would be jealous of its own prerogatives and autonomy. But precedents exist. There is, for instance, the Secretary of Defense in the US Cabinet, who oversees and outranks the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. And to take a smaller precedent, which has worked somewhat better, there is organized baseball, with its National League, its American League, and the High Commissioner over both. Federation of philanthropy and bonds, it is said, should not be harder to arrange. The chances are admittedly slim, but there is strong sentiment in favor of a serious attempt. What is required most of all is a resolute approach by those who, in this case, have a clear moral right to intervene: the responsible leaders of Israel.

PERHAPS almost as much as in politics, fund-raising operates in a volatile atmosphere charged with mutual recrimination and power conflicts, all the more disconcerting because of the undoubtedly noble end-purposes. This correspondent, while waiting at the National Airport for his plane after the Washington Planning Conference for Israel and Jewish Rehabilitation, assisted at the following bizarre dialogue between one large and one medium-sized UJA leader:

MEDIUM: You gotta go in and clean up the situation in C——.

LARGE: Yeah. We'll be in there in a coupla weeks and talk to some of the fellers. If we don't get the right deal, we'll take over the joint. Either way, we'll settle things by the first of January, I promise you.

MEDIUM: Well, get goin' fast. If not, they'll jump us. Leave 'em alone three months to make their own drive, and there'll be nothin' left for us to collect.

THE WRITER (stupidly): Does that mean a separate UJA campaign?

MEDIUM: Sure. What else? Should we knock ourselves out campaigning so that they can go fix their hospital? We'll see 'em dead first.

LARGE: There are a few guys who might back us up. If they won't, we'll beat their brains out too.

I suspect that the opposition camp in C——, and in some other communities around the country, is not deficient in vigorous intention either. But invective and throat-cutting, needless to say, are misdirections of useful energy, particularly in an effort whose final purposes are works of mercy, enlightenment, and brotherly love. Indeed, internecine warfare and unbridled competition are likely, in the end, to reduce the total funds raised for all and each of the very legitimate needs clamoring for the contributors' attention.

These needs—local, national, and overseas—are real and valid. The desire to meet them is equally real and valid. American Jewry recognizes a firm and enduring commitment to the construction of a flourishing Israel. More and more, also, American Jewry is becoming aware of a desire to strengthen and enrich its own internal programs on the local and national levels. How fulfill these needs, how compose these differences? Certainly not by unlicensed sharpshooting.

This is a time, instead, for planning. There is no reason to despair over American Jewry's capacity to reconcile inner strife. On the local scene the welfare funds have been demonstrating for years the communities' ability to consult with all competitors and administer a tolerable measure of justice. On the national scene, the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League, by merging their fund-raising drives in the Joint Defense Appeal—and on the international scene, the alliance of the Joint Distribution Committee, the United Palestine Appeal, and the United Service for New Americans in the UJA—have shown an ample ingenuity for creation of cooperative machinery to appease their own various stresses and strains.

It remains for the leaders of the local and national communities to inform themselves and their constituents, to seek and find other mechanisms, to devise the fresh and original plans which will soften the impact of the present conflicting claims and coordinate the common effort. In this search for conciliation of the three distinct needs—all of which must somehow be fed from what is perhaps a shrinking granary—one has the right to expect a spirit rising above partisanship from American Zionism and large-minded guidance from the Council of Federations and Welfare Funds, itself an amalgam and instrument of the regional variety in American Jewish life. And one may also expect the comprehension and good will of Israel, whose government and people, despite occasional forgetfulness, understand that there can be no health or longevity in a Jewish state without a vigorous and inwardly harmonious American Jewry.

SCARSDALE'S BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

How One Community Dealt with "Subversive Literature"

ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE community of Scarsdale, which lies approximately forty minutes north of New York City in fashionable Westchester County, likes to refer to itself, somewhat coyly, as "just a dormitory to Manhattan." As denizens of the wealthiest county in the State of New York, one of the richest per capita in the country, the 14,500 occupants of the dormitory voted five to one Republican in the last national election and pridefully claim the highest proportion of *Who's Who* listings of any incorporated locality in the United States. They are even prouder of their public school system, which, with those of neighboring Bronxville and Winnetka, Illinois, is rated the nation's best.

During the past two years, the chief topic in Scarsdale homes and on the trains to and from Grand Central Terminal in New York has been the persevering, and hitherto unsuccessful, attempt of a small and indefatigable group to remove from the high school library and selected reading shelves a variety of works—novels, biographies, anthologies, and texts—declared to be subversive because they were written or edited by persons either known or alleged to have Communist leanings. This frenzied battle of the books has had several "climaxes." Probably the most significant occurred early this past summer when, at its final school-year meeting, the board of education, composed of prominent New York business and professional men and some wives, unanimously voted down the request of the village minority for a full-dress investigation of Communist infiltration of the entire Scarsdale school system. Previously, one bitter phase of the lengthy battle culminated last May in the annual election for school board members; more than ten times the usual number of voters turned out and in formal secret ballot registered their nearly 100 per cent disapproval of those who had questioned the board's handling of the book matter. Lately, as recent as October, the board has had occasion to reaffirm its position, in the face of a vocal and determined opposition.

SCARSDALE's reaction to its crisis is in large part the result of the unique way in which the village administers all local affairs—including operation of the schools. The initial phase of the book battle, for example, had to do with the novels of Howard Fast, a man who had not denied his Communist party affiliations and who has a long record of supporting Communist front organizations. Despite a universal distaste for Communism, and with no particular affection for Fast or his books, the Scarsdalians nevertheless were prompted to keep eight of his works in the library not only because they deeply opposed any kind of book-burning, even in the coldest of cold wars, but chiefly because of a sense of outrage that anyone should have impugned their proven system of governing themselves; this includes the manner in which teachers, and hence books, have been selected, and the consequent way students have been taught to read and study.

The "Scarsdale system" goes back two decades, to the time when a group of local

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IF ONE were to nominate the American community least likely to succumb to Communism, Westchester County's Scarsdale—affluent, Republican, sedate—would be a strong candidate. Indeed, one might expect that if—as many think—this country is infected with hysteria on the question of Communism, Scarsdale would be a quick victim. Here, however, is the story of what happened when a group of zealots tried to purge the school libraries of the works of Mr. Howard Fast, an acknowledged Communist—a case study from which our readers may be prompted to discover in what respect Scarsdale's experience and Scarsdale's pattern of community action contain a lesson for American communities. ROBERT SHAPLEN was formerly *Newsweek* correspondent in the Far East, and has written for the *New Yorker*, the *Progressive*, and other periodicals. His novel, *A Corner of the World*, was published in 1949 by Knopf.

commuters decided to take full advantage of the fact that some of the nation's most skilful executives lived in their midst. What has since evolved is akin to the concept of the old New England town meeting, at which men were "tapped" for office after being deemed worthy by their peers. Both the Scarsdale village board and the school board are so chosen. Each consists of seven persons called "trustees," and while the former makes a political point of including two known Democrats, the non-partisan school board is made up strictly on the basis of professional capabilities. Whatever is needed—lawyer, doctor, engineer, or banker—Scarsdale dips into its reservoir of talent and comes up with it.

Being exceptionally civic-minded, perhaps because they are away all day earning their living in the noisome metropolis, the men of Scarsdale feel a special obligation to keep in touch with village life. Nine hundred of them belong to the Town Club, which has nineteen standing committees for the furtherance of everything from boy scout and girl scout programs to reading, swimming, safety, the gathering of regional lore, the affairs of local, county, and state government, and, above all, those having to do with Scarsdale's main concern—education. It is not unusual for a single subject—such as "Shall Scarsdale High School Offer a Course in Driver Education and Training?"—to occupy a committee of a dozen high-powered corporation officials over a period of months. The distaff counterpart of the Town Club is the Scarsdale Woman's Club. The heads of these two clubs, and of the Parent-Teacher Association Council, form the nucleus of a citizens' committee of fifteen which every year taps the men and women it wants for the school board. As with those similarly selected for mayor and other village posts, "no" is not taken for an answer; the designated persons are simply told their services are required by the community. The annual May election always administers a public stamp of approval.

About a year and a half ago a group calling itself the "Committee of Ten" addressed a private memorandum to the school board. The committee, which at that time listed only seven members, spoke fervently of the need for greater spiritual awareness in the classroom and implied, by the force of its appeal, that Scarsdale's schools were morally neglectful.

While this was the first declaration of the Committee of Ten, the man everyone in Scarsdale believed to be its organizer had been heard from before. He is Otto Dohrenwend, bespectacled Manhattan broker and father of four children; according to his wife, he has devoted much if not most of his time in the past four years to a meticulous study of Communist front organizations in America. Among his particular aids and guides, on the basis of what he has said and written, have been the Fourth Report on Un-American Activities in California, printed and submitted in 1948 to the California legislature by the so-called Tenney committee; the publications of the United States Chamber of Commerce, especially one called "A Program for Community Anti-Communist Action"; and the files of *Counterattack*, a bitter and frequently indiscriminate anti-Communist magazine partly written and edited by former FBI agents.

Even before the book battle-royal began, in the fall of 1948, Dohrenwend made a commotion because in a speech by the high school principal, Lester W. Nelson, a passing non-political reference was made to the Harvard astronomer Harlow Shapley, who has supported many Communist front organizations and admittedly voted for Henry Wallace for President. (Nelson had spoken on "Current Trends in Higher Education" and had noted that Shapley was among those who favored more liberal arts training for scientists and technicians.) About the same time, at a fathers' meeting of the Fox Meadow elementary school PTA, Dohrenwend violently objected to the appearance on a class bulletin board of the cut-out mounted figure of a knight, pasted up by one of the children, because it had been taken from a popular magazine spread depicting how the Italian Communists made use of the Crusades as a subject for propaganda.

It was also in the fall of 1948 that Dohrenwend first brought up the question of books in the high school library. He asked for information on the available works of Howard Fast and of Anna Louise Strong, who at that time had not yet fallen from Moscow grace. There were then ten Fast books on the shelves, he was told, and one by Strong. In the months that followed, Principal Nelson, Superintendent Smith, and Assistant Superintendent Archibald B. Shaw (later Acting Superintendent and now Superintendent) engaged in a series of communications and conferences with Dohrenwend, without achieving a meeting of minds on the question of what kinds of books Scarsdale's youth should find in their school libraries.

By the summer of 1949 word had got around of the Committee of Ten's existence, but nothing had come out in the open and it was hoped nothing would. The Scarsdale *Inquirer,* an excellent and profitable weekly of 4,700 circulation, owned by the Woman's Club and edited for the last twenty years by Mrs. Ruth Nash Chalmers, ran no news about it. The paper knew about Dohrenwend, however, through his previous letters to the editor, including one about the perils of over-secularized schooling. It was not until last year's first fall meeting of the school board—held each September in a room adjacent to Shaw's office in the high school, which itself occupies an attractive 25-acre tract in the Fox Meadow area—that the question of the books was publicly raised.

This was the first meeting Shaw attended as Acting Superintendent and he has since described it as "a whangdoodle." Shaw is a large, handsome, energetic, graying man just under forty. A navy radar lieutenant during the war, he knew, when he took over administration of the Scarsdale schools (enrollment 2,500, half in the high school and the rest in three elementary schools), that he was inheriting one of the best such jobs in the country, in a sophisticated, harmonious community where politics had been miraculously wished away. Accordingly, when Dohrenwend appeared, unprecedentedly bringing with him his New York lawyer, and began sharply questioning the new Acting Superintendent about the method of selecting high school books, Shaw was taken aback.

During the meeting, Dohrenwend wanted to know in detail how both texts and library books were selected, if there was an attempt made to reject books by "left-wing" authors (he referred specifically to Howard Fast's novels and Louis Untermeyer's poetry anthologies), and asked if the school board and superintendent knew the contents of books chosen. Shaw explained that the four schools used 150 texts and had 25,000 volumes in their libraries, and that with 2,500 to 3,000 books being added yearly it was impossible for him to read every one. The board decided, only partly because of Dohrenwend's criticism, to appoint a committee to study procedures for combating subversive influence under the new state law known as the Feinberg Act.

At the monthly meetings that followed, the issue really began to boil. This was chiefly due to the appearance of a local clergyman, the Reverend William C. Kernan, thenceforth to play as significant a role in the book battle as Dohrenwend.

Father Kernan, as he prefers to be called (he is a High Church Episcopalian), recently became a full-time assistant at the fashionable Church of St. James the Less in Scarsdale. However, he has lived in the village, which is predominantly a Protestant community, for ten years, during which he was a part-time St. James assistant, devoting the bulk of his time to outside secular affairs.

Now fifty years of age, Kernan was ordained a priest in 1929. For twelve years he was vicar of a church in Palms, California, and then moved to Trinity Church, in Bayonne, New Jersey. Early in 1939 he appeared one day at the offices of radio station WEVD in Manhattan and said he wanted to make a radio address against Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. He was persuaded instead to speak out against Father Charles E. Coughlin. The speech went over so well that the station received one hundred telephone calls and fifteen hundred letters. *Time* magazine called Kernan "exciting—but more important . . . sane," and the program became a WEVD fixture as the Free Speech Forum. On the first anniversary of his debut, the station printed a book of his talks called *The Ghost of Royal Oak,* to which Kernan appended such quotations as Voltaire's "I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

Kernan's broadcasts were kept up until last year. He acquired, after Coughlin subsided, a wider reputation as a liberal anti-fascist and anti-Communist cleric. Starting in 1940 he branched out as a columnist and lecturer, under the aegis of the Institute for American Democracy. He quit his Bayonne parish for this new work, which was concentrated on anti-Hitler propaganda with religious overtones. But a year later, arrangements were made for Kernan to become a two-day-a-week assistant at St. James the Less, and he moved to Scarsdale with his wife and six children.

Dark and ascetic-looking, with a high forehead above deep-set eyes and a vibrant voice, Kernan quickly established a local reputation as a spellbinder in the pulpit. Increasingly, after the war ended and Communism became the new chief threat to liberty, he would stigmatize it as the antithesis of Christianity and comment despairingly on the inroads he saw it making. By last year, it was apparent to the friends with whom Kernan had worked as a radio propagandist and columnist in New York that he had not only decided to devote his full time once again to the church, but that his general approach had changed a good deal. But even they were surprised at the priest's bitterness when, commenting on his permanent appointment to St. James after his long sortie into the secular world, he wrote, in the April 1950 issue of the St. James "Parish Register": "I come to this work with an experience which, perhaps, few parish priests have had, in that, having been active for ten years in the secular world, I have learned that there is no recognition of Christ there. So, there is no effort in the secular world, however noble in purpose it may seem or is intended to be, which is without selfishness, envy or uncharitableness."

Kernan's appearance on the matter of the books inevitably lent stature to Otto Dohrenwend's campaign, since, whether everyone approved of him or not, Kernan bore listening to. Surrounded by Dohrenwend's plentiful files, the two men have invariably sat side by side at school board meetings. At the October 1949 session, Kernan made his first attack on the books. He protested against the inclusion in the high school library of works by "Communist and fascist apologists," and named four specific writers, Fast, Strong, Untermeyer, and Shirley Graham, author of a sympathetic biography of Paul Robeson. The Fast books, Kernan said, singling out *The American* and *Haym Solomon, Son of Liberty,* falsified history because they portrayed the revolution as "a revolt of the masses" instead of as "a revolt against the mother country." All books practicing hate should be banned, he added, and in the light of the anti-Semitism created by the Nazis even Dickens's *Oliver Twist* and Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* could be considered undesirable.

THE immediate reaction to Kernan that night was a swelling murmur of disapproval among the fifty-odd persons in the room. Board President A. Chauncey Newlin, a New York lawyer, was applauded when he said, "I don't care a hoot what a man's politics or religion are if he writes a good book." Kernan accused Newlin of "trying to throw a lot of dust in the air," and declared, "I'm surprised that I have to come here, sir, to give you a lecture on Communism." When Dohrenwend made the general charge that "the whole textbook industry has been infiltrated by Communists," he got a cold stare from S. Spencer Scott, president of the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace and Company, who earlier in the evening had presented to Kernan a copy of the Untermeyer anthology published by his firm.

Several other people attending the meeting spoke heatedly in support of the traditional procedure of the teachers' picking books in the light of their best judgment. Thenceforth, under the persistent hammering of Dohrenwend and his cohorts, the board and the apparent majority of citizens were to permit themselves to be maneuvered into a position where they defended selections from specific books in a manner that was sometimes naive and even played into the hands of the vocal minority. The fundamental principle of permitting teachers whose loyalty was unquestioned to choose and recommend books in such a way that pupils would be helped to draw their own conclusions, after "free inquiry," became subverted by this bitter and emotional argument over content, during which both sides undoubtedly did considerable quoting out of context. As a matter of fact, the longer the battle raged over various "lifted" passages and loosely prepared "case histories" of certain authors who may have been Communists or fellow-travelers, the wider became the chasm between the two sides and the more first principles were forgotten. Ultimately, Dohrenwend himself denied that content *was* the issue and said the character, reputation, and loyalty record of teacher or author was the vital element—thus at once implying that his chief and privately selected sources of determining these factors, such as the widely discredited Tenney report and the highly dubious files of *Counterattack,* were basic and legitimate guides. On the other hand, and despite some excellent statements that did stress the important principle of untrammeled inquiry, the board—as will subsequently be noted—lamely defended such items as the Fast books on the basis of specific content.

Two days after the meeting Kernan spoke to the Scarsdale Post 52, American Legion, which adopted a resolution that books by "leftists" be banned from the community's schools. That same week, the names of the Committee of Ten's by-then nine members were made public for the first time by the New York *Herald Tribune's* school reporter, Mrs. Judith Crist. In addition to Dohrenwend and Kernan, the committee was composed of I. H. Schaumber, a Manhattan investment specialist and prolific writer of letters to the editor; Dr. Henry C. Link, head of the Psychological Corporation and author of *The Return to Religion* and other books; Professor Oscar Halecki, a Polish refugee who teaches at Fordham University; Ellis H. Carson, a British-born insurance executive; Sylvan Gotshal, a lawyer active in the United Jewish Appeal; Henry C. Koch, a contractor; Thomas E. O'Donnell, a lawyer.

THE day this story appeared, Robert Gordon, president of the Town Club and a lawyer for the National Dairy Products Corporation, asked three other key club members to come to his house that evening to discuss the matter of the books. The four men debated for two hours whether to issue any statement in support of the board or do nothing and hope the affair would blow over. It was decided it had already gone too far for that and was further deemed a civic matter that concerned not only the Town Club but all of Scarsdale. Before they went home the men telephoned nine other persons, representing several village organizations, and another meeting was called at the Gordon home for the following Tuesday, at which those summoned were to appear as individuals. That meeting, also held at the Gordon home, began about eight o'clock and lasted until two in the morning. The consensus, according to one person at the meeting, was that since Dohrenwend and Kernan "had persuasive tongues and insidious arguments, we had better get our position across before people start to think there really might be some Communists in our schools." It was decided to issue a statement, signed by prominent members of the community, and at that point five of those attending began, somewhat sheepishly, to pull sheets of paper out of their pockets, confessing that they had by coincidence already written out a little something at home. A committee of three, Mrs. Burnham Finney, wife of a magazine executive, Dr. Warren Weaver, who is director of the natural sciences at the Rockefeller Foundation, and Dr. Courtney C. Brown, an economic consultant for the Chase Bank, went into the dining room to work over the various drafts.

"They closed us in with a quart of scotch and told us if we needed any more we could have it but not to come out without a statement," Dr. Weaver says.

The remaining nine men and women meanwhile drew up a list of names of potential signers, trying to confine themselves to persons who were active in Scarsdale. The list got up to eighty-one. In about an hour the triumvirate from inside reappeared and more time was spent by the whole group going over the amalgam pronouncement. It was now quite late. The eighty-one names were divided up among the thirteen, one of whom took the finished statement home and brought back copies to the Gordon place at eight in the morning of the next day, Columbus Day. By eight-thirty each of the thirteen had, somewhat sleepily, called for his or her copy and set off on a Paul Reverish round of signature-gathering. The task had to be completed before the following morning in order to get the statement into Friday's *Inquirer.*

All except a few of the eighty-one were handed a copy of the statement and personally read it before signing. There were no demurrals. Among the last to sign, simply because they were hard to track down, were Charles E. Wilson, president of the General Electric Company; Harry E. Humphreys, Jr., president of the United States Rubber Company, who had been out all afternoon playing golf; and Sigurd S. Larmon, president of the advertising agency of Young and Rubicam, who returned from out of town on a late train. The list of signers included several former Scarsdale mayors, and a cross section of the prominent business and professional leaders who live in Scarsdale. Among them were Jacob Aronson, a vice-president of the New York Central System; John M. Hancock, investment banker and atomic control expert; Allan Sproul, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; Alexander C. Nagle, president of the First National Bank of New York City; Sidney J. Weinberg, president of Goldman, Sachs and Company, investment brokers; and Arthur S. Meyer, retiring chairman of the New York Mediation Board. Quite a few active wives signed, not only for themselves, but also for husbands who were away on business trips.

THE statement, which appeared on the first page of the *Inquirer* of October 14, proclaimed in part: "We do not minimize the dangers of Communist and fascist indoctrination, but we want to meet these dangers in the American way.

"We live in a democratic state. We are the inheritors of a tradition that has encouraged a dynamic development in our intellectual as well as our material life. That tradition has been based on a tolerance that has not feared to permit independent thought. A state that fears to permit the expression of views alternative to those held by the majority is a state that does not trust itself. . . .

"Any sensible person would agree that there are risks involved in allowing young persons relatively free access to a wide range of reading material. Of course there are risks. But we believe there are greater risks in any alternative procedure. Surely we have not, as a people, lost the courage to take the risks that are necessary for the preservation of freedom."

The columns of the *Inquirer* that week began to be filled with much relevant and some irrelevant data about the battle of the books. There was an editorial entitled "Cool Heads Needed," which advocated careful and not over-hasty decisions, and the first salvo of what was to prove a long barrage of letters. There were seven letters in the issue, and the longest represented the formal bow of the so-called Committee of Ten. It was signed by Dohrenwend for all nine members, whose names were attached, and was a stated effort to explain the committee's purposes in the light of the "unsought publicity" arising out of the board meeting. Dohrenwend still maintained that "anything smacking of witch-hunting is farthest from the committee's plan," and said: "We are primarily interested in a positive approach. For example, we should like a statement by the Board of Education as to what its policy is with regard to educating Scarsdale children in the principles of Americanism."

The other six letters were five to one in support of the board's position. The following week the ratio was almost exactly reversed. A high proportion of all letters received were from mothers, who invariably introduced themselves by announcing their maternal box scores. Mrs. Chalmers, editor and mother herself, calculated that she probably established a modern newspaper record for references per square inch of space to the Bill of Rights. There is also little doubt that a principal effect of the issue's airing was a quick race for the bookshelves. "About this time," Mrs. Chalmers recalls, "you couldn't get a book of Fast's anywhere, either in the public library or in White Plains. There were waiting lists two weeks long and you couldn't buy a pocket edition either." By then, too, the book battle had become the main topic of conversation over cocktails, dinner tables, and the New York Central's Harlem Division.

The next meeting of the Scarsdale school board, in November, was attended by so many persons, about 250, that it had to be held in the high school gym. This meeting has been described as "a real wild one," in the sense that "everyone screamed at everyone else." Many hoped the issue would be resolved, however, by a six-page report of the committee that had been appointed to examine the book situation in the light of the new Feinberg law. The committee recommended, and the board in executive session afterward approved, that the existing method of selecting books be maintained. The report declared that "protection against subversive influences can best be achieved by the positive approach of vigorous teaching rather than by negative methods of repressive censorship," and added: "The latter ensures undue attention to the censored items and substitutes fear of ideas for freedom of inquiry. Truth is to be found through open doors."

It was soon apparent that the Committee of Ten, led by Father Kernan, was not ready to give up the fight. Although the report was heartily applauded, Kernan got up and at once began reading selections from Fast's novels. He quoted passages and juxtaposed them against something said in the *Daily Worker* or by some Communist leader. After each Fast quotation, he would assert, "That, gentlemen, is Communism."

In addition to Kernan, several other members of the Committee of Ten spoke; Professor Halecki drew a distinction between burning books and recommending them and complained that Miss Strong's book gave an entirely false picture of his native Poland (which is undoubtedly the case); and Mr. Schaumber contributed quotations from Paul Robeson's writings and did not endear himself to the ladies present by sweeping a hand toward the audience and shouting, "And here, too, we even have the women knitting."

IT MAY have been the Christmas season that kept the next two meetings relatively peaceful. In the interim, however, the battle of the books waged fast and furious in the letters column of the *Inquirer* and spread over into the newspapers of Yonkers and White Plains. Dohrenwend and Schaumber were the most ardent correspondents, combining continued attacks on Fast, whose considerable activities on behalf of Communism and Communist causes were effectively outlined, with new and wider thrusts at progressive education. Schaumber, in replying to an editorial in the White Plains *Reporter-Dispatch,* said: "We have long recognized that God has been outlawed in the classroom, and as 'nature hates a vacuum,' a new 'being' of adoration has arisen, called 'society.' Its apostles are proponents of the John Dewey philosophy known as 'progressivism,' which denies the religious nature of man. . . ."

The letter-writing marathon was presently joined, in January, by Howard Fast himself. A Scarsdale importer, J. Anthony Marcus, had written to the *Inquirer* quoting Fast as having said, "There is no nobler, no finer product of man's existence on this earth than the Communist party." Fast, in decrying Marcus's "fish-calling," insisted that "in fifteen years of consistent service to my country, I have never written a book or story outside of my concept of love and reverence for the United States of America." The *Inquirer* appended a note to the letter, pointing out, for the record, that Fast had not denied making the statement attributed to him by Marcus. Fast replied that although the quote had not been quite correct, "there is enough validity in it for me to choose not to deny it." So far as is known, this ended the only participation in the battle of Scarsdale of any of the authors whose books were mentioned.

A week after the Fast exchange, the *Inquirer* printed a letter that was to provide the ammunition for round two of the book battle. It came from a non-member of the Committee of Ten, C. S. Treacy, a civil engineer, whose ancestors, according to a letter he had sent in earlier, "landed at Plymouth Rock from a little vessel called the Mayflower. . . ." Treacy's charge was clearly documented. "I have just read the Bantam [twenty-five cents] edition published in 1946 of Howard Fast's *Citizen Tom Paine,"* he wrote. "I would like to explain why I believe this book should not be recommended reading for minors in Scarsdale schools. . . . Cursing occurs on pages 31, 52, 56, 82, 124, 131, 138, 139, 156, 176, 177, 183, 233, 245, and 315. I believe this should be offensive to Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. Personally, the continued cursing in this book nauseated me. I feel that it is an offense against God and a bad example to the young. . . . Perhaps I am old-fashioned in my belief. However, the ten commandments are also old-fashioned. . . . What I think to be one of the greatest dangers to the young in this book occurs on pages 26, 27, and 28. These pages describe the auction sale of what are described as breeding wenches. The Negresses are shown naked to the buyers, and the effect on Tom Paine is described as one which made him both eager and ashamed. The description of the slave auction itself and of the auctioneer is quite vivid. It is the boast of the latter that all pregnant slaves, when sold, are pregnant by him. The description of one of the individual slaves would seem to me certainly to be quite broad, especially when the slave's usefulness is described as one which would make her suitable to take to bed or into a hayloft. . . . I do not believe that the young people of Scarsdale are under-sexed, and I do not believe that this is the kind of reading matter to recommend to normally sexed adolescents. . . ."

At the school board meeting February 6, 1950, Treacy appeared, along with Kernan and Dohrenwend, who had been absent from the two previous meetings, and asked Board President Newlin why *Citizen Tom Paine* was in the high school library in view of its blasphemy and immorality. Treacy said he was raising the issue on specific content, but Newlin would not allow him to read what he called "the spiciest sections" and he was told to refer the matter to the professional staff that had chosen the book. The board subsequently agreed to consider Treacy's *Inquirer* letter as a formal written complaint, and a close study of *Citizen Tom Paine* was ordered. A nine-page, single-spaced report was prepared by the heads of the English and social studies departments of the high school and the librarian, who together spent thirty-three hours on it. They noted that it is "the only current novel which centers around the figure of Tom Paine and his contributions to the founding of our democracy." The three judges deplored "the presence of so much profanity," but said there were historical and literary reasons for it. To ban books because they contain objectionable words or depict such things as adultery would do away with the Bible and other eminent works, it was added.

On the issue of Fast's Communism, the judges demonstrated a certain naive oversimplification. "We did not find him following the party line in this book," said the judges, and they cited as proof of their point Fast's apparent attitude toward dictatorship, atheism, and the doctrine that the end justifies the means. "All references to Washington, the Jacobins, and Napoleon, and all the implications are against dictatorship," the report declared. Far from showing Paine believing that the end justifies the means, the report added, the doctrine "is shown as repugnant to Paine and to all the 'good' characters. Specifically, in dealing with the use of force, the episode concerning Napoleon is unmistakably against cloaking force as a means to a good end. . . ."

AT THE April meeting of the board, which was again held in the high school gym when 300 persons attended, only Superintendent Shaw's summary approval of the report was read, but this was enough to touch off the most boisterous session of the entire controversy. (The board itself also approved of retaining *Citizen Tom Paine,* although there was not complete agreement on all phases of the matter; it was, incidentally, about this time that the book mysteriously vanished from the high school library shelves, to which it has not yet been restored.) Treacy still insisted the biography was "filthy," suggested it would be a good text for a course in "advanced blasphemy," and pointed out that it had been banned in New York City schools for not giving a true account of Paine's life, being poorly written, and containing objectionable passages; one woman replied that she hoped Scarsdale would not emulate New York. Treacy again asked for permission to read aloud from the book, prefacing his request by saying, "I don't want to shock the ladies. . . ." He was told by Newlin that if it made him feel any better, he could go ahead and read. Amid considerable tittering, he thereupon read aloud the three-page slave-auction scene, and a briefer one where, as a staymaker's apprentice at thirteen, Paine is undone by a two-hundred-pound woman come to have her corset fitted.

The reaction of Father Kernan to the *Citizen Tom Paine* ruling was to declare that "the board has gone on record in direct contradiction to the teachings of the church." He added that he would see to it "that word of this is spread beyond Scarsdale"—something he had actually already done. By now a great deal of what was said was repetitious, if more barbed, but there was a certain sharpening of issues which bore directly on the vital balloting that took place the following month. The sentiment gained ground that the Committee of Ten was impugning the whole school system and that it was seeking specific scapegoats. Newlin, at one point, emphasized that the morale of the entire school staff and Scarsdale's fine educational reputation were being undermined.

At another point, the direct issue of secularism versus religion in the schools was brought into the open by Mrs. Martin J. Brennan, wife of a noise-abatement specialist and mother of four children in the Scarsdale schools. Mrs. Brennan, hitherto silent, began by reiterating that there were few in Scarsdale who held any brief for Howard Fast and his books or who really cared if his works were in or out of the library. But, continued Mrs. Brennan, "Suppose we ban *Citizen Tom Paine*? Suppose we ban all the Fast books, the Untermeyer anthology? Will they stop there? What comes next?" She alluded to the several letters that had dealt with the question of secularism versus spiritual and moral training and asked, with a certain finality, "I want to know what's behind all this." Kernan had his reply prepared. "What's behind this is to keep Communism out of the Scarsdale school system," he snapped. "It's already there and you don't know Communism when you see it."

Several of the letters that followed were critical of Kernan's contention that the board had flouted the church in the battle of the books. The one that drew the most attention came from the Reverend Edward C. Boynton, popular minister of the Congregational Church in Scarsdale, who wrote: "It is not clear from Mr. Kernan's use of the words 'the church' exactly for whom he speaks authoritatively. To avoid any misunderstanding because of my profession as a Minister, I state simply, Mr. Kernan does not speak for me." Kernan nevertheless continued to speak, at least for himself. Twice in the month that followed, once to the Peekskill Rotary Club and once to three hundred delegates of State Exchange Clubs at the Westchester Country Club in Rye, he severely criticized the Scarsdale school board for its allegedly lax attitude toward Communism. Dohrenwend and other members of the Committee of Ten meanwhile complained that the board and Newlin especially had been discourteous to them and had not given them a fair hearing.

THE annual election for school board members took place on the first Tuesday in May. Because of the stir created by the months-long dispute, the election was bound to receive more than the usual attention. But it is doubtful whether anyone expected 1,400 persons to crowd into the high school gymnasium on the night of May 2, and that 1,090 of them would cast ballots. (This, compared to a total of only 58 votes cast the year before.) Chiefly as a result of the stormy April meeting, word got around that there might be additional nominations from the floor or an opposition write-in vote. Once more, Bob Gordon of the Town Club got together a small group of Scarsdale's active citizens—this, by the way, marking the only other organized effort to counteract the Committee of Ten—and it was decided to urge everyone's attendance at the election meeting on the simple grounds that the tested nonpartisan method might be threatened. "A lot of people did a lot of telephoning," one woman later admitted, "and, as usual, a dirty job like that was handed over to the ladies." Several persons disclosed they were called three or four times, and one man rushed home from an Atlantic City convention just to vote.

The fears of those who had suspected an opposition slate proved unfounded. Because there were so many present, the balloting lasted an hour and a half, but when it was over the results showed that the three incumbent members up for re-election, Newlin, George Rutherford, a vice-president of National Dairy Products, and G. Stanley McAllister, a vice-president of Lord and Taylor, New York City department store, had received respectively 1,081, 1,085, and 1,084 votes. There were sixteen blanks and one write-in vote apiece for Kernan, Dohrenwend, Treacy, and a man named E. W. Berlin whom no one was able immediately to identify.

SCARSDALE felt, after the election, that the issue of the books had been properly disposed of. The villagers, however, failed to reckon with the persistence of its minority watchmen. Prior to the June meeting of the school board, the Committee of Ten gave way to a new unnamed group that included, in addition to Kernan, two other local ministers, the Reverend August W. Brustat, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, and the Reverend Hugh J. Rooney, an assistant at the Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; several previous members dropped out but were replaced by others. Dohrenwend remained a key figure. On the night of June 5, Edward O. McConahay, an assistant vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York and spokesman for the new group, requested the school board to meet with it to consider further evidence that subversive influences were infiltrating the school system. For the first time, openly, the charge was made that some of the teaching staff might have connections with a Communist front seeking to get certain textbooks into the public schools. (There was never, however, any accusation made against a specific teacher, nor was the "front" ever defined or identified; the nearest approach to an attack on any one teacher was a fruitless effort on the part of the minority led by Dohrenwend to obtain the name of the individual who signed the requisitions for certain books—a demand that was refused by the board on the perfectly sound ground that such a signature meant nothing since it was purely the normal product of the whole book-selection process outlined in painful detail at one of the earlier board meetings.)

A special meeting was called for the nineteenth of June with the stipulation that only new information would be brought forth. The case against the schools that night was presented for two and a half hours by ten speakers who sought to describe how the general pattern of Communist influence had been brought to bear in Scarsdale. Four well-known and widely used textbooks were cited. These included *World History,* by Boak, Slosson, and Anderson, edited by Harvard Professor William Langer, and used in the tenth grade; it was submitted to be prejudiced because it had frequent pictures of Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky to the exclusion of portraits of American heroes and Founding Fathers, because it described as "a stupendous achievement" the "transformation of the Russian peasant into a serious, highly trained industrial worker," and because it allegedly dismissed the Chinese Communists as "rarely anything but hungry peasants, whose chief interest was in getting more land rather than in political or economic theories." The other three books—each cited, with selections read aloud, by a different speaker—were *Story of America,* by Ralph V. Harlow, declared to picture America as being at the mercy of big corporations and utilities; *Our World Today,* allegedly a pro-Russian geography textbook; and *American Democracy Today and Tomorrow,* by Goslin, Goslin, and Storen, alleged to be subtly subversive in several places.

Pamphlets used as reference material, including those of the Foreign Policy Association, were declared to be equally subversive. Dohrenwend listed the names of several men and women who had spoken in Scarsdale schools under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association or conducted special off-campus courses for teachers under the aegis of New York University and Sarah Lawrence College. These included a number of sponsors or speakers who, he said, had attended the Communist-front World Peace Conference held in March 1949 at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Among them were Professor Bert James Loewenberg, of Sarah Lawrence; Shirley Graham, the Robeson biographer; Louis Untermeyer, Dorothy Parker, Langston Hughes, the poet; Vera Micheles Dean, author of several books on foreign affairs and an officer of the Foreign Policy Association, and Anna Louise Strong. Dohrenwend, making what was perhaps his strongest point of the whole lengthy investigation, urged the school board to determine whether, over a four-year period, there had been a preponderant number of speakers at Scarsdale PTA meetings or at off-campus course sessions whose opinions might be questioned as exemplifying an objectionable "educational philosophy."

THE Reverend Dr. Brustat summed up the charges by referring to Louis F. Budenz's *Men Without Faces,* in which that ex-Communist author speaks of a Communist plot to influence citizens of Westchester County, directly or indirectly, through wealthy party members and leftist lecturers. When Dr. Brustat had finished, Board President Newlin asked him if he believed the evidence offered during the lengthy session warranted an investigation aimed at "rooting out" teachers suspected of promoting the use of subversive material. The pastor promptly answered, "I most assuredly do."

Superintendent Shaw thereupon arose and read a report on "The Loyalty of Our Teachers." He referred to the "understandable uneasiness" Scarsdale families had come to feel as a result of "the repetition over the months of charges implied and overt," now capped by "new and grave, if hitherto unsupported, accusations involving our staff." After reviewing the standards which govern the selection of the 133 teachers in the Scarsdale school system, Mr. Shaw said: "I want to state positively, without reservation, that every teacher in our schools is a loyal

American. . . ." He added that he couldn't say they were alike in their religious, economic, social, or political beliefs, nor did he know what they read, but "I do know that they are good people for our children to be with." In teaching various subjects as well as "the acts of citizenship in a democracy," Mr. Shaw emphasized, "a good teacher, alert and imaginative, calls on many sources, many references," using books "as tools, no more, to be picked up and laid down as useful."

On July 5, at the next regular board meeting, Mr. McAllister, the new president, made the climactic announcement that the board had voted 7-0 against conducting an investigation. He said: "In the two years or more since this subject has been under discussion, no one has presented any evidence to indicate that our teachers, by the use of books or pamphlets or otherwise, have been inculcating subversive ideas in our school children." Superintendent Shaw read selections from the four textbooks that had been cited to deny the charge that they were slanted.

The Scarsdale citizens' group that demanded the investigation, after condemning the "whitewash" by the board, has indicated it regards the whole affair as a continuing one, although at the second 1950 fall meeting, in October, the board finally announced that it would hear no more verbal attacks at the monthly public sessions; this led at once to a barrage of letters to the *Inquirer* charging a "gag." At the same time, however, not as a result of the lengthy battle but because Superintendent Shaw has wanted to do it for some time, a committee to study citizenship education in Scarsdale was established, composed of eight lay members and three from the school staff.

Under the circumstances of mounting tension between the Communist and non-Communist world, as exemplified by the Far Eastern crisis and other probable crises to come, the Scarsdale affair will undoubtedly be repeated in communities throughout the nation. It may be too much to expect every town and village involved in a similar conflict to treat it as patiently as did Scarsdale and with such a cool collective head (one woman explained, "You know, this is a community of executives, and they just don't like to be told what to do"). It is not even inconceivable that in the days to come Scarsdale's citizens themselves might suffer a failure of poise. Given the present dynamics of Communist expansionism, with its attendant tactics of disruption everywhere, it will inevitably become harder and harder to define what is subversive and to distinguish between healthy exposure of false and subtle propaganda on the one hand and blind fear of anything less than "100 per cent Americanism" on the other.

There are few in Scarsdale who would not admit today (if indeed they ever had doubts) that Communists in the United States do seek to "infiltrate" our schools, communities, organizations, etc. Most villagers also acknowledge that a good, thoroughly indoctrinated Communist will try to bring the party line into what he says or writes (although this does not necessarily hold good of a Communist sympathizer). Further, those Scarsdalians who sat through the endless school board sessions and then went home and read the "subversive" books were undoubtedly aware that some of them came from the pens of persons not especially reticent in their praise of Soviet Russia. Yet the decision was made that any form of censorship represented a much worse sort of risk. In the last analysis, Scarsdale affirmed its faith in its children as well as its teachers; Superintendent Shaw at one point reminded everyone that there hasn't been a fellow-traveler in a carload of high school graduates, a good proportion of whom have distinguished themselves in the ultra-respectable halls of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard.

Finally, and perhaps of most import in the long run, Scarsdale's handling of its crisis set back—or at least gave no aid or comfort to—a nationally spreading hysteria; invariably, elsewhere as here, this has found expression in guardians whose bland assumption that they and they alone have the blessing and vision of God leads them into the belief that others ostensibly less clairvoyant and omniscient are incapable of recognizing and appraising a "clear and present danger." Many a Scarsdalian who has voted the straight Republican ticket since he came of age was surprised, in the last two years, to hear himself called a "soft liberal" by the nervous watchmen in his midst. Presaging, it may be hoped, a broader development, much needed, the proud Scarsdalian simply reared back and asserted his "enlightened conservatism."

ROSENZWEIG'S "JUDAISM OF PERSONAL EXISTENCE"

A Third Way Between Orthodoxy and Modernism

WILL HERBERG

THERE is hardly an aspect of Jewish life and thought that Franz Rosenzweig did not touch with his creativity. But there is one achievement of his that seems to me to be of imperishable significance: he was among the first to point the way to that return to faith which is a mark of our time. He it was who—along with his slightly older contemporary, Martin Buber—showed that the ancient faith of prophet and rabbi was not merely compatible with the externals of modern culture—that was easy—but was in fact the answer to the deepest problems of the Jew's existence in the contemporary world. Because Franz Rosenzweig did not simply inherit his faith as a matter of course, but had to win it for himself, his word possessed, and still possesses, an extraordinary power. In his own person and thought, Rosenzweig showed that the depth, the vitality, the closeness to real existence for which the new generation was longing, could be found in the resources of Jewish religion when that religion was properly understood. Wherever there are Jews who are earnestly striving to understand the meaning and relevance of their faith, there Franz Rosenzweig will have his word to say.

Rosenzweig blazed the trail of a new way in Jewish religious thinking—a "third way" equally distinct from, and opposed to, the traditionalism of conventional Orthodoxy and the rationalistic modernism of "liberal" religion. He laid the basis for a kind of Jewish religious thinking that is traditional yet vital, true to the deepest insights of Biblical and rabbinic teaching yet fully relevant to the demands of contemporary existence. He showed that Jewish religion can be something very different from either a scholastic fundamentalism out of touch with modern life or a rationalistic modernism out of touch with Biblical truth. In his very conception of religion and religious thinking, in his understanding of the eternal problems of Jewish and human existence, he was a pioneer. He re-thought the problems of Jewish religion—or rather, we should say, he re-lived them in his own life—and out of his own life he was able to forge a new way of Jewish religious thinking, a new conception of the ancient faith, that never fails to strike fire in the heart of those who seek God out of the necessities of their existence.

Franz Rosenzweig was born on December 25, 1886, at Kassel, Germany, into a substantial, in many ways typical, German-Jewish bourgeois family. His great-grandfather in the Rosenzweig line had come from Eastern Europe with a rabbinical ordination but had settled down at Kassel as a manufacturer. His paternal grandfather was a chemist, his maternal grandfather the principal of a Jewish school. His father was a successful industrialist and respected civic leader. The

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Franz Rosenzweig died twenty-one years ago, but it is only now that American Jews are beginning to learn that this man—considered by many to be the most original Jewish thinker of the 20th century—ever existed. The great bulk of his work still remains untranslated from the original German, though Schocken Books promises a representative selection from his writings for this spring. (Two of his essays, "On Being a Jewish Person" and "The Holy," appeared in the November 1945 and September 1949 issues of Commentary.) Will Herberg presents a sketch of some aspects of Rosenzweig's thought especially relevant to the situation of Judaism today. Mr. Herberg has written and lectured widely on Jewish theology, and several of his articles have appeared in previous issues of Commentary; the most recent was "The Postwar Revival of the Synagogue" in the April 1950 number. Mr. Herberg has also just completed a volume on Jewish theology which will be published during the coming year.

Rosenzweig family was formally affiliated with the Jewish community but its Jewishness was empty of all content. The last link with the past was a great-uncle, Adam Rosenzweig, with whom the boy sometimes went to synagogue.

The young Franz at first studied medicine, but after 1908 he transferred to Freiburg to work in modern history under Meinecke, and somewhat later he went to Berlin. He was a brilliant student and made a deep impression on Meinecke and other scholars under whom he studied. His doctoral dissertation was on Hegel; almost simultaneously he wrote a work on Schelling. In other words, his career followed the course laid out for a gifted young scholar. Nor was it really extraordinary, at least in Rosenzweig's circle, that he should manifest an interest in theology; he and his friends heatedly debated the great issues of religion and philosophy. But in these discussions Judaism never seriously figured. Rosenzweig seems to have felt that it was quite possible for the religiously concerned young Jew to become a Christian but that it was no longer possible to become a Jew: from the Judaism with which he was familiar, he simply could not see how he could establish his religious existence in Jewish terms. He was thoroughly disgusted with the "religionless" Judaism of the bourgeois world in which he lived. Indeed, in 1909, Rosenzweig even encouraged his cousin Hans Ehrenberg to convert to Christianity.

In 1913 came his own great crisis. His religious concern had been growing intense, and he was in almost continuous discussion, particularly with his Christian friend Eugen Rosenstock (now in this country teaching at Dartmouth). The entire night of July 7, 1913 was devoted to one such interchange. "In that night's conversation," Rosenzweig himself relates, "Rosenstock pushed me step by step out of the last relativist positions which I still occupied and forced me to take an unrelativist standpoint. . . . Any form of philosophical relativism [became] impossible for me." He had now made the standpoint of religious faith his own, but that very fact called his Jewishness into question. There was no role whatever that the Judaism he knew could play in religious existence. And so, in July 1913, he decided to become a Christian.

Before his conversion could be consummated, however, Rosenzweig went to the Yom Kippur services held in a little Orthodox synagogue in Berlin. There something happened—exactly what has never become known. But when it was over, Rosenzweig was convinced that he could live his religious existence as a Jew and that his place was in the People Israel. It was for him now, as he put it, to "return to where I have been elected from birth."

ROSENZWEIG now set himself to studying Jewish sources and to following the thinking of Hermann Cohen—the great neo-Kantian philosopher who became, in his later years, a Jewish thinker of importance. But before very long, the First World War broke out, and Rosenzweig joined the army. He spent most of the time on the Balkan front, where the fighting was not severe and where he had considerable opportunity to think, study, and write. He published some articles, the most important being *Zeit ist's* ("It Is Time") on the subject of Jewish education. In November 1917, he wrote a long letter to his cousin Rudolf Ehrenberg, in the course of which he dealt with revelation and a whole series of other theological problems; this letter, he afterward said, became the "germ" of his "system."

But before he was to develop that system he had still another significant experience to undergo. In May 1918, the army transferred him to Warsaw, where for the first time he really came into touch with East European Jewry. He was profoundly and lastingly impressed by what he saw. The image of the "integral" Jewish existence of the Polish Jew remained with him throughout his life as a kind of yardstick against which to measure the "fragmentary" existence of the Jew in the Western world. When he returned to the Balkans in August 1918, he began to write his great philosophico-theological work, *Der Stern der Erlösung* ("The Star of Redemption"). He wrote feverishly on army post cards and scraps of paper, which he sent to his mother for transcription. Of course, there was later revision, but it still seems almost unbelievable that a work so complex and intricate in its internal organization could have been composed in this manner.

Returning home after the war, Franz married Edith Hahn (June 1920) and settled in Frankfort on the Main, where he took over the direction of the Freie Jüdische Lehrhaus. This was a remarkable institution, which became the source and center of a veritable renaissance in German Jewish religious thought. Drawing to itself some of the most creative intellectual forces of German Jewry, it tried to reestablish the integrity of Jewish "learning" in a vital, non-academic, non-scholastic sense, and, despite its brief career, it left an indelible mark on Jewish thought. In 1922, Rosenzweig also accepted the recently established chair of Jewish theology at the University of Frankfort, after he had declined a very flattering offer of an important university post in history.

That very year, when he was thirty-four, Rosenzweig was stricken by a creeping paralysis from which he was never to recover. Little by little, it affected his whole body, even his organs of speech. And yet, such was the spirit of the man that the next few years were the most productive of his life! "In this period," writes Nahum N. Glatzer, "he completed his *Jehuda Halevi*; he wrote the long essays on Jewish law, on Hermann Cohen and on the 'New Thinking.' [In this period] Rosenzweig and Buber began to translate the Bible into German. This translation induced the two men to write a number of fundamental articles on Biblical problems. . . . In a number of extensive book reviews, Rosenzweig dealt with current trends from a broad point of view . . . . In his 'leisure hours,' Rosenzweig, who had a thorough musical training, reviewed recordings of classical music and wrote a few interesting chapters of musical history."*

And this, when all he could move was but one finger!

"With the help of nurses"—again I quote Glatzer—"he was placed in an armchair; his chin was supported by a small cushion that kept his head from droping; his right thumb miraculously retained some power of movement, though slow and indistinct. This thumb he moved—his arm supported by a sling—over a plate containing the letters of the alphabet. . . . His wife, sitting beside him, combined the letters into a word, the words into a sentence, and the sentences into elaborate articles, epistles, books."

Aside from *Der Stern der Erlösung,* virtually everything of major importance that Rosenzweig produced was written under such conditions. And throughout this race with death, Rosenzweig retained his intimate contacts with his friends and his lively interest in the outside world and the various enterprises with which he was connected. He died on December 10, 1929, just as he was approaching his forty-third birthday.

Most of Rosenzweig's published writings, aside from his early philosophical work, are to be found in three books: *Der Stern der Erlösung* (three volumes); *Kleinere Schriften,* a large collection of articles; and *Briefe,* which contains much of his voluminous correspondence. Next to nothing has been translated into English.

FOR Franz Rosenzweig, religious thinking is not legalistic argumentation or arbitrary speculation, as it has only too often been in Orthodox circles; nor is it sentimentalizing on the beauties of "ethical monotheism," with the modernists. It is "life thinking," existential thinking, which seeks not to discover external facts or to establish universal truths but to "make sense" of existence, of one's own existence. It is therefore not the kind of thinking that one can engage in "objectively," as in science or philosophy.

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*Nahum N. Glatzer, "Franz Rosenzweig," *Yivo Annual: I* (1945). Glatzer was a friend and co-worker of Rosenzweig's and followed Martin Buber in Rosenzweig's chair at Frankfort. The only important studies of Rosenzweig in English with which I am acquainted are Glatzer's memoir, Jacob Agus's chapter on Rosenzweig in his *Modern Philosophies of Judaism,* and Karl Löwith's "M. Heidegger and F. Rosenzweig," *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research,* September 1942.

"Objective thinking" is objective in two senses: it treats what it thinks about as an object, and it thinks about it as a spectator, in detachment, with the elimination of the so-called "personal equation." But this is not the kind of thinking that one can do about human existence. For the self—one's own or another's—is not object but subject; to "objectify" the self is simply to destroy it. Nor can existence ever be genuinely thought about from the spectator's detached point of view. The thinking that is adequate to existence is a thinking of involvement and concern in what is thought about; it is thinking in which a man makes his decision, affirms his commitment, and ventures everything on it. This is what Rosenzweig calls the "new thinking" and he gives it the following formulation:

"The idea of 'making' truth true (*Bewährung*) is the basic idea of the new theory of knowledge . . . and the static concept of objectivity is replaced by one that is dynamic. . . . From those unimportant truths, truths of the type 'twice two equals four,' to which men lightly assent with the expenditure of no more than a trifle of mind-energy—a little less for the ordinary multiplication table, a little more for the theory of relativity—the way leads to those truths for which man is willing to pay something, on to those which he cannot prove true (*bewähren*) except with the sacrifice of his life, and finally to those the truth of which can be established only by the staking of the lives of all the generations."

This conception of "making true" (*Bewähren*) by commitment, decision, and venture is at the heart of the "new thinking." It is what Emil Brunner means when he speaks of the "knowledge of faith" as being "not theoretical knowledge but 'existential' knowledge—that is, knowledge of such a kind that it is only fully realized as practical decision and wholly excludes the attitude of a mere spectator." The teachings of religion, Rosenzweig constantly repeats, cannot be appropriated merely by the intellect; they must be made part of one's existence to be truly understood.

Is this "new thinking," then, simply "subjective" in the bad sense, without discipline or control? Rosenzweig denies it. "A philosophy, if it is to be true," he explains, "must be philosophized from the actual viewpoint of the philosophizing person. . . . There is no other way of being objective than by honestly starting from one's own subjectivity. The duty of being objective requires that one retain sight of the entire horizon, not that one look out from a standpoint different from that on which one is standing, or even from 'no standpoint at all.' One's own eyes are certainly no more than one's own eyes; but it would be foolish to think one had to pluck them out in order to see rightly."

Religious thinking, in this sense, is really inseparable from religious existence out of which it emerges and which it reflects. To Rosenzweig, religion is not philosophy or sentiment or conduct; it is a kind or quality of existence.* Faith is a divine-human encounter, a meeting, in which man makes his total commitment to God and God offers his grace to man. The life of faith—religious existence—is lived on a plane where God and man are linked by the characteristic bond of personal communion: the word—the word of revelation and prayer. The "new thinking" is thinking that somehow partakes more of the nature of speech, dialogue, than of abstract thought.

"The difference between the old and the new thinking lies in the need of 'the other,' and, what is really the same thing, in taking time seriously. To think means to think *for no one* and to speak *to no one*, but to speak means to speak *to some one* and to think *for some one*; and that some one is always an entirely definite some one, who has not only ears . . . but also a mouth." The life of faith is thus lived between God and man; it is life "in the second person," *dialogic life,* to use Buber's pregnant phrase. The God of Jewish religion is not a remote lawgiver; nor is he an idea or a synonym for ideals and sentiments. The God of Jewish religion is a God who "speaks and hears," a God who enters into life at every point and without whom no moment of life can have meaning.

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*Rosenzweig even disliked using the term "religion" for Judaism and Christianity, for he felt that it implied the separation of a particular field called "religion" from total reality. "The special position of Judaism and Christianity consists precisely in the fact that even though they become religion, they still retain within them the power to free themselves from their religiousness and to find their way back to the free field of reality. . . . They were originally something quite 'unreligious'—the one a fact [the fact of the People Israel], the other an event [the 'Christ-event']."

Indeed, man's very being is "respons-ible," and dependent upon God's word for its origin and maintenance. As Karl Löwith has said: "It is only through God's calling Adam, 'Where art thou?' that the latter's 'Here I am' reveals to man, in the answer, his being as related to God. The ego is at the outset wrapped up in itself and dumb; it waits for its being called—directly by God and indirectly by the neighbor." Man, in other words, possesses his being as a Thou which arises in response to the I which is God. Human existence is thus intrinsically religious existence.

THE GOD of our faith reveals himself through his words and his deeds. "He has made known his ways to Moses, his acts to the children of Israel" (Ps. 103:7).

The problem of revelation—and of the Bible as revelation—is one of the crucial problems of Jewish and Christian faith. To old-line Orthodoxy—what we in this country call fundamentalism—every word of the Bible, especially of the so-called "Five Books of Moses," is literally the word of God, dictated by him and therefore incapable of error. Many Orthodox Jews would even extend this doctrine of inspiration and infallibility to the rabbinic writings, particularly to those dealing with halachah (Law). To the modernist, on the other hand, revelation is usually nothing but a figure of speech. The scriptural writers, he concedes, were "inspired," but this means little more than saying that a Shakespeare or a Plato or a Buddha was inspired; the "inspiration" of the prophet is identified with the imagination of the poet and the illumination of the mystic or philosopher. As to the Biblical writings themselves, they are, to the modernist, interesting compilations of myth, legend, and folklore, in which are embedded a number of high ethical teachings. After all, has not criticism shown that even the Pentateuch is a patchwork of documents from different times, sources, and historical settings—in other words, a compilation made by man rather than a single whole dictated by God?

Rosenzweig agrees that Scripture is a compilation made by men, but he nevertheless insists that it contains the revelation of God. God reveals himself through his encounter with man, and the Bible is preeminently the record of the divine encounter with Israel, in which God makes known his will and displays his judgments and mercies. Of course, the books of the Bible were put together and edited by men in the course of centuries and therefore contain God's word only as it has passed through the medium of the human heart and mind: does not the Talmud itself say that "the Torah speaks in the language of men"? But it contains God's word nevertheless. It contains it, yet is not identical with it. The whole tradition of scriptural interpretation reflects the effort to discover the message of revelation in the record of scripture. This is a work that is never complete and that each of us, in his own religious existence, though taking cognizance of the tradition that has come down to us, must in the end do for himself.

The celebrated translation of the Bible into German made by Buber and Rosenzweig was based on Rosenzweig's profound conception of Scripture as revelation. Granting that the various books of the Bible are compilations from various times and sources, Rosenzweig points out that the *meaning* of Scripture is to be discovered in how these parts are put together, just as in a mosaic the meaning of the picture emerges from the way the separate tiles are arranged and not merely from what the tiles in themselves "say." It is the whole that counts—and Scripture is a whole, a *Gestalt,* a unique and organic entity. Rosenzweig regards the Redactor—the name for the compilers and editors of the Biblical books—as the key figure in the development of the Bible:

"Our difference with Orthodoxy [he writes to Dr. Jacob Rosenheim, the Orthodox leader] consists in this, that from our belief in the holiness and uniqueness of the Torah and its character as revelation, we cannot draw any conclusions as to its literary origins or the philological value of the received text. Should Wellhausen prove right in all his theories . . . our faith would not be affected in the least. . . . We too translate the Torah as a single book. For us too it is the work of one spirit. . . . We call him by the symbol which critical science . . . uses to designate its assumed redactor: R. But this symbol R, we expand . . . into *Rabbenu.* For he is our teacher; his theology is our teaching."

In the same spirit, Rosenzweig understands the relation between Scripture (written Torah) and tradition (oral Torah). To the Orthodox, he writes, "the oral Torah is a stream parallel to the written Torah and sprung from the same source. For us, it is the completion of the unity of the Book-as-written through the unity of the Book-as-read. Both unities are equally wonderful. The historical view discovers multiplicity in the Book-as-written as well as in the Book-as-read; multiplicity of centuries, multiplicity of writers and readers. The eye that sees the book not from the outside but in its inner coherence sees it not merely as written but as read. In the former, it sees the unity of teaching; in the latter, it finds the unity of learning, one's own learning together with the learning of centuries."

Clearly, this approach to Scripture presupposes the election of Israel. The compilation of the Bible is part of the literary history of the Jews, just as the compilation of the Homeric poems is part of the literary history of the Greeks. It is only because of Israel's unique position that its literary history is more than a mere record of human creativity and becomes the working out of the divine intent in communication with men. Scripture is indeed a human document, and therefore by no means infallible in its parts; but God fulfills his purposes through the doings of men, and so this human document can become the vehicle of divine revelation.

It is in terms of the basic affirmation of the election of Israel that Rosenzweig understands the Torah as Law (halachah). Again, he finds inadequate both the Orthodox and the modernist conceptions. To the conventional Orthodox Jew, the Law is something external, a list of 613 particular commandments, every one of them given by God on Sinai and thereafter carefully arranged, interpreted, and codified: these he is to perform. To the modernist, they are simply remnants of ancient folkways, of little religious significance today, at best merely of sociological, aesthetic, or sentimental value. Rosenzweig, in a brilliant essay, *Die Bauleute,* and a letter, *Göttlich und Menschlich* (end of November 1924), outlines his own position.

Halachic observance is the "acting-out" of the Jew's affirmation of the chosenness of Israel and its "separation" as a "priest-people." "You shall be holy unto me, for I have separated you from among the nations that you should be mine" (Lev. 20:26): in this proclamation lies the meaning of Israel's existence and the ultimate grounding of the halachic code of ritual observance. The Jew who, himself and in his own religious existence, receives the Torah, receives it not only as a teaching about the election of Israel but also as a code—a "holiness-code"—in terms of which he is to enact this teaching into the pattern of his life. Rosenzweig commends "the Pharisees of the Talmud and the saints of the Church" for knowing that "man's understanding extends only as far as his doing." Religious observance is, in effect, the *doing* of one's religious convictions; the two cannot be separated.

Jewish observance is halachah, for the Jew lives "under the Law," and the special discipline to which the halachah subjects him is the commandment of God involved in the election of Israel. But to say this is a far cry from asserting, as the fundamentalists do, that the particular, detailed observances that confront the Jew at any time are the eternal prescription of God, communicated to Moses on Mount Sinai. The commandments (*mitzvot*) are not fixed and eternal; they have arisen, have changed, and many of them have lost their effectiveness with the passage of time. As with Scripture, so with halachah, it is fruitless, even meaningless, to attempt a single and definitive differentiation between the "human" and the "divine." Yet one cannot accept the "general principle" of election as important and divine but relegate the particular commandments to the rank of the merely peripheral, the "merely human." The "general principle" cannot be *understood*—means nothing existentially—unless particular commandments are *observed*. "The general theological connection [between chosenness and Law] comes to life for us only when and where we actually fulfill it as individual commandment."

Die Bauleute was addressed as a letter to Martin Buber, who took a rather negative attitude to halachah as Law, and who objected to its "ritualistic" emphasis. But the halachah in Rosenzweig's presentation is very far indeed from legalistic ritualism. Buber himself, moreover, speaks somewhere of the "mysteries whose meaning no one learns who does not himself join in the dance." The halachic pattern in Rosenzweig's view may be said to be the "dance" in which the Jew learns the mystery of the election of Israel.

It is a "dance," moreover, in which the individual Jew finds himself as a Jew. Religious observance must be personally appropriated; it must be not just halachah, but halachah-*for-me*. The entire body of halachic tradition, ever changing yet ever the same, confronts the individual Jew as *Gesetz* ("law" in the external sense). To be operative, it must be turned into *Gebot* ("commandment" in the inner sense). "*Gesetz* must become *Gebot*, which, the very moment it is heard, turns into deed. It must recover its contemporaneity [*Heutigkeit*]." This, however, is not to be achieved through "obedience to the paragraphs of a code." "In the end, it is not a matter of will but of ability-to-do [*Können*]. Here the decisive thing is the selection which our ability-to-do makes from among what is to be done [*das Tubare*]. This selection, because it does not depend upon the will but upon the ability-to-do, must necessarily remain an individual matter." Only personal ability to fulfill the precept can decide. "The doing comes forth only . . . at the point where at the voice of the *Gebot*, the spark leaps instantaneously across from 'I must' to 'I can.'" No man can decide for another what he can or cannot appropriate; each must decide for himself—in responsible recognition of the claim that the tradition of the Law has upon him, but for himself nevertheless. "What anyone is able to do, he alone knows; the voice of his own being, to which he is to listen, can be heard only with his own ears. . . . Nor does anyone know that the other's not-being-able may not in the end mean more for the building up of the teaching and the Law than our own being able. . . ." Rosenzweig, who started with nothing, became more and more traditional in his observance as time went on, but his philosophy of halachah never changed. Personal appropriation in religious existence remained his touchstone.

ONE of Rosenzweig's most profound and significant insights is his conception of the nature of Christianity and its relation to Judaism. In thinking through the problem, he finds himself once more in conflict with both Orthodoxy and modernism. Conventional Orthodoxy is without any real sense of the organic relation between the two faiths. By and large, it sees no religious or theological problem at all; its attitude to Christianity (to the *goyim*) is largely determined by the bitter experience of Jews in so-called Christian lands. On the other hand, most modernists take the position that all religions are essentially the same, being different cultural expressions of one and the same "religious spirit." All possess the same basic truth, and all are in part, though not perhaps to the same degree, corrupted by ignorance and superstition. For the modernists, too, there is no special problem.

But for Franz Rosenzweig, who takes seriously the claim of Judaism to supernatural truth and yet cannot ignore Christianity's kinship to it, there is a problem. And this problem he treats with a depth and originality that will make all future thinking on the subject dependent on his work.

In dealing with the problem of Christianity, Rosenzweig explicitly associates himself with the insights suggested in the teachings of the great Jewish philosophers of what he calls "the classical period of the construction of dogma systems in Judaism." What he finds in the older Jewish thinkers, he deepens and develops in his own characteristic manner. Judaism and Christianity are to him essentially of one piece, one religious reality: Judaism facing *inward* to the Jews, Christianity *outward* to the Gentiles. The two faiths are organically linked as complementary aspects of God's revealed truth. Yet they are not the same; they are distinct and different in their being and in their function. Judaism is the "eternal fire," Christianity the "eternal rays"; Judaism is the "eternal life," Christianity is the "eternal way." While Israel stays with God, Christianity goes out to conquer the unredeemed world for Him. And Christianity would not endure as a force for redemption did not Israel remain in its midst, in its very being serving as a witness to the Eternal.

Borrowing the imagery of Judah Halevi, Rosenzweig speaks of the historical revelation of Israel as a seed, which, falling on the ground of paganism, produces a tree—Christianity—in the fruit of which it reappears in another form. Christianity is, in fact, "Judaism for the Gentiles," through which the peoples of the world are brought to the God of Israel. Yet as close as are the two, so are they different, and the difference is not to be overcome by "liberalism" or good will, since it is rooted in the different functions and vocations set for them by divine providence. Only when the goal is reached and the world redeemed, only at the "end," will the final reconciliation and fusion take place; then all will indeed be one in the recognition of the unity of the Divine Name. Until then, "only with God . . . is the truth one. Earthly truth remains split into two." It is for each —the Jew and the Christian—to remain loyal to his vocation and his vision of the truth, which is the truth-for-him and as such valid before God. For "truth is a noun only to God; to men, it is really best known as an adverb, 'truly' [*wahrlich*], as the measure of of inner faithfulness" (Agus).

It follows from this general conception that Christian existence contains within itself the tension between paganism and revelation. The Christian is always in danger of lapsing into paganism, in rebellion against his fate and vocation as Christian. It is in this phenomenon, in the Christian's own incompleteness, in his own "not-yet," that Rosenzweig finds the hidden source of anti-Semitism. "The fact of anti-Semitism, age-old and ever-present though totally groundless," he concludes in a letter to his mother, "can be understood only by the different functions which God has assigned to the two communities—Israel to represent in time the eternal kingdom of God, Christianity to bring itself and the world toward that goal." Whenever the pagan in the Christian rises in revolt against the yoke of the Cross, he vents his fury on the Jew whom he hates not as Christ-killer but as Christ-bringer. The notorious proto-Nazi anti-Semite, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, saw this very well. "The Jew," he was wont to wail, "has spoiled everything with his Law and his Cross."

Rosenzweig's teaching on Christianity is the first, and remains the only serious, attempt to develop a Jewish theological framework in which the two religions will be seen in their relation to God's providential plan for the salvation of mankind. Rosenzweig does not deny that in some sense God is to be discerned in all religions, but he insists that only Judaism and its counterpart Christianity are in full truth *revealed* religions. Only they are divinely ordained as God's appointed way for the realization of his kingdom among men. Together, they constitute the *"Ueberwelt,"* in which eternity enters into time and God into the world.

EVERYTHING in Rosenzweig's thinking about Jewish existence stems from and returns to the election of Israel. For the very cornerstone of Rosenzweig's Jewish faith is a passionate belief in the uniqueness of Israel and of its divine vocation in the world.

Rosenzweig never tires of reiterating that Israel is not "like unto the nations," neither in its origin nor in its nature and destiny. "The saga of the eternal people, different from those of the other peoples of the world, does not begin with autochthony. . . . Israel's ancestor is a wanderer, with the divine command to leave his native land and go to a country that God will show him. Thus begins the story as told in the sacred books. Only by exile does this people become a people." Nor does it possess a fatherland in the usual sense. Rosenzweig was no Zionist, at least not in the familiar nationalistic acceptation of the term—though he had a strong love for Zion. "A fatherland of which a people becomes part by ploughing itself, as it were, into it . . . such a fatherland the eternal people does not possess. The land [Zion] belongs to it only as the land of its yearning—as the Holy Land." Until the "end," when the "yearning" and the "promise" will be fulfilled, Israel's destiny remains inescapably dual, centered alike upon Zion and the Exile.

To Rosenzweig, Israel is a people defined by the covenant of election, a people eternal and "forever inexplicable, a disturbance to state and to world history. The power of world history breaks down before [it]."

The "peoples of the world" are always straining, through their historical enterprises and institutions, to bring time to a stop and secure for themselves a measure of eternity. But for God's people eternity is ever present. Israel lives in eternity because it "represents in time the eternal kingdom of God." It lives as a "holy people" and by its very being bears witness to the Holy One. It lives and waits—for the great "day of the Lord" when redemption will come, for Israel, for mankind, and for all being. Israel, the elect people, finds its vocation as the Suffering Servant of the Lord. Rosenzweig's vision is essentially the Prophetic conception which Salo Baron describes as "the idea of a Jewish people beyond state and territory, a divine instrument in man's overcoming of 'nature' through a supernatural process in the course of 'history.'"

In this brief sketch, it has been possible to touch upon only certain aspects of Rosenzweig's thought. Not even an allusion has been made to the imposing quasi-metaphysical structure that constitutes the architectural framework of his *Stern der Erlösung*. But I think I have included those aspects that are especially important for an understanding of the quality of his Judaism. What is so amazing in Rosenzweig's thinking is his ability to transform ancient doctrines and theological formulas into a living power. He has at his command all the knowledge and learning of his time, but he must go beyond. No real understanding of the deepest problems of life is possible, he is convinced, except in terms of man's relation to God. To Rosenzweig, such words as God, revelation, divine providence, election, vocation, the Kingdom of Heaven, stand for immediate and vital realities without which it is impossible to think seriously about existence. That is why he is always saying that "theological problems require to be translated into human and human problems pushed on into theological."

For the Jews of today, Rosenzweig has a word of special relevance. For he shows us how we can affirm the authentic religion of Israel without falling into obscurantism, how we can lead a life true to Torah without falling into legalism and superstition, how we can dedicate ourselves to the vocation of Israel without falling into racial or nationalistic chauvinism. What Rosenzweig fought against with every fiber of his being was the routinization, the secularization, the sentimentalization of Judaism. On this ground he opposed fundamentalism; on this ground he opposed modernism; on this ground he opposed nationalistic Zionism. And he was able to develop a Judaism free from these distortions. This is his legacy to us of this generation and to the Jews of the generations to come.

THE HONEKKER SONG

A Story

HAMLEN HUNT

IN Cambridge, Massachusetts, an industrial city of some size (products: soap, books, clean laundry, some machinery), Harvard University is also situated. Housing for undergraduates is varied, and includes gentlemanly Georgian brick residences on the River Charles. At evening, the waters of this river gleam like fishes' eyes, and blink the reflection of blue and gold university towers.

Young .instructors, graduate students, and others associated in some way with Harvard, live as they can, but, if married, prefer a brick, semi-detached house in Shaler Lane or Holden Green. Privileges go with these modest homes. A fireplace. A place to park the car. The right to plant a few rows of vegetables on the nearby Sachs estate. And children are expected, in every way.

There are probably always at least fifty young children in Holden Green, not counting those unborn. There is play space—rather grimy, but safe enough—for the children, and they make a tidal coming and going at certain hours of the morning and afternoon, before and after naps and meals, or after school. Holden Green is paved with tricycles, pails and shovels, toy tractors, doll carriages and doll dishes, a certain number of which are purloined every week by the ragamuffins of nearby Somerville.

PARENTS expect these losses, and Lou Ryder was not really surprised, when she went out to bring Margaret in for supper, that the child had only one hand-knit mitten on. She asked where the other was.

"Lost," said five-year-old Margaret. "Naturally."

Holden Green children were usually advanced in language.

"She lost it in the sandpile," said Rebekah.

"I buried it," said Ann Gross. "It was dead, anyway."

"Well, I'll try to find it tomorrow," Lou said. "Margaret has to come in now."

"*We* don't have to go in yet," said Rebekah, who usually spoke for Ann Gross, too, and with implications. Those two little girls were also five, and were Margaret's best friends. They all went to a pre-first-grade group at Shady Hill.

"I'm sorry Margaret does," Lou said, almost regretting that she and Purcell were going out later. She hated to put Margaret at any disadvantage with her two friends lately. Something odd was going on between them. Margaret was too often humble and unhappy.

It seemed to be because she wasn't Jewish. Or at least, it turned on that. The other two little girls were, and more than once Margaret had rushed in to her mother, demanding a change of race, or whatever it was. Was it race, religion, or what? that made some people, in this day and age, Jewish? Lou was never sure.

"*They* say I'm not Jewish!" Margaret wailed. "I am so Jewish, if I want to be! Why can't I be, if they are?"

"Well, you just don't happen to be," her mother said, wanting to laugh. "Why do you want to be?"

"They are," said Margaret. "Well, then, what am I?"

Lou couldn't answer this simple question, either, it turned out. "Oh, just nothing special," she said, and when her husband, Purcell, came home, she laughed and told him the story. "We're not Christians, in that

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HAMLEN HUNT's last previous contribution to COMMENTARY was the story "In the Beginning Was the Word" (December 1949), cited in Martha Foley's list of distinguished stories of the year. She lives in Boston, is the mother of two small girls, and writes fiction for various magazines.

sense," she said. "And I hate Gentile. It sounds like artificial rubber tile, to go around bathtubs."

"Oh, just tell her we're Americans," Purcell said. "Or Californians. That ought to do it."

They were amused at the problem, raising itself in this oddly reversed way, and in Holden Green, of all places, where every adult was educated at least to the point of one college degree, usually more. They themselves were blond Californians, interested in outdoor things, and a good car, and music, and Purcell had been raised a socialist. Now he worked in physics, and did not allow his daughter to go to Sunday school even, and was very much annoyed when the cleaning woman, minding Margaret one weekend when they were away, took her off to Sunday Mass. Margaret loved it, and dressed her favorite doll in the blue glass rosary Mrs. O'Donnell had given her. Now Margaret wanted to be Jewish.

But, as time went on, the problem was not altogether amusing, because—face the fact!—Margaret was being persecuted. Only by little girls, but that was enough. She was somewhat delicate, anyway—liable to take cold, apt to get over-tired easily—whereas both Rebekah Mendelsohn and Ann Gross were lively and robust. Perhaps because they were two, they dominated Margaret, teased her, took her things. She almost never hit back. It simply was not her nature. She gave back only a stricken or a reproachful look for a blow against either her person or her feelings. She came in, quietly defeated, day after day.

"I wish she'd learn some way of defending herself," Lou said. "And I don't like to interfere."

The situation was made more awkward by the parents of the three little girls being particularly sympathetic and friendly. They entertained each other, and went out together, and often talked of moving, later, into a country housing project out near Lincoln.

The Grosses lived next door. Alfred was in the English department, and his wife, also an Ann, still did some part-time teaching and testing in various psychology labs connected with Harvard. Their Ann was five, and they had a year-old baby. Alfred had been born and raised plain Jewish, in Dorchester. He was bright and talented and likable enough to have risen via scholarships and fellowships. Ann came from a more suburban Jewish area. They had neither of them done anything about being Jewish, one way or the other, until quite lately, and, the Ryders thought, because of the Mendelsohns' influence.

The Mendelsohns were relatively exotic for Holden Green. They had come, quite recently, from France, but before that Moshe and his mother had lived through part of the European terror, and he had spent an interval in a French concentration camp. His wife, Rachel, was much more French than Jewish. They also had two children, the elder being Rebekah, spelled that way on purpose to be somewhat archaic, and to make the point.

The Mendelsohns were very Jewish, and in a somewhat deliberate and old-fashioned way, as though they themselves were learning the traditions with difficulty. Making quite a thing of it, as Lou Ryder said. They explained that in America they wanted to be openly Jewish: now it meant something to them. They felt they must preserve one man's difference from another, to fight regimentation and American machine-made customs.

Purcell Ryder agreed, and disagreed. He found Moshe Mendelsohn, a bio-chemist, an interesting companion—they talked by the hour. As a radical of a different stamp from most of his other friends, Purcell was also against regimentation under the state, but something troubled him about this deliberate return to what he could only consider a religion. Yet he did not feel he could protest too much. He hadn't been through it, and he found almost touching the Mendelsohn seven-branched candlestick, and their flat bread, and the way they reminded each other—the mother-in-law especially—of what they ought to do next.

Meanwhile, Margaret had no background, no culture, nothing good to eat, no candles.

"I do so have candles," she told Ann and Rebekah. "We have them every night for supper."

"That's not as good as just on Fridays," said Rebekah coldly.

Ann and Rebekah used the historic plain chant of torment, the tune of which is always the same, in every childhood and every country, "You are-unt Jewish!" Only the words vary.

"Maybe we should join the New Humanists, or something," Purcell suggested.

"Oh, let's not bother," Lou said, wearily pregnant. "How can Margaret yell back, 'I'm a Noo-oo Humanist, yah!' "

From being funny, it began to worry the Ryders that Margaret so often left her friends, and came in, quietly, to be with them, or to play by herself. It was an unforeseen social situation.

Once she came home from having supper at Rebekah's—there was constant dining out among the children of the Green—and Lou asked what she had had to eat.

"Chicken, of course," said Margaret. "It's Friday, isn't it?"

Lou thought of saying that Mrs. O'Donnell ate fish on Fridays, but said, "I'll cook us a chicken tomorrow, or Sunday, shall I?"

"It won't be special chicken," Margaret said, gloomily.

The Ryders even wondered how they should handle Christmas, and the whole Christmas season. It seemed to set in earlier than ever this year, with carols broadcast everywhere, in menacing volume and insistence. The children of Shady Hill learned the familiar ones.

Then the Holden Green authorities put up, as they did each year, a tall Christmas tree, decorated with colored lights, and a star of Bethlehem at the top. It glowed all night long, and the Ryders half expected that the Mendelsohns would protest. Their own house was already full of Christmas, because grandparents sent presents early, and Margaret had an aunt who sent her an enormous box filled with cones, and evergreens, and holly, even some white holly, from the desert.

Margaret wanted to know if Rebekah and Ann would have Christmas.

"Certainly not, we are a Jewish family," said Moshe and Rachel Mendelsohn.

"I sort of wish—at least, I remember at home we always had a tree, and hung up our stockings," Ann Gross said, a little wistfully. She liked to do what others did, that was pleasant. "I like Christmas."

"Won't the children even have any presents?" Margaret asked next.

The Mendelsohns had an answer for that. "Certainly. We have Honekker," they said—or that's how it sounded. "Special food, a feast of lights, presents for the children."

"As good as Christmas," Margaret said.

So there they were again. Honekker preceded Christmas by some days, and Rebekah and Ann had Margaret at her customary gentle disadvantage, so that her mother worried for fear the Christian holiday, or the pagan holiday, or whatever it was, would be spoiled for her. "Yah-yah," said Rebekah. "*She* doesn't even know the Honekker song!"

"What is it?" Margaret asked. "Couldn't I learn it?"

"No," said Ann and Rebekah together. "It's Hebrew."

As soon as they had learned it themselves, strictly by rote, they sang it all the time, and Margaret seemed to show, in her pale and rather forlorn attentiveness, that she understood the mystery was in the song's being of another language. She could hum the tune, but she didn't want to do that.

One afternoon everything came to crisis. Rebekah and Ann had come over to play at Margaret's house, because it was too wet and cold to be outdoors. They went up to Margaret's bedroom, where her toys were, carrying new dolls which they had received for Honekker.

"We're getting ready for Christmas," Lou heard Margaret say. "Tomorrow night we're going to put up the big tree, downstairs, and put the presents under it."

"We don't have a tree," said Rebekah.

After a while, Lou heard the plain chant again. "Yah-yah. She doesn't know the Honekker song."

But this time Margaret answered. Her voice had a keyed-up braveness.

"I do, too," she said. "I know the Honekker song as well as you."

What now? her mother wondered. Didn't the child know that in this situation "Good King Wenceslaus" would be worse than useless?

But Margaret sang out a song the others knew, too, especially Rebekah, whose parents spoke French at home. But they were silent, perhaps with surprise.

"Au clair de la lune," Margaret sang, *"mon ami Pierrot."*

As the silence lasted, her voice grew stronger. *"Prêtes-moi ta plume,"* she sang, *"pour écrire un mot."*

The next evening, when the Ryders were decorating their tree, Margaret, in a flowered flannel nightgown, hung golden cones and silver bells on the lower branches. She went on singing the Honekker song. *"Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot."*

AT MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

LINDA WEINBERG

By Merton's darkening walls I sat,
Brushed by the fall of summer's rain,
Feeling the eternal Jew,
Homunculus, starting in my veins.

Now in the garden of the mind
Blooms the dark vintage of my race;
No memory binds me to its vine,
Yet shattering Time unlocks the gate.

By Toledo's walls I wept,
(Drinking my tea and milk the while),
Under the flame-pierced sky of Spain
Bound to the burning stake, I smiled.

No cymbals clash, no sparrow falls,
I sip, I talk, I choose a cake;
Where is the writing on the wall?
When shall the stone of silence break?

Through Vilna's icy lanes I fled,
Safe in the dark shroud of dismay;
But the bright star shining on my head
No summer's rain shall wash away.

On Erudition's arm I walk
Past the stern guardian of the Right,
Blazing with borrowed wit, I talk
Of Plato, Augustine and Christ.

With lowered eyes, I phrase the Greek,
Sharpen the point in flawless French;
What dark-voweled language did I speak
Rocking with wisdom on my bench?

Once in a city's arms I dreamed,
But Oxford's towers have pierced my sleep;
A midnight voyage on the sea—
Now by Babylon's waters I weep.

Destruction's sheltering touch at last
In passive union binds all men;
Still the deceptive tongue of brass;
Jerusalem shall not rise again.

LINDA WEINBERG is a senior at Vassar College, where she is editor-in-chief of the *Vassar Review.* She has contributed to various school publications but this is the first poem she has published professionally. She visited the British Isles in the summer of 1948 and spent three days at Oxford.

THE VARIOUS JEWS OF ISRAEL

Six Sketches

A. A. DAVIDSON

The Lads from Casablanca

TWELVE noon to 3 PM in Israel . . . the government offices which opened at nine, and which will close at five (with a half hour from ten to ten-thirty and another one from four to four-thirty for tea and *ugot*) for the day, are now practically abandoned for the three-hour lunch. If lunch were cut down to an hour, or even an hour and a half, these offices could operate on a five-day week. But suggest it. Just try. You will get a ferocious eye-rolling, brow-lifting, shoulder-shrugging cry of, "But we are a Young Country! Our economy cannot stand a five-day week!"

Twelve to three . . . at this time, all over the country, a multitude of governmental, institutional, political, and other varieties of officials, are entertaining foreign visitors for lunch, and telling them identical stories. Every official remembers when everything between Jaffa and the Gymnasium was sand . . . when everything between the Gymnasium and the Yarkon was sand . . . when everything between the Gymnasium and the sea was sand. . . . "Sand! Sand!" they cry, waving their arms, and looking like people who remember when Wall Street was considered uptown . . . one gets the impression that the Gymnasium stood stark and aloof in the midst of the dunes, like the statue of Ozymandias, and that it was attended only by Bedouins. And not only that. Each official remembers the Old Days, when "we made five piasters a day. Five piasters! And we saved three!" But progress has been made. For the same work, laborers now get 140 piasters, and can't save anything. And who has done this? Who has put all these buildings up between the Gymnasium and Jaffa (or the Sea—or the Yarkon)? Here fill in the name of the Fund, Office, or Party the official represents.

Twelve to three . . . a few months ago the army in one sector went unpaid because the payroll was stolen. The money was in a safe, under guard, but from twelve to three the guards went to lunch, and someone stole the payroll . . . from twelve to three cows cannot calve, the Arabs cannot attack, Messiah cannot come . . . in short, the crime was not so much that the pay was stolen as that it was stolen between twelve and three.

Twelve to three . . . everything is quiet and peaceful on Ha-Yarkon Street . . . quiet in the Machal club, quiet in the Gachal club . . . in each one, the servicemen and ex-servicemen are drinking *gazos* and reading their mail. . . . The difference between the two clubs is one of more than distance. "Machal" means, "Mitnadvei Chutz L'Aretz"—Volunteers from Abroad. "Gachal," in turn, means, "Gius Chutz L'Aretz"—Mobilization from Abroad. Of course, Israel has no authority to mobilize anyone abroad, so both groups are really volunteers. *Nu, az ma yesh?* The rock-bottom difference is that the "Machalniks" came from countries where things are not bad, where one would not mind returning, if one had to. Great Britain, America (North and South), South Africa, France, Switzerland, Benelux, Scandinavia—these are Machal countries. Central and Eastern Europe, the Near East, and most of North Africa—these are Gachal. There are exceptions. Australians and New Zealanders are neither the one nor the other. Algerians, being citizens of Metropolitan France, are Machal.

These differences aside, there are yet differences among the various Gachal groups.

Writing about Israel tends to be pitched on one of two levels—roseate enthusiasm or head-splitting problems. These sketches of life in Israel are a bit different—perhaps because they present the various Jews of Israel as normal human beings, neither heroes nor victims. They are the work of A. A. Davidson, a young writer who spent a year in Israel, mostly working for the government medical service. Mr. Davidson is now in California studying animal husbandry, and plans to return to Israel to raise sheep in a rural religious settlement. He was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1923.

The *Poilisher Yiden* are seldom seen in the Gachal club. Either they have relatives to visit, or *landsleit,* or jobs, or connections with the ruling parties, or *something.* The Iraqi Jews are off somewhere else, too, quietly going about their tasks. The Yemenites have not yet adjusted themselves to sitting on chairs—in a club, or elsewhere. Who, then, is to be found in the Gachal club? Moroccans.

I had first made their acquaintance in the transit camp in France, the kind of place the British would call "a beastly hole," where I grew to like them for their good spirits in adversity (most of them had left Morocco by plane, in the night, with no baggage to speak of), their willingness to work—a willingness not shared in very large part by the European DP's—and for their amiability and simplicity. In Israel I found a different picture. There the Moroccan was pictured as a sort of wild man, a knife-flourishing Goum. The President of the state had reproved them for (he said) wanting to open little shops. The Histadrut resented their unwillingness to be collectivized. The Orthodox at this time largely ignored them because they studied Zohar instead of Gemara, and ate rice during Passover. Neither did they fit into the European middle-class pattern of the General Zionists and Progressives.

So the young Moroccans drank lemon *gazos* in the Gachal club and scrawled, "Vive Menahem Beigin—à bas Ben Gourion" on the walls of the lavatory. But from twelve to three they didn't even scrawl. Just sat and drank and smoked, and languidly offered to buy or sell their own or one another's shirts, and talked about the bad old times in the Mellah, ghetto of Casablanca.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and three one afternoon, a very unorthodox proceeding took place. Two carloads of military police drew up in front of the Gachal club, and the MP's secured the doors and began to screen the men inside for deserters. They found no deserters, but at last they did find an American without an identity booklet. He was an American, one of the Machal, and the MP spoke to him civilly.

"Why haven't you an identity booklet?"

"Because I don't want one."

"*Why* don't you want one?"

"Because," said the American, "I'm an American, and if I don't want an identity booklet, I don't have to want one!"

The MP glanced nervously at his associates, but they had no advice to offer. He then asked for a passport; it was shown him. and he professed himself satisfied, and went on to the next table, where he found a Moroccan with no papers at all.

"Stand over there," the MP ordered. The man remained seated, the MP jerked him to his feet; he threw himself upon the MP, the other MP's threw themselves upon him, and he was dragged to the street, followed by everyone in the club. In the street he continued to struggle, and struck one of the MP's. One of them gave him a blow to the jaw which knocked him out completely, and the military tried to make a quick getaway. In his haste and confusion the driver started the car before the unconscious man was completely in it, and his head dragged along the ground for a few feet. When his comrades saw this, they gave a shout of anger, and encompassed the policemen. Someone picked up the man, threw him over his shoulder, and ran away with him. Just like that. The police, utterly disorganized, ran about in little circles, but did not follow.

The Moroccans then began to chant, "Ge-sta-*po!* Ge-sta-*po!*" and one of them attempted to put his fist through the window of the police car. It cracked but did not break; the policemen swooped towards him, but he disdainfully climbed into the car himself, and lit a cigarette.

Meanwhile, another American was taking pictures, and one of the MP's gestured towards him to the other MP's, with the face of one about to break into tears. They started towards the photographer on the run, but he regarded their coming with such calmness that they slowed to a walk, and civilly asked him to come along, which he did. The cars then drove away through the crowd, which parted for them, with jeers and boos.

While the Gachal men gathered and talked together in excited French, the Machal men compared accounts of the techniques of the military police of all their respective ex-outfits, with additional comments as to how these things were better handled in South Boston, the Gorbals, or Spadina Street, Toronto. An Old Resident with white hair and a seamed brown face listened to everyone. Then he gave his opinion in slow, careful tones.

"Bismarck said, 'There is nothing in the world heavier than the hand of a British policeman.' *Shoter angli.* Let us be glad our *shotrim* are not too good at these things."

At this point, to everyone's astonishment, the crowd suddenly burst into the "Marseillaise," and marched away to the French consulate down the street, to the representative of a nation which did not even regard them as citizens. Nobody followed. It lacked half an hour of three o'clock and, after all, from twelve to three it is lunchtime in Israel.

The Surgeon

"I'M sending you a new assistant," the doctor said. "He's taken the first-aid course and you can teach him the pills." "All right," I said. By "the pills" I knew the doctor meant such *materia medica* as the ship's sick bay included and such knowledge of dispensing it as I possessed. We were well stocked on battle-dressings and my cabinet contained at least six separate kinds of rectal suppositories, but I could never obtain enough antiseptic to last the month out. Currently the ship had no medical officer, and I was thankful we were in port.

The new man was quiet, clean, and intelligent. He listened with respectful attention to everything I told him. I was rather jarred when he said that he had been in the Palmach, the Israeli commandos, had been wounded, and was now in the medical service because the duties were less onerous; it was disconcerting to know that the medical service was looked on as a sort of rest cure, but I said nothing. His name was Shmuel and he was a Polish orphan. I asked him how old he was, and he said he was nineteen. His bearing was open and dignified and he spoke soft, drawling Yiddish.

Among the several *moadonim,* or service clubs, in Haifa, there was one that served as a sort of gathering place for the "Anglo-Saxons," as the men from the English-speaking countries were called. I found it not a little amusing, having been a Semite in the Diaspora, to have to come to Israel in order to be called an Anglo-Saxon. Several times I met at the club an English boy whom I knew slightly, and he always took it upon himself to attach himself to me. I don't think I am being unjust when I say that he was not particularly bright. His mates had soon found this out, and made a habit of telling him the most fearsome stories, which he always repeated to me, adding—invariably—"But I don't believe that, do you?" It was always clear that he did believe it.

"Do you see that fellow?" he asked one night, and it was Shmuel he pointed to. "He said he's a medical, and I asked him what experience he had, and do you know what he told me? He said that in the war they were hiding from the Germans in the woods, you know, in the winter. And there was one fellow whose toes on one foot were frozen and they began to rot. So this chap said he took a pocketknife and cut the fellow's toes off, and the fellow was afraid to cry out because of the Germans. Cut them right off with a pocketknife, he said; but I don't believe it, do you?"

That night Shmuel and I got back to the ship almost together, and I got into my "berth" first. He combed his curly black hair and took off his clothes, folding them neatly, while we chatted of this and that. Then he climbed into bed, and I saw, as he rested his left foot for a second on my bed, that the foot had no toes.

Albert and the Louisiana Purchase

AT THREE o'clock in the afternoon a kibbutz is very quiet. Everyone has long since finished dinner and tea is more than an hour away. The older children are in class and the younger ones are taking naps. The men are almost all in the field or workshops. A visitor at this time has the place to himself, and, if no one appears to give him a conducted tour (as is usual in books and magazine articles), at least no one comes out to bother him or prevent his going where he wishes. Now and then the donkey cart rattles slowly by, or the mule wagon comes ponderously up the slope from the fields, with "Nimrod" and "Chazak" curling their lips at one another, and taking vicious snaps of air with their large yellow teeth. Baruch, the teen-age driver, smooth-faced, in short pants and high boots, sits on the crates of new-dug vegetables. Whenever he thinks discipline is in order, he tugs the reins and shouts, "Hoiss-'ah!"

This time is a good time to talk to Albert, and Albert is a good man to talk to. About seventy years ago his grandparents moved from Algeria to Southern France. His parents, in turn, went to Turkey, but returned to Marseilles when Albert was a boy. He speaks Spanish and Turkish as well as French and Hebrew, but no English. Nevertheless, he is well informed about American history; his sources are the popular French press and French moving pictures. Over his buckets and brushes (he is the kibbutz painter) he has told me more than one fascinating item.

During the Occupation, Albert found it expedient to leave Marseilles. He does not resemble the popular Nazi caricature of a Jew; he has a pair of very blue eyes, a light complexion, and a nose that turns up just a bit at the end. But he had the handicap of having a *carte d'identité* which not only showed his last name to be Lévi, but also had stamped on it in large, red letters the word "*Juif*." This last piece of forethought on the part of Pétain's Secretary of State for Jewish Affairs helped many thousands of French Jews along the road to Auschwitz. Albert was luckier; he got away in time and hid in various odd corners of Provence, aided by hundreds of Frenchmen (and Frenchwomen). All this while he had nothing to read, of course, but the fascist-controlled newspapers, and he is a man who believes what he reads. He is convinced, for example, that the late President Roosevelt was a Jew.

"But it's true," he assured me, surprised that I was not as proud of it as he was. "Isn't his son named 'Elliot,' same as the Prophet?" I tried to explain the difference between "Elliot" (with a silent "t") and "Elias" (with a silent "s"), but Albert was not convinced. Surely I would at least admit M. Truman to be of the chosen seed? No? But had I not seen the photograph of President Weizmann giving President Truman a Sefer Torah? And could I imagine that M. Weizmann would give the Holy Scroll to a Gentile, who might not even know how to care for it properly? No—incredible. One day he asked me if I had ever been in *La Nouvelle Orléans*. Had I seen the house of Jean Lafitte?

"Ah, il était un brave type, Jean Lafitte," Albert said admiringly. "But for him, Louisiana would not be part of the United States. . . . What, they did not teach you that at school? My poor fellow! Everyone in France knows it. *À cause de Josephine,"* he explained.

The Empress Josephine, it must be understood, was not a woman cheap to maintain. The clothes, yes? The jewels, yes? These things ran into money. Even the Emperor of the French had to call her attention to the bills. *Alors,* Josephine had an idea of great brilliance. She went to an American official then in Paris—"Not Benjamin Franklin?" I asked fearfully—But no, M. Franklin was then a very old man; it was not likely he would leave his Philadelphia farm to visit Paris. No, no, the American was a M. Jefferson—one has heard of him?

Well, Josephine simply proposed that M. Jefferson should arrange for the United States to buy Louisiana. The American was dubious, but she convinced him. She knew how to make herself *agréable,* that one, is it not so? There was, however, one great obstacle: the General Washington. He was no longer a young man, he was stubborn, he did not wish to buy Louisiana. What to do? Regard at this point the importance of Jean Lafitte; a brigand, it is true, but he wished to become *sérieux.* He journeyed to see the General personally, he made him generous gifts—*tiens!* The affair arranges itself! Louisiana became American. Of course, there was the matter of the duel between Lafitte and the General Jackson, but happily honor was satisfied without bloodshed: M. Lafitte fired into the air, and Jackson did the same; then they embraced. *Naturellement* M. Jefferson had to leave Paris, the jealousy of Napoleon being well known.

And when, in the face of such evidence, I remained doubtful, Albert offered me the final argument:

"But, my friend, I read it in a *journal!"*

Naturellement!

A Garden Shut Up

The Bukharan quarter of Jerusalem is in the New City—new by Asiatic standards, that is. Not all the people are from Bukhara; there are Jews from Tashkent, Meshed, Kabul, and Teheran, besides the more prosaic run of Oriental Sephardim in general. The younger people are mostly all sabras and so disdain to wear the picturesque garments of their fathers and grandfathers.

The Frenk, in long robe and cloth-wrapped fez, is a person of dignity, worthy by his manners to be the heir to that Isaac of Baghdad whom Harun-al-Rashid sent as ambassador to Charlemagne. One can picture Isaac coming home, rather weary, to tell his Rebecca. . . . What! All the way to France? Heavens! . . . and of course, Rebecca demands to know what presents Parthia is sending Rome, so Isaac mentions the bales of carpets—soft as down—for the rush-strewn stone floors of the drafty northern palaces, the jewel-studded golden plattery, the crystal flasks of balsam and attar, the Damascene swords, "and of course," he adds, in what he hopes is a matter-of-fact tone, "and, of course, the elephant." Shrieks and wails from Rebecca. How will he ever get an elephant to France? Suppose it should die? Suppose—"Never mind, never mind," says Isaac, resignedly. "We are in *galut;* it cannot be helped."

But the young Frenk will not wear the old style of dress; he lounges about in a battered felt hat and a suit of torn khakis, wears—instead of slippers—shoes, but not socks; feels disoriented and discontented, and fancies slights where none are intended.

Bukharim—as it is called—is not much different from the Machneh Yehudah or Meah Sh'arim quarters. There are the same one- and two-story buildings of tawny stone, the same open-fronted little shops, the same herring barrels, spice canisters, and sweets stalls. And, buzzing over everything, the same flies.

There passes a young woman—a girl, rather—tall, slender, in a long dress. Golden wheels dazzle in her ear-lobes and her black hair hangs in two long braids behind, and, wonder of wonders, she balances a water jar on her head. I turn my head just in time to see that she turns hers—but in a flash she turns it again, and slips into a doorway.

The doorway is below street level and over it is a sign announcing a Bukharan synagogue within. Bukhara! My heart leaps. Caravan city on the route to Samarkand and China! City of amirs, caravansaries, and stone synagogues of incredible antiquity! I turn aside and enter, stopping by the door until my eyes accustom themselves to the dim light. The floor of the synagogue is covered with rugs of all colors, overlapping one another, and brightly upholstered divans are along the walls. The walls themselves are tinted with a blue wash. There are no chairs. Here and there is a Cabalistic diagram in a frame, and oil lamps, no two alike, hang from the ceiling. Open on a table is a volume of "The Mighty Hand" of Maimonides.

"Ken, adoni?" A man has come in by a side door and, before I have time to answer, he strides over and gives me his hand. *"Vus macht a yid?"* he booms. *"Fin vanen kimt ihr?"* The caravan city vanishes in a flood of Yiddish. . . . The Bukharans, it seems, having other synagogues, have rented this one to a congregation of dispossessed Hasidim.

And the maiden with the water jar? Oh, yes. She was married.

The Socialist

THE Polish "motor-ship" (New York, Cannes, Genoa, and Naples) was not a luxury liner; its passenger classes were First, Cabin, and Tourist, and the Tourist cabins contained berths for ten people. Most of the passengers were Italian-born, returning to visit their families in Italy. Some of them had been waiting and saving a long time. There was an old woman with a goitrous neck and no teeth, who always wore black and sat the whole day on a bench below-decks. To anyone who cared to look she showed a manila envelope stuffed with documents and family snapshots. In America for thirty years, she knew no English, and when I asked one of the Italian passengers where she was going, he said that he couldn't understand her.

"She speaks a dialect," he said.

The weather was fine as far as Gibraltar, and when, a few nights out, there was a concert given in the Tourist salon, it was well attended. The ship's band played, several of the passengers sang, and a young man from New York City gave us several Palestinian songs. His instrument was a long wooden flute, called a recorder, and he played quite well. The audience applauded politely and I went over to speak to him. Our acquaintance became rather close and it did not end with the voyage, but continued in France and in Israel. His name was Ben Jacobs and he was a practicing socialist.

I don't like people who assail me with their opinions. It makes no difference to me if these *nudniks* happen to be atheists who ask, "But how can you believe that nonsense?" or if they are of some sect of hairy saints who demand to know why I trim my beard "like a *goy*." Jacobs was never like that. He answered all questions put to him, and gave a very good defense of his beliefs if they were attacked, but he preferred to talk about music. He was going out to one of the very left-wing kibbutzim and he had brought eighty albums of phonograph records and a record player with him. They included "everything from Brahms to Bartók," he said, with such performers as Burl Ives and Wanda Landowska. He was very fond of music; he called it "half my life."

This was Jacobs' second trip to Israel; the first time he had gone it was still Palestine and the British had put him in Acre Jail for illegal entry. They had had a short tussle in which he had lost two teeth; later, he was deported.

The political party with which he and his kibbutz were affiliated had the merit of sincerity: they practiced an intense form of socialism themselves instead of just urging it on others. Not only did they have a common purse, they even owned their clothes in common, and no one was allowed to wear any clothes except those bought by the kibbutz through the purchasing cooperative.

"In order to prevent exploitation," Jacobs explained, "you've got to prevent selfishness. As long as one man has nicer clothes than another, you've got pride on his part and resentment on the part of the other—class hatred in miniature. We don't want that. I spent two months at K'far Ananot the last time I was over there. It was wonderful, living in a society without exploitation, without selfishness. The *chevra* is just like a larger family. I can't wait to get back. I can just see the place now." He smiled fondly as he thought of his Land of Heart's Desire, and I could see the two gaps in his teeth. He had had to fight and to wait in order to achieve his goal, but it had all been worth it.

He brushed a long lock of brown hair off his smooth forehead and took out his recorder and began to play a shepherd's song.

He was in the kibbutz less than a week when he returned from work one night to find that the record player and records had been moved to the communal culture room and the kibbutz rubber stamp placed on each album. He left the next day with all his things.

A Small Queen

IN JAFFA, just a block or two from the corner of King George Street and the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Road, is a large concrete building called the Bet Chen. Literally, Bet Chen means "House of Grace," but "Chen" is also a word like Wren or Wave; it stands for *choyl nashim*, the women soldiers of Israel. The building is typical Tel Aviv-Jaffa architecture. It is concrete, shabby, and ugly, but it cost the Z'va Haganah Le-Yisrael dear before the Arabs were dislodged.

By day and night there burns in the tiny lobby (the door is cut off from light by a tall wartime battlement) a small, naked electric light bulb. Sitting under it at a table is a gray-haired woman with a jaw that could bite the heads off rattlesnakes. She knits away the hours and if so much as the shadow of a man falls on the pitted floor—*"Ken, adoni?"*—her voice falls like a portcullis between the *adon* and the staircase. Bronzed, bearded Palmachniks, "up from the Negev," pause uncertainly and stroke a wing of a mustache to restore self-confidence before they inquire for *geveret* Sarah, or Zippora, or Zahava. The knitting dragon says one word—*"Tekif"*—(right away) and one waits. She has no telephone, she sends no messages, but presently, down comes the *geveret*, greets the *adon*, and says good night to the watchwoman. The latter is an old pioneeress—one might have known as much—veteran of many battles, ambuscades, and night attacks; and is known to the awe-stricken Arabs as "the Mother of Ifrits." An ifrit, I believe, is even fiercer than a djinn.

In this unlikely place lived a queen. Her name was Malka. Malka means "queen." The word "petite" has a special connotation in English that it does not have in French, so let me say that Malka was petite. She was an ex-Chen and she wore her unruly black hair trimmed short. I do not know how old she was; she could not have been very old, but she had been in Haganah before it became the Army of the State, before there was a state, and she had had her share of death and fighting.

It was fashionable at one time to laugh at the Chens' appearance, to say that they never combed their hair, that their uniforms were surplus from the Chinese Eighth Route

Army, and that they had better mustaches than the Palmach had. There were (and are) some determined viragoes who thought it as reprehensible for a woman to be feminine as for a man to be effeminate; just as there were others who got lipstick all over the rifle stocks. Malka never wore lipstick or rouge, but there was no face more glowing in Israel than hers.

She spoke English effectively but not perfectly, and when she felt herself short of words, or was excited, she broke into French, and then, what animation! She received letters from France and Belgium and often spoke of having lived in Switzerland, so I was surprised when she told me that she had been born in Frankfort on the Main. She emphasized, proudly, that her parents were Polish Jews, and that she was never legally German, and felt no regrets. I was glad. The German Jews make solid and substantial citizens; their daughters, it is true, tend to be rather solid and substantial too, but there are no better housewives. However, they can never forget past glories, they all come from excellent families the like of which are nowhere else, and one is not allowed to forget it.

So, before the debacle, Malka and her mother and sister got to Switzerland, and later to France and Belgium. Almost half her life had been spent among French-speaking peoples, and it was in that language she felt most at home. She had had an excellent French education, too, for part of the war years she spent concealed in a French convent.

"THE sisters were so kind to us, so sweet." Malka made this point again and again. "How loving they were to us Jewish children. *'Mes enfants,'* they would say, 'how terrible that you should suffer. But here you are safe. No one can hurt you here.' And a young priest came to teach us, and he brought us little gifts. Such a kind, handsome young priest! We idolized him, we looked on him and listened like to a—how should I say?—to a god. We held on to his hands and sat in his lap, and he would talk to us. To tell us what? That why we suffered, all the Jews, why? only because we were so stubborn and not accept Jesus. And he told us verses from the Bible, and from here, and from there. Who could answer him? What did we know, we children?

"So the girls began at last to ask one another, 'Perhaps it is so, as he says. Perhaps it is true.' We heard only the priest and the sisters; our parents were dead, or we didn't know where; and it is so easy to forget. I used to cry to myself at night. I knew I am a Jew, I must remain a Jew. Before also, in the old days, Jews suffered, and then it was easy to escape by becoming a Christian. But then there were great men, wise, who knew more than we about it, and they said, 'Rather to suffer and to keep our religion.' But I am only a child myself—how can I teach other children?

"But I always tried to remember my prayers as my father taught me. My poor father! Every morning he wanted my brother to say his prayers, and he didn't want to. Such quarrels, and where are they now, my poor brother and father? I don't know. Oh, the sisters, they were so troubled with me. One day I went to my room to say my prayers—my Jewish prayers—and I hung my handkerchief over the crucifix so that I could pretend I was home again. And then the sister came into my room. I was so frightened, and she saw the handkerchief—oh, do not ask!

"So then they sent me to another place, because they knew they could do nothing with me, and I think they were afraid for the other girls. And soon the war was over."

"What happened to the other girls?" I asked, as we walked through the dimly lit streets of Jaffa's Old City.

"Some became Catholics, one girl is a nun now. And some say they do not want to do with any religion." Then, as we came to the section on Ajami Street where the French religious orders have their houses, hospitals, and schools, Malka pointed out to me a building.

"There is where one of the priests is now, who was in that place in France. I come sometimes to see him."

"You come to see him?" I was surprised.

"Oh, yes," said Malka. "He was very kind. And it was not his fault, he was not a wicked man. He wanted only to help me, but I was a bad child—oh, such a bad child—and I would not be helped!" and Malka's happy laughter rang out in the dark street between the convent and the church.

THE TWO WORLDS OF DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Lucifer in Brooklyn

HEINZ POLITZER

AN ALMOST constant division runs through the works of Delmore Schwartz. There is the world of his own experience, as constituted by his biography, memories, and immediate feelings. This he has fixed in time and called childhood; he has also fixed it in space, in Brooklyn, where he was born in 1913. Beyond this sphere of real life, there lies the world of his education, full of the names of books, famous men, and of images taken from books: an abstract universe of the intelligence where he developed his consciousness.

The conflict at the basis of Schwartz's writings is entirely secular. Whereas Kafka, for instance, is fundamentally concerned with man's loss of faith, and in his writings there is only *one* authority, *one* father, *one* God, Schwartz's books swarm with demigods, heroes, and father figures. Of these, Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud are the most frequently mentioned. Where Kafka, as we know from his diaries, wrote his stories in a kind of trance, Schwartz's creative atmosphere is the light of consciousness, which he flashes upon the obscure reality of his memories. Thus it is that his work will sometimes seem to be social satire, sometimes a form of psychic therapy applied by himself to himself, but always an attempt to push beyond his teachers Marx and Freud to new creative perceptions and images.

It is this *plus ultra,* this going beyond his teachers, that gives new meaning—and new beauty—to Delmore Schwartz's most recent book, *Vaudeville for a Princess* (New Directions). Here Schwartz seems to have developed a new sense of responsibility, an ironical and at the same time profound conception of the common weal. He begins each sequence of poems in this new book with "Dear Citizens"; this smacks ironically of Mark Antony, but, under the surface, it is meant in dead earnest. In spite of all Schwartz's intellectual bravado, a new sense of community emerges in these lines, of an integration that the poet may not like and therefore ridicules, but which he accepts nevertheless. There is a mock-forensic quality in the poems, spoken as they are with tongue in check, yet they also express the pathos of a new feeling for his fellow men.

Schwartz's new poems show a definite aggressiveness toward psychoanalysis, and even resort to slapstick as a weapon of liberation from a once revered teacher. The liberation from Freud marks an advance: he now possesses Freud. There are more good lines in this latest volume of Schwartz's than in any of its predecessors; this is especially true of the love poems, which are brave and direct, and present beneath their brilliantly complex surface a deep and natural knowledge of the living being's soul such as no one but Freud could have taught the poet.

It would seem, the often cheap witticisms of Schwartz's prose interludes notwithstanding, that a new and almost classical tranquillity may be rising out of the conflicting forces of his nature and his intellect. It is,

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DELMORE SCHWARTZ has come to be considered possibly the most representative literary man of the Jewish intellectual generation of the 30's, certainly in its own view. No other poet or novelist is felt to have come nearer to reflecting that generation's inner struggles with America and itself. His books include: *Shenandoah* (1942); *Genesis* (1943); *The World Is a Wedding* (1948); and *Vaudeville for a Princess* (1950). HEINZ POLITZER, who here presents perhaps the first full-scale appraisal of Mr. Schwartz's work, is a member of the department of German at Bryn Mawr College, and has been a very frequent contributor to these pages; his latest long piece, "The Blue Piano of Else Lasker-Schueler," appeared in the April 1950 issue. The present article has been translated from the German by Martin Greenberg.

however, still too early to say. For the conflict is a profound one, not easily arbitrated.

THE incompatibility of experience and consciousness—the contradiction between the banality and ugliness of daily life and the truth and beauty of intellectual existence—has remained ever present to Schwartz. In inquiring after the reasons, social as well as psychological, for this incompatibility, Schwartz tries to understand the cleavage in his own breast; and by understanding, to cure himself of it. Delmore Schwartz's significance is that he is a writer trying as hard as he can to discover his own identity. You will find flat lines and bad images in his books, but never insincerity.

He is a merciless realist and an often malicious satirist. There is scarcely any music in his verse, and if now and then a strain or so is heard, it is almost as if he had lost control of himself, or his poetic unconscious had played him a trick. He writes: "I have no wish to emulate Swinburne, but rather the 'morbid pedestrianism' of such poets as Donne and Hardy, Webster and Wordsworth. The diction of this deliberate flatness—and the heavy accent and the slowness—is an effort to declare the miraculous character of daily life and ordinary speech. . . ." His prose is cold and clipped, the accents of his conversation almost a caricature of living speech, and often consciously and ironically vulgar. And it would not be hard to trace vestiges of Yiddish intonation in this English which outwardly seems impeccably sophisticated.

His heroes are middle-class Jews, the children of East European immigrants. The older generation he portrays with the intimacy of hate. These dubious pioneers whom the convulsions of the old country thrust out of Europe dart giddily about like flies in the light of prosperity that bathes the New World; the shock that America gave them upon arrival remains alive in their nerves to the very end. It is something from which they never recover, and it causes them to shut themselves up in their dwellings, where, with the ambivalence of the ghetto state of mind, they huddle together, beget children, quarrel with one another, run away from one another, suffer together, die together, and call it heart failure.

As in the traditional East European Jewish story, the mother is the central figure in the family. Here the satire is more delicately sketched and acquires a certain plasticity, as in Ruth Hart, the matriarch of the story entitled *The Child Is the Meaning of This Life*. On her seventy-fifth birthday her family plans a surprise party which she, with her harsh tyranny and equally stern modesty, had never expected. The children try to keep the old lady away from the scene of the surprise, with the result that the guest of honor immediately scents disaster, concludes that her favorite son has died, and almost has a stroke. Figures and scenes like these have the authenticity of life; if now and then one is reminded of Sholom Aleichem or S. J. Agnon (for example, where this same Ruth Hart on her sickbed expresses to her grandson Jasper, in phrases of lapidary simplicity, the melancholy of the passing of the generations), the similarity between these otherwise disparate writers is owing to the realism with which each studies the same type of Jew.

Relations with people are limited almost exclusively to the group, to the family, where they acquire a grotesque and swollen extravagance. When a relationship with someone outside the group is established, it is of the kind represented in this episode from *Genesis*: ". . . Eva Green was thrilled to have her for her neighbor and soon her intimate friend, because she was Gentile, because she was beautiful, because she had been on the stage. . . ." The order here plainly indicates the quality of this friendship, which at the first test collapses like a house of cards. Or in *Shenandoah* the dramatic decision of naming the child, around which the action is built, is taken not by the family and the rabbi who is present, but by the father's Gentile lawyer—an American *deus ex machina* whose verdict, issuing from a telephone, proves sufficiently catastrophic for the hero of the play.

This first generation is dominated by uncertainty, a fitful overestimation of the surrounding world that readily changes into an equally fitful suspiciousness and disquietude. Only one way exists by which these men can make contact with the reality of the new country they inhabit: their sexuality. It is as if the North American continent, the *terra incognita Americana*, wished to reveal itself to them in the hurried adventures of their desire, a desire of which they are only half aware and yet of which they are proud as the sign of their vitality.

The land, however, remains concealed from them; though they use its earth to speculate with, or to erect the structures of their businesses on, it outlasts the ventures of prosperity. These men employ the facilities of America only as an avenue down which to pursue their own feelings of uneasiness. But their goal has no geographical location; their uneasiness has its origin in time, in that first moment when they, the newcomers, were frightened to death by America's bigness. And so, for all their patriotism, they never come to know their new home; when they are broken and defeated they turn back into the bosom of the group. . . .

IT IS toward these familial origins that Delmore Schwartz's *recherche du temps perdu* is directed. His work is for the most part turned toward the past, toward his own past. "Only the past is immortal." In the children of the second generation, the real heroes of his poems and stories, the process of adjustment is completed. America works with all its real and symbolical influences on these young creatures: America is the Stars and Stripes and Macy's Santa Claus; the "silence and freedom of New York"; the tempo and vitality of the street lying just outside the close and guarded rooms of the parental home. It is the Katzenjammer Kids and the funnies in general (which in his poetry are transformed into a serious symbol*); the deep respect entertained for every form of fun (that trivialization of the Constitutional pursuit of happiness); fashion,† marbles, and picture cards— ". . . small cards with the faces and names of baseball players and Hollywood stars, successively put down, one after another, until one player or the other matched the top card's first initial and took the sum which had arisen, waiting for identity to fall like chance, breathlessly waiting, moved by the postponement which made the sum grow larger and larger, drunk with contingency and private property, the deepest motives that surrounded the playing boys and among the deepest motives in the United States of America!" (*Genesis.*) Thus the new soul spins the reality and mythos of America around itself.

Between the children of this second generation and the land of their future—"America! America!" is the half-ironic, half-enthusiastic, title of one of his short stories—there intervene the parents, in accordance with the laws of nature, society, and psychoanalysis. It is very characteristic of Delmore Schwartz, and very Jewish, that this opposition between the two, this holding back (*re-ligio*) of the young by the old, should be represented in the naming of the child. The taboo placed on God's name by the Decalogue gave to names in general an occult significance in the unconscious of Jews. One must add to this the trauma suffered by the Jews of Eastern and Central Europe when anti-Semitic officials, dissembling their aggression, bestowed so-called "civil" Jewish names upon them, names which, especially among the lower classes, functioned almost like the yellow patch. But with Delmore Schwartz it is the parents themselves who, in naming their own children, wound them for life.

Schwartz's one-act play *Shenandoah* has to do with the naming—and circumcision—of the infant son of a family named Fish. The parents, grasping after the most outlandish things in their eager pursuit of a false assimilation, are hardly aware that with their ultra-American name they are inflicting a second and deeper wound upon the

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*In *Genesis* the spirits say: ". . . we come like comic strips, speaking balloons. . . ."

†". . . lucidity/Dresses me like a brand-new Palm Beach suit . . ." (*Genesis*).

newborn infant. It is in vain that a more cautious relative warns the family against it:

NATHAN HARRIS: Shenandoah! How in a hundred years did you think of such a foolish name?
WALTER FISH: I fail to see anything foolish about Shenandoah.
NATHAN HARRIS: It is foolish in every way. It does not sound right with Fish. The association of ideas is appalling. The boy will be handicapped as if he had a clubfoot. When he grows up, he will dislike his name and blame you for giving it to him. . . .

There is little doubt that his name is a sore—and at the same time a creative—point with Delmore Schwartz. He insists so often and with so much emphasis that his heroes are not to be understood in any autobiographical way, that we have every right and excuse to suppose that they are self-portraits in the end, and a species of self-mockery.

THE name, however, fulfills a second function: it prevents Shenandoah from achieving that full assimilation which would make him an imitation of his father and which would exactly reproduce in him the faults of the older generation. The "genteel" name Shenandoah, in stigmatizing the boy, forces him to become what his creator is: a solitary, an outsider, an exile from society, a poet. (The clubfoot spoken of by Nathan Harris calls to mind the creative infirmity of Byron.)

The grown man Shenandoah Fish, present as a shadow of the future at his own circumcision, comments on it and gives explicit voice to the ambivalence, the crippling and at the same time creative power, of his resounding and ridiculous name:

SHENANDOAH (turning to Nathan Harris): How moved I am! how much he understands! He is both right and wrong. He sees the danger, but does not see the strange effect to come. . . .

Thus Schwartz extends the psychological understanding he has of his characters to embrace himself and his own creative act. While he creates, he analyzes the act of creation, the thing created, and the creator. This excessive consciousness limits his creative power; at the same time, however, it is one of the sources of his irony.

Almost all of his principal characters suffer because of their names. Thus the hero of the story *The World Is a Wedding*, the unsuccessful playwright Bell, has Rudyard for a first name; and Green, the hero of *Genesis*, labors under the name Hershey. The grotesque Americanism and corrupted Judaism of the older generation, as it collides in these names with the aspirations and opportunities of the young, gives off an ugly sound that will accompany the latter through their whole lives. And yet they accept their absurd stigma; none of them even thinks of changing his name. It is the last bit of tradition binding them to their parents, and Delmore Schwartz himself is, in an odd and devious way, a traditionalist.

His characters therefore halt midway between their origins and their future. This irresolution is delineated most sharply by his portrayal of Rudyard Bell's circle in *The World Is a Wedding*. The young men sit around their table—apparently still in Brooklyn—do-nothings and idlers most of them. They use up their lives in commenting on life. They are not persons but grotesque abbreviations of living people in whom the sparks of vitality are extinguished. Around them is loneliness, in them only an incapacity to communicate. They do not see each other, do not know each other; none hears his fellow, and the incessant chatter is only a threadbare interweaving of insipid monologues. Around this circle is a rarefied atmosphere of egoistical isolation and lifeless abstraction in which it is hard to breathe. Here the individual has as little identity as the community has authenticity; the values of life itself, the American values of success and failure taught them by their parents, are lost. Love for them is a social game as, for their fathers, desire was a form of flight.

Rudyard Bell and his friends are decadents, and took only a generation to become so. (It took the Jewish middle class of Europe far more time to reach their coffee-house stage.) But though an anti-vital self-irony is the mood of this circle, they keep trying to buttress the meaninglessness of their lives with a meaning, and thus find a justification for it. Jacob says, at the end of the story: "No, I don't mean to say that this life is just a party, any kind of party. . . . It is a wedding, the most important kind of party, full of joy, fear, hope and ignorance. And at this party there are enough places and parts for everyone, and if no one can play every part, yet everyone can come to the party, everyone can come to the wedding feast, and anyone who does not know that he is at a wedding feast just does not see what is in front of him. He might as well be dead if he does not know that the world is a wedding."

What Jacob, who is "recognized by all as the conscience or judge of the circle," expresses here is nothing else than Hasidism's pious veneration of the joy of life, secularized, rationalized, intellectualized, but still radiant with its old warmth and gaiety. It is Delmore Schwartz's East European inheritance, though he, the man of consciousness, is apparently unaware of this, and perhaps for this very reason is able to formulate it so cogently and unironically. But this is only the thesis of his dialectic. The antithesis is immediately provided by Laura, Rudyard's sister and the only woman in the circle: "You can't fool me, the world is a funeral. We are all going to the grave, no matter what you say. Let me give all of you one good piece of advice: *Let your conscience be your bride.*"

Conscience, however, is here only another name for consciousness, which, as is made clear to us on every page, is the antithesis and negation of life. This conscience, this consciousness, is the axis round which Schwartz's second, higher world turns. Thus in the concluding dialogue of *The World Is a Wedding*, the conflict between life and intellect, between unreflecting living-together and the conscientious recording and interpreting of every simple impulse, is brought together as in a nutshell. And judging from his writings, there is little doubt that Schwartz would like to feel and think as Jacob does, but actually feels and thinks like Laura. For him the natural life has hardened and frozen into a shadow play because consciousness—Laura's conscience—has stripped its every motion and feeling of all spontaneity and turned it into a caricature. Conscience *is* his bride, but it is a bad conscience, and to protect himself from it he must invoke his education. *Shenandoah,* for instance, contains a whole catalogue of great names, from James Joyce to Thomas Mann, which he erects around himself like plaster patron saints.

ALTHOUGH more than two-thirds of Delmore Schwartz's work is given over to the portrayal of childhood (*Genesis* ends when Hershey Green reaches the fourth grade), the years of his higher education are shrouded in complete darkness. College figures only once, in the short story "A Bitter Farce," with the hero Fish a faculty member and involved in racial questions. Of the world of life and childhood in which he had his origin Schwartz tells us everything, but never a word about the time and place of his education. For the spirit is autonomous and without beginning or end—*spiritus flat ubi vult.*

Books opened themselves to this young man from Brooklyn like the gates of Hell to Dante: it was the inferno of consciousness, the inferno of modern man into which he entered, and he had no Virgil to guide him. In spite of his schooling, he is an autodidact; this is perhaps to be seen in his excess of anecdote and paradox, in a tendency to be clever and to shine, or in a fondness for punning that he shares with Heine and Börne, those second-generation Jews of Germany; except that Schwartz is aware of these faults and suffers under them:

My mind intends no pun, but falls on one:
Jews are no jewels, as Angles are no angels.

His passion to make the universal treasures of the intelligence his own is just as great as his passion to see to the bottom of his childhood; it is the passion of a young Jew who has shaken off the paralysis of the Orthodox tradition and who now cannot gaze enough upon the new and astonishing vistas disclosed to him. And there is also in it a little bit of the pride of a very young boy who likes to see the marbles he has just won glitter in the sun.

The great Austrian poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal once said: "Plagiarism is a question of good taste." In this sense Schwartz is more often than not a master of good taste. Quotations are scattered wholesale through his verse. He can spin a confessional poem out of a line lifted bodily from a Shakespearean sonnet, and the result is neither parody nor pastiche; on the contrary, in its new context the line from Shakespeare is suddenly seen in an ironic and ambiguous light. His long poem *Coriolanus and His Mother: The Dream of One Performance,* which Conrad Aiken calls "altogether the finest and profoundest long poem which has come into the English language for a long time," is a unique piece of literary patchwork. Against the background of the Plutarchian life and the Shakespearean tale which Schwartz (a new Charles Lamb, but exclusively for grownups) retells, he sets out the teachings and opinions of his masters. Karl Marx, Immanuel Kant, Plutarch, Aristotle, Ludwig van Beethoven, and Sigmund Freud are present at the performance, and accompany it with comments embodying the quintessence of their wisdom. It is as if Schwartz mistrusted his own consciousness and were trying in jest to find shelter behind the teachers who had shaped it. His own contribution is limited to five prose speeches called "Between the Acts," a mixture of nonsensical jokes and intellectual masquerades, executed either in the style of a Shakespearean fool or with the urbane melancholy of one of Picasso's pink harlequins. But even these interludes are weighted down with allusions and anecdotes, quotations, references, and cross references, so that the whole poem seems to be a literary game that the poem is playing with itself.

And yet Schwartz is able to give this virtuoso display of super-rationalism a turn into the personal, the mysterious, and the poetic. Sitting next to the poet in the orchestra, next to Freud, Marx, and the other sages and titans, is a stranger (apparently the "Seventh Wise Man"), nameless, silent, and masked in white; his unspeaking presence greatly disquiets the poet, who begs the sages to tell him who he is. It is only at the end of the performance, when the imaginary spectators are on the point of dissolving into nothingness, that an answer—which is no answer at all—is vouchsafed him:

He is the one who saw what you did not!
He is the one who heard what you did not . . .
He is the one you do not know, my dear.

And thus the poem ends with a question, with a sudden gaping onto the void, its unfinished character resembling a Kafka novel, or the open chord that concludes Gustav Mahler's *Lied von der Erde.* These unresolved endings mean that beyond all that is rational and sensible a transcendental and mysterious something exists which is not to be grasped in its irrationality. The one who has the last word on Coriolanus, on the commentary and the commentators, on the poet and his conflict, indeed, on the poem itself, is the mysterious stranger who says nothing, the one whom Schwartz does not know. In this radical resignation there is concealed a sense of the awe felt by consciousness before life and its mysteries.

It is now possible to understand the contempt that the poet feels for his own ego. "A dog named Ego," he says in one place; another time he compares his body with "the heavy bear who goes with me . . . Clumsy and lumbering here and there . . . In love with candy, anger, and sleep, crazy factotum, dishevelling all. . . ." Or he has his father tell the age-old story of the man, the boy, and the horse. It is impossible to satisfy them all; first the man and then the boy rides the beast; then it is the beast who is carried by the man and boy; until finally the man shoots the boy, the beast, and himself. And again, the name of the pony—who in other versions is a mule or donkey—is Ego. Schwartz despises his ego, that seat and vehicle of the consciousness, because his consciousness, in spite of all it has been taught in school, in the end has nothing more to say than this, that the "ineffable is ineffable, which we knew all along" (Kafka). The ego of the poet, once the proud subject of lyrical effusions, and as often as not their object as well, has declined sadly from its former high estate; it no longer comprehends the world, it hardly comprehends itself, and, if it is honest, all that is left for it to affirm is only this incomprehensibility. And so it is doubly affecting when this impoverished, haunted, and self-preoccupied ego now and then essays to reach beyond itself to love. "What an unheard-of thing it is, in fine, To love another and equally be loved." It is ancient wisdom: a surer salvation is to be found in embracing another than in analyzing the self-conscious ego.

Our poet, however, is not one of those born to proclaim love's power to loose and bind. His task is the resolution of his own conflict, the reconciliation of experience and consciousness, towards which he employs a variety of means. Past and present are arbitrarily run together, as in *Shenandoah,* where the grown man is present at and comments on the re-enactment of his own infancy. In the short story "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," the best one of his that I have read, a small boy experiences, as if in the movies and with the help of something like H. G. Wells's time machine, the hours in which his father courted his mother. For a moment it seems as if the witness of this scene would never be born. And he shrieks out in panic: "What are they doing? Don't they know what they are doing? Why doesn't my mother go after my father and beg him not to be angry? If she does not do that, what will she do? Doesn't my father know what he is doing? But the usher has seized my arm, and is dragging me away, and as he does so, he says: 'What are *you* doing?'" But this premature—or should we say, tardy?—anxiety of the child for parents who have not yet begotten him is at bottom hypocritical. For when the parents seem to be reconciled, the boy calls out with prophetic irony: "Don't do it! It's not too late to change your minds, both of you. Nothing good will come of it, only remorse, hatred, scandal, and two children whose characters are monstrous. . . ."

Behind these kinds of time—the unreal present and the imaginary past—that in mirroring each other become completely illusory, stands the sphere of consciousness, or of conscience (the boy), which collides with the sphere of life (the parents). And from the collision of the two spheres fly the splinters of a tragical joke.

A KNOWLEDGE of the fruitlessness of all human relations constitutes the consciousness of Delmore Schwartz. His irony, born out of the meeting of the banal with the spiritual, is carried to its farthest extreme in *Genesis,* where it is the chorus of the dead who are appointed to be the commentators on events. *Genesis* is a parody of the Bible, not only in its title and in the arrangement of its prose sections (*p'sukim*), but in its intention as well; and as such it is blasphemous. The antecedents and childhood of Hershey are treated as Scripture, as if this obscure American were at least one of the minor prophets; and the chorus's exegesis of the action mediates between the reader and the "authentic" text like a Jewish commentary. This Genesis has more in common with Rashi than with Euripides.

The time of the action is around 1930. The place, New York. Hershey Green, a young man about the same age as the man Shenandoah, lies sleepless on his bed and tells the spirits hovering round him

The endless story which—many a year!—
Over and over and over again! wakened his
mind—

It is a voyage to the underworld that he is making, a journey through the Inferno, or a psychoanalysis in which the chorus of the dead assumes the role of the all-explaining and generalizing physician who draws the stuff of life from the unconscious. The opposition between the action itself, in prose, and the free verse of the chorus, produces sparks of intellectual wit, *bon mots,* and *aperçus* about the modern life of America. The teaching and the message of the poem, however, is a lengthy chain of variations in a minor key on the general theme elsewhere stated as "Love is not American." The chasm between thought and experience is not bridged; this only death can do, which reconciles the two worlds in destroying them:

Oh what a metaphysical victory
The first morning and night of death must be.

Thus this blasphemous Genesis seeks death as its "unresolved ending."

How could this be otherwise? The poet's consciousness brings a gruesomely sharpened sensibility to the delineation of a life that has degenerated and lost its true impulse after having been dragged from Europe into the big cities of America. No wonder that this life, when subjected to such a scrutiny as Schwartz gives it, dissolves, and is replaced by the world of his conscience and consciousness, of artificial symbols and spiritualized images. Yet it remains surrounded by another cosmos, by the stale backstairs world both of the house and of the soul, of bawling tyrannical women, runaway husbands, worn-out words, and worn-out feelings. Between these two worlds moves the man and poet Delmore Schwartz, his words hard as the pavement on which he walks; it is his own ego, his own identity, that he is looking for, a moralist and a transcendentalist, a realist and a prisoner of reality, an iconoclast out of love for the pure image, sacrilegious out of a longing for the holy: Lucifer in Brooklyn.

SCHWARTZ's work has only the simplest kind of form; his figures are linear and sharply drawn, resembling in their grotesque quality the cartoons of Saul Steinberg; his wit is the psychological wit of the Jewish anecdote that Sigmund Freud loved so much and so frequently quoted. Schwartz is more obscure than most of the poets of the *avant-garde* because he is entirely given up to the portrayal of his own conflicts. Yet the characteristic of his style is candor.

With this candor he tries to get to the bottom of himself. In mercilessly identifying the sources on which he draws, and in choosing as his central theme the chasm between poetry and life and between man and man, he battles for his identity as a poet. (Occasionally, when his verse gets very good, it is as if his theme had chosen him and not he it, in the very same way that Rilke became the "speaking mouth" of his visions.) In celebrating the American continent, the astonishment of the child is still alive in him; in debunking America, in satirically stripping the mask of reality from its surface, and only then going on to praise its unveiled beauty and grandeur, he struggles for his identity as an American. And in taking his origins as the point of departure for his attempt to make himself part of the world, part of the human environment and of the universe of the intellect, he battles for his identity as a Jew. He acknowledges his own weaknesses but at the same time claims for himself the powers by which he hopes to cure himself of them.

THE UNRESPECTABLE PROSELYTE

The Fortunes of Beckey Wells

CECIL ROTH

THE curious story of "Beckey" (born Mary) Wells starts in humdrum enough fashion. In the 18th century, the English stage was not yet recruited from the nobility, and Mary Davies was the daughter of a carver and gilder who lived in Birmingham, helped Garrick dig up the root of Shakespeare's mulberry tree at Stratford, and died appropriately in a madhouse. His widow set up a tavern which was much frequented by actors; and in consequence Beckey also went on the stage, making her first appearance as the Duke of York in Shakespeare's *Richard III*. In about 1777, when she was only eighteen, she married a fellow actor named Wells, who had played Romeo to her Juliet and was determined to perpetuate the association in private life. Notwithstanding this auspicious beginning, he sent her back almost immediately to her mother with a note to say that she was too young and childish, consoling himself thereafter with her bridesmaid.

Undistracted by matrimony, Beckey now found a mild success in the theater. In 1781, she first appeared in London, where at one time she was considered (we have her own word for it) the most beautiful actress on the stage and earned what was then the exceptional salary of ten pounds a week. She became a favorite at the Haymarket, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden theaters. She replaced Mrs. Cargill as Macheath in the performance of the *Beggar's Opera* in which all the male roles were played by women and the female by men; she made a considerable reputation in the leading part of Cowslip in O'Keefe's very successful comedy, *The Agreeable Surprise*. "Cowslip" subsequently stuck to her as a nickname; she created a mild stir as Lavinia in *Titus Andronicus;* she played opposite Macklin and—no difficult task—quarreled with Mrs. Siddons; and she succeeded in being seduced by Edward Topham, a journalist, playwright, and fop (and in his spare moments officer in the Life Guards as well), in collaboration with whom she produced a number of daughters. In their correspondence, of which she preserved several specimens for posterity in her *magnum opus,* she called him "Whiskerandos," and he called her, less pretentiously, "Pud." The liaison was common knowledge, and is commemorated by Rowlandson in his caricature of Topham as "Captain Epilogue," which shows "Cowslip" receding into the distance along a road marked "To the Wells."

AT THE beginning of 1787, Topham established a daily newspaper, *The World and Fashionable Observer,* which was for some time resplendently and somewhat vulgarly successful. The established English papers, goaded by this alert and vivacious rival, had to look to their methods, if only by copy-

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WRITES CECIL ROTH: "The autobiography of that extraordinary self-recruited addition to the Jewish community, the 18th-century actress Beckey Wells (*Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sumbel, Late Wells, of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and Hay-market, written by herself;* London, 1811) is in three volumes. It is therefore all the more remarkable that it eluded the attention of the superbly industrious antiquarians, historians, bibliographers, and collectors of the picaresque who laid the foundation of Anglo-Jewish historical study . . . whether because it is of great rarity, or because it hides its Jewish light under a theatrical bushel. . . . Since the present writer came across the work by chance, he can hardly claim any credit for himself." Dr. Roth is a historian and Jewish scholar, born in London in 1899 and educated at Oxford, where he became a reader in post-Biblical Jewish studies. He is author of many works, the latest being *History of the Great Synagogue, London, 1690-1940* (1949).

ing his. It was this spirit of imitation, for example, which led to the addition of the name of *The Times* to the dreary journal that had hitherto been called *The Universal Daily Register,* this being accompanied by a revolutionary change in its contents. The *World* had set a new standard in personal denigration, which the older periodical henceforth did its best to surpass. The rivalry expressed itself in a furious journalistic polemic, columns of abuse being published in one issue after the other against Topham ("Edward Don Whiskerandos Tight-jacket All-legs Pullfrill Snuffle, Esquire," as he was termed) and his favorite, Mrs. Wells. When, for example, during the trial of Warren Hastings the latter sat on her lavender bottle and broke it, the *Times* insisted that its contents were more sustaining than lavender; to which she retorted that in this case she would have taken better care of them! For Beckey had by now begun to assist her lover in his enterprise, thus becoming one of the earliest women journalists in the English-speaking world. It was by no means a nominal association; her position was universally recognized; and when in due course Pitt set about purchasing the sympathies of the press, she was to receive a large slice of Topham's six hundred pounds. She took advantage of her position to introduce into the staff her brother-in-law, a certain Emanuel Samuel, her first recorded Jewish contact—a man who deserves at least a paragraph to himself.

He was the son of a certain Samuel Samuel, a traveling jeweler and dealer in old coins, who had settled in Lincoln and apparently lost touch with his co-religionists (though he was to be buried in the Great Synagogue cemetery in London when he died in 1804, in his seventieth year). His son attracted the attention of a local squire, who sent him to be educated to the Charterhouse in London, which, except for an interval of exclusion from 1731 to 1761, was then a favorite educational institution among London Jews. In 1782, at the age of nineteen, he entered University College, Oxford, and in the following year became a demy of Magdalen: obviously, by now he had been baptized, since no professing Jews were at this time admitted to the University of Oxford, and with such a name he could hardly have slipped past unnoticed. On coming down from the university, he tried his hand at journalism, writing paragraphs for the *Morning Post* for a guinea a week. (He was not the first English Jew to follow this profession, if the Hebrew "with his chocolate cheek" of Goldsmith's *Haunch of Venison* of 1771 really existed.) He became acquainted with Beckey's sister, wooed her, and married her; and as a result Beckey secured him a position on the staff of the *World* at double his former salary—not a hopelessly bad income for those days. From the proprietor's letters, he seems to have been that publication's star (and perhaps only) reporter, covering the widely separated though not wholly dissimilar subjects of politics and pugilism. He had however exuberant tastes (there is extant [Hertford County Records, IV, p. 87] the record of a certificate issued to him in 1787 for killing game); and his journalistic career was brought to an abrupt end when he was thrown into Fleet Prison for debt. According to his sister-in-law, she took pity on his condition, backed his bills and discharged some of them, once borrowed money to get him out of Fleet Prison so that he could go and vote for Lord Hubbard at a Parliamentary election, paid for his training as a surgeon, defrayed his expenses while he was walking the hospitals, and in the end raised two hundred and forty pounds for his and his wife's passage to India, where he proposed to set up practice. This sum was in addition, she is careful to point out, to what she gave him for his personal wardrobe—including hair powder, a box of which burst with sternutatory effect while the post chaise conveying the party to Gravesend passed a carriage-load of Cherokee chiefs then on a visit to England. Ultimately, he seems to have changed his profession once again, entering the East India Company's law department at Madras and being at the time of his death in 1818 president of the

Courts of Justice in the colony of Berbice, British Guiana—which was not perhaps so exalted a position as it sounds.

His change of profession did not presumably matter to Beckey Wells very much, one way or the other. But what did affect her, very seriously, was the fact that he did not repay the amounts she claimed to have lavished upon him. She considered that all her subsequent misfortunes—and they were many—were due to this; and in due course partially dedicated to him her autobiography:

"Mr. Samuel—I could not omit your name in my Dedication, as to you, principally, this work owes its birth:—you have, in a great measure, been the occasion of the catalogue of miseries detailed in it—you brought POVERTY upon me, and *of course,* I lost the affection of Major Topham."

PERHAPS so, although in due course she gained the affection of a more picturesque character. But meanwhile, after being arrested for one debt, which was paid off by Major Topham's representatives at the *World,* he nimbly being out of town at the time, she thought it best to leave the country. The time was hardly propitious for foreign travel. She arrived at Calais, and made arrangements for accommodation at a Benedictine nunnery; but almost immediately afterwards the building was destroyed by order of the National Assembly, and in March 1792 she returned to England to face her creditors, among whom Topham was now one of the most insistent. She obtained a fresh engagement at Covent Garden, where the king and queen saw her in the first performance of *The Clandestine Marriage.* But her creditors became troublesome once more and in 1793 she went over to France again—just in time for the Reign of Terror, in consequence of which she came back almost immediately. Topham had by now transferred his affections to another lady love, though Beckey on her part seems to have found a certain amount of consolation in a friend of his, Frederic Reynolds, another prolific but deservedly forgotten dramatist of the day.

The next stage of her life was, to say the least, varied. She had exciting encounters with certain other cast-off mistresses of Mr. Topham; she was diagnosed insane, put in a strait jacket, and had blisters applied to her legs in the amiable fashion of the time; she tried to escape her (and Mr. Samuel's) creditors by temporary flight—on one occasion again to France, on another to Ireland; she was arrested on more than one occasion for debt; in King's Bench Prison, she became interested in a charming Irish officer, who took her out with him when he was released, paying fifteen hundred pounds on her account "without a murmur." She lived together with "that generous Hibernian," as she calls him, until he went to join his regiment in the West Indies. Then she was once again arrested for debt (of course, one of Mr. Samuel's debts) while attending a performance at the theater. This time she was committed to the Fleet. And here she encountered fate.

Her fate was named Sumbel: Joseph Haim Sumbel, in full, as appears from other sources. She pauses at this point to give a summary account of his life before this fateful encounter: and it will be as well for us to do the same.

He was a Jew, born in Morocco, being a son of the famous and fabulously wealthy Samuel Sumbal (the name is better spelled thus), *nagid* of Moroccan Jewry, for many years counsellor, interpreter, and minister of foreign affairs to the sultan, his ambassador to Denmark in 1751, and his representative in negotiations with foreign envoys. (The latter indeed valued his services so highly that he was for a long time on the pension list of the Spanish government.)* Such employment, in 18th-century Morocco, implied not only dignity and profit but also danger, and in 1780, after thirty years' service, Sumbal *père* found himself thrown into prison on a charge of sending remittances abroad. Later on he managed to escape to Gibraltar, where he is said to have rendered important service during the great siege by organizing the supply of provisions from Mogador. His death not long after, in the autumn of 1782, was suspected to be due to poison, administered at the instigation of his ungrateful but clearly not oblivious former master.

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* There is little about Samuel Sumbal in the current works of reference, and even in the monographs on North African Jewry. But he is mentioned by Moses Mendelssohn as the then prime minister of the Emperor of Morocco in a footnote in his *Rettung der Juden,* and there are adequate materials for reconstructing his biography in *Sefarad,* IX, pp. 428-9; *Hebrew Union College Annual,* VIII-IX, p. 485; B. Meakin, *The Moors;* and the standard works on Franco-Moroccan relations in the 18th century. His brother, Meir Sumbal, interpreter to the French consulate, was also a figure of importance.

The beneficiary of the old man's financial dabblings and remittances abroad had been his eldest son, Joseph, whom he had sent to be brought up in France, where he had many useful friends and acquaintances, from the Duc de Praslin (formerly ambassador in Morocco) downwards. On his father's death, he was followed to France by his two brothers, who apparently held that what he had received was not on his own account but for the family at large, and who demanded their own share in accordance with the Mosaic law of inheritance. To avoid them, Joseph went to Holland, and thence to England, being appointed in 1794 Moorish envoy at the Court of St. James's—an office not infrequently discharged at this time by Jews. (Some of the sources, however, refer to him as merely secretary to the embassy.) His duties, though honorific, were not exacting. Nevertheless, he found himself fully occupied with non-diplomatic work, since one of his brothers pursued him with his claim. Notwithstanding the potentialities of diplomatic immunity, evasive action was clearly indicated.

It is strange nowadays to think of a Jew retiring for solitude to the Jewish suburb of Willesden (London's Bronx), but that is what Joseph now did, taking with him a glittering store of jewelry and five thousand pounds in East Indian bonds. The nights he spent in a barn, or in any other place where he could obtain shelter; during the days he wandered about the woods which then diversified the landscape, availing himself of the opportunity to hide his bonds in a hollow tree, so cunningly chosen that he was never able to find it again.

It was all highly curious, all the more so since, according to the papers, the Turkish ambassador had recently been robbed. So the villagers, with the assistance of the parish constable, tied Joseph up in a stable and sent to inform the authorities at the Whitehall. The Home Secretary was at this time the Duke of Portland, whose brother, Lord William Bentinck, had met Sumbel on the Continent and had entertained him in London, where he had been introduced to the duke. On hearing the description of the curious person who had been arrested, the latter guessed that it might be the missing Sumbel, and interviewed him personally. But the other now took it into his head to refuse to speak, either in deference to some private vow or because he thought that this might benefit his case. For three months, accordingly, he maintained complete silence, making all essential communications only in writing. However, his secret was out, and he was now arrested for debt at his brother's suit and ultimately, when he refused to plead or to utter a word (except to call the proprietor of the lock-up house "one damned rascal"), consigned to the Fleet Prison for contempt of court.

Beckey Wells saw him come in, with a train of Moorish servants, gorgeously appareled, for all the world like an Eastern potentate. His magnificence attracted her attention; her physical opulence attracted his; and it was not long before they became acquainted. When one of her admirers vaguely talked of paying off her debt, he was so reluctant to lose her that he proposed marriage: and, as a preliminary, she became converted in due form to Judaism, taking a ritual bath in the *mikvah* and adopting the name Leah. She apparently had some vague idea that the Mosaic law would make her remarriage legal if by some chance her first husband, Wells, were still alive. But she certainly made a lively pretense at conviction, to judge from the following letter, which appeared at this time in the *Morning Post and Gazeteer*:—

> Sir:—In your paper of Thursday last, it was said, "Mrs. Wells was always an *odd genius,* and her becoming a Jewess greatly gratifies her passion for *eccentricity.*"
>
> In answer to this, I beg the favor to insert in your paper, that *it is not* any passion for *eccentricity* that has induced me to embrace the *Israelitish religion*—it is *studying* and *examining,* with great care and *attention,* the Old Testament, that has influenced my conduct. Excuse me for giving you the trouble, but I beg you will insert the following passage from that book:—
>
> "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold out of *all the languages of the nations,* even shall take hold of the *skirt of a Jew,* saying, we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."—*Zachariah,* chap. viii. verse 23.
>
> By giving the above a place, you will much oblige,
>
> Your humble servant,
> Leah Sumbel
> (*late Mary Wells*)
>
> *October* 20, 1797.

It had been a grand wedding by all accounts. It took place in the Fleet Prison, apparently in the early autumn of 1797, immediately before the Feast of Tabernacles. The bridegroom was richly dressed in white satin and wore a splendid turban with a white feather; his brother was similarly appareled, only in pink. A quorum of Jews (unkind gossip said they were old-clothesmen wearing their normal habiliments) was easily gathered for the ceremony. For the subsequent festivities, which continued throughout the week, four rooms were engaged and brilliantly illuminated, the lustre in the middle of the long gallery costing twenty-five pounds. All the genteel prisoners were invited to join the happy couple, the poor being provided for elsewhere. All told, the expenses came to some five hundred pounds. Clearly, a debtor's prison had its compensations. Nevertheless, Beckey had experienced this long enough, and prevailed on her husband to settle up with his brother, at the cost of twenty thousand pounds, and regain his liberty.

He now entered upon a brief spell of "fashionable" life. He took a house in Orchard Street, Portman Square, and not finding this sufficiently magnificent, then moved to 79 Pall Mall, next door to the Duke of Gloucester. He mixed in aristocratic circles; he displayed his wife at the theater; as Moorish representative, he represented the sultan, with a train of turbaned attendants bearing the Moroccan standard, when the king went to return thanks at St. Paul's. (Later on, in a fit of economy, he dismissed them, and they found their exotic liveries extremely useful when they set up as rhubarb peddlers about the London streets —a characteristic Jewish occupation at this time.)

But he was Moroccan not only by birth, but also by taste, especially in his attitude to women, which savored more of the harem than of Pall Mall. So, at least, Beckey alleged; though it must be admitted that her previous history, even as recorded by herself, certainly justified a certain degree of marital suspicion and precaution. He took her with him to the theater but, greatly to her disappointment, showed himself highly suspicious when she looked anywhere but on the stage, and sometimes handled her roughly when they returned. He did not allow her to have any money in her pocket, for fear she would run away. He gave her magnificent diamonds and jewelry to wear on state days and bonfire nights, but they were taken from her as soon as she got home and locked up in a strong box. In fact, albeit worth according to report some half a million pounds sterling, he was in some ways (in the opinion of his wife, accustomed to spend whatever she could get into her hands) extraordinarily mean, whatever curious manifestations of Oriental luxury were combined with this parsimony.

There were other complications as well,

mainly due, it appears, to his outbursts of temper, from which she was not the only sufferer. Not long after their marriage, for example, he perpetrated a violent assault on some apparently innocuous individual, as a result of which the bridal couple were compelled to leave Pall Mall and live for a time in hiding, as lodgers in a humble cottage somewhere in Middlesex. Thence, he took her to visit her (and Topham's) children in Yorkshire. Much to her chagrin they traveled in a one-horse chaise without any servants; though every night at the inn he unpacked his trunks and sat cross-legged in all the colorful magnificence of his Moorish garb.

After a time he found the inconvenience of his incognito too great, returned to town, settled with the person he had assaulted, and began to journey again, though in the same fashion as before. However, they quarreled violently on the way (Beckey goes into much petty detail) and she continued the trip alone. On her way home she rejoined her tyrant and had a succession of uninspiring quarrels with him until they got back to London, where he spitefully introduced her as his wife to a lady to whom he had recently proposed marriage.

At this stage, Sumbel had the idea of returning to Morocco and filling the same position under the new sultan, whom he had known as a boy, that his father had held under the former ruler. He accordingly laid out a large sum of money in presents to smooth his path, including twenty thousand pounds' worth of brass cannon; and he held rehearsals for the purpose, in Oriental garb, in his mansion in Pall Mall. Since Beckey was not anxious to accompany him, on one occasion he did his best to trepan her on a ship lying in the Thames, but the captain let out what was intended, and she got ashore in time. Later on, she thought that he wanted to shoot her, escaped from the house, and had him brought before the magistrates at Bow Street, who bound him over to keep the peace.

They now separated for good, notwithstanding the charming *billets doux* which he sent her from time to time:—

My dear,

If you are *libre,* come to see me, and prove me that you are, and what you are, and you can return to Gild-Hall immediately, to satisfy your curiosity, or to have complasance or politnesse for others.—"Come only to tell me that."

I am your friend for ever ever.

Dear Madam,
Yours truly,
J. Sumbel
Freydy, at most 3 *ocklok.*
Mrs. Wells.

Or, in a more affectionate mood:—

My dear,

Pray don't tortree my heart: come as quike as you can, and prove me that you have the true love for me. I will prove you that mine is constant, and will do for you everything to make you happy. Come, my dear angel! come kisse your faithful and loving friend and husband,

J. Sumbel

I have many thing to tell you.

These and others like them (which she piously preserved, and subsequently published) were of no effect; and Sumbel decided that he had made a mistake. So did Beckey. Notwithstanding the eloquent protestations of religious conviction which she had made so recently, she now lost no opportunity to demonstrate her distaste for Judaism, if only to annoy her husband.

He on his side advertised in the newspapers that she was not his wife, and that he would not pay any debts she might contract: his reason being, according to the press, "first, that the ceremony was not a legal Jewish marriage; secondly, that Mrs. Wells was not capable of becoming a Jewess, without which no marriage could take place; and thirdly that she has broken the sabbath and the holy feast, by running away from Mr. Sumbel in a post-chaise, and eating *forbidden fruit*—namely, *pork griskin* and *rabbits*." She rejoins with a counter-advertisement begging leave only to observe "that, having been unfortunately married to the said Joseph Sumbel, from his wicked and inhuman treatment, I have been obliged to swear the peace against him, and am proceeding to obtain a divorce and maintenance": which was followed up by a note published on Boxing Day 1798 wherein she "presents her best compliments to the Editor, begs leave to inform him she set off in a post-chaise from Stamford, with her *mother* and *youngest child* as her life was in danger at that time from Mr. Sumbel's violence of temper. Mr. and Mrs. Sumbel had ten witnesses to their marriage, and Mrs. Sumbel went through every ceremony to make her a Jewess—was at the bath before witnesses, &c. Mr. Sumbel himself eats pork, which shocked Mrs. Sumbel very much."

He had however more direct means of annoyance. When his landlord at Pall Mall sued him for rent, he pleaded that the house had been taken in Beckey's name, and that he was no longer responsible for her debts. A suit began in the King's Bench, in the course of which his counsel. Thomas Erskine, pleaded that he was not a Jew but a Moslem, and that accordingly the marriage in the Fleet Prison had no validity. The following is an excerpt from the record of the proceedings:

"Mr. Erskine here observed, that his learned friend had misrepresented his client, when he said he was a Jew, for that he was a Mahometan.

"Mr. Garrow begged pardon. He hoped Mr. S. would pardon the mistake. He was naturally led to suppose he was a Jew, from some very serious feuds that Mr. and Mrs. S. had had about eating pork; and he observed that one of the items in the plaintiff's bill was for a *pot de chambre* which Mr. S. had thrown at Beckey's head. . . .

"Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, said he had the authority of the Duke of Portland . . . for saying, that the defendant was a man of rank and dignity in his own country. He was late envoy and secretary of state of the Emperor of Morocco, and son of his prime-minister. . . . There was not the least pretence to say there was a marriage between him and Mrs. Wells.

"Lord Kenyon [Chief Justice] said he should certainly take them to be husband and wife. They lived there together, she went by his name, and she probably obtained credit under the idea of being his wife, and that he was liable to pay her debts. If what was impossible could be done, this gentleman was certainly in the hands of a counsel who would achieve impossibilities.

"Mr. Sumbel rose and began to speak; the first sentence of which was, that 'he had never been married to this woman.'

"Lord Kenyon said, 'So much the worse —you have been so much the more wicked. This case is as clear as the sun.' "

The verdict was accordingly for the plaintiff. It was no large sum that was in dispute —only twenty-six pounds. But Mr. Sumbel was determined not to pay and, somewhat disingenuously procuring a passport from his friend the Duke of Portland, managed to leave the country.

This was the end of the Jewish interlude of Beckey's life. She continued to call herself Mrs. Sumbel, and under that name returned to the stage and published her memoirs in 1811. But she was done with Judaism for good, and that work contains some highly unpleasant animadversions upon it. "I am now once more received into the bosom of Christianity as a repentant sinner," she wrote, "fully confident, as such, that the Almighty will pardon my transgressions." Nevertheless she did not approve of sectarianism. "As religion is now my greatest comfort, I go to the different places of worship of God," she writes; once in fact being edified by a Negro preacher who, as she tells us, summed up his teaching in the immortal phrase (surely, its first appearance in literature?): "Softly, softly, brethren, and you'll catch a monkey."

In other respects, her subsequent career was of a piece with the earlier stages—interspersed with imprisonment for debt, evanescent love affairs, and quarrels with her brother-in-law, Emanuel Samuel, who had now returned temporarily to England and at one time made her a small allowance. At intervals she again set out for remote parts of the country in search of her children, who, egged on by their father, Mr. Topham, refused to know her, though one of them at least filially followed her example in matters of morality. During the course of one of these trips, according to her own account, she actually started to walk back to London from Portobello, arriving in Newcastle (whence she took a boat) in only four and a half days—a really remarkable feat whether of pedestrianism or imagination.

Her stage life had been ruined by her irregularities, and she was now best known for her impersonations of more successful fellow actresses, which she gave in fashionable houses. But she scandalized public opinion by continuing to perform even in Lent, in consequence of which the Bishop of London thought it his duty to intervene.

In 1811, she published her memoirs—now one of the rarest works of theatrical autobiography—probably in the hope of raising a little money from blackmail as well as from sales (she gave lengthy details about various persons who had failed to subscribe for copies of the work). In it, she described interminably all her long sequence of quarrels with her lover, her husband, her brother-in-law, and in the end even her children, all of whom had in her opinion treated her shamefully. The work was introduced by a commendatory preface, written by an anonymous friend, and concluded with a personal letter from Elisabeth Villa Real Gooch, another borderline character of Anglo-Jewish history—the daughter of the beautiful Catherine Villareal, the heroine of a famous breach of promise suit of the early part of the 18th century, and herself author of a curious autobiography.

As FOR her former husband, when he left England, he took up his residence in Altona (Hamburg) where he built a street that was called after him. Disappointed with his experience of matrimony, he now went in for fishing, but not being very fond of the open air, carried out his pastime in a tank which he had built in his house. Here he would sit happily for days on end angling, afterwards punishing any recalcitrant fishes by having the water let out and clubbing them. A Joseph Haim Sumbel died at Altona in November 1804, and is buried in the local Portuguese Jewish cemetery—certainly the same person. Until very recently, there existed in this place a *Klaus,* or Talmudical school, founded in the middle of the 19th century by one Abraham Sumbal, "son of a Moroccan minister." Clearly, he was the product of Joseph Haim Sumbel's matrimonial involutions, either anterior or posterior to his marriage with Beckey Wells.

How she ended her days we do not know. She is referred to in 1826 as dead, but nothing or virtually nothing is known of her life for about fifteen years before this. Apparently she took to drink in the end, and thus completed her mental ruin; and it is likely enough that she died in a madhouse, for which she obviously had not inconsiderable personal as well as hereditary qualification. In this respect at least, Sumbel and she were not ill assorted.

FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

"HEBREW-CHRISTIAN" EVANGELIST: SOUTHERN STYLE

Some Latter-Day Apostles

HARRY L. GOLDEN

REVIVAL FIRES ARE BURNING, AND THE LORD IS POURING OUT HIS BLESSINGS ON THOSE WHO ARE READY TO RECEIVE THEM, EVEN HIS MATCHLESS GRACE. IN THE MEETINGS WHICH ARE NOW BEING HELD IN CHARLOTTE, THE LORD IS MIGHTILY USING HYMAN APPELMAN, INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN HEBREW-CHRISTIAN EVANGELIST. ALREADY THREE JEWISH PEOPLE HAVE ACCEPTED CHRIST, AND MANY GENTILES.

Quarter-page advertisements such as this appeared daily in the newspapers of Charlotte, North Carolina, during the most recent revival staged by Hyman Appelman, "the Jew who preaches Christ crucified." Appelman conducted twenty-one meetings, and he brought more people into the Civic Auditorium in two weeks than the Shakespeare Society, the Symphony Association, and the Community Concert Guild, combined, were able to attract in an entire year.

A wave of revivalism is sweeping the South. Traveling "gospel witnesses," typified by Mordecai Ham and the phenomenal Billy Graham, are multiplying with a rapidity unmatched since the days of Billy Sunday, Gypsy Smith, and Baxter ("Cyclone Mack") McLendon. One tangible result of this revolt against so-called modernism in religion, and one that is causing considerable concern among leaders of established Protestant organizations, is the expansion of the Church of God, a tent-and-camp-meeting religious group which is by all odds the fastest-growing sect in the United States. The gospelers of the Church of God, as well as the unaffiliated evangelists, both Gentile and Jew, preach the "old-time Bible religion," based on what fundamentalist William Jennings Bryan described at the Scopes trial as "belief in the Bible as the spoken word of God, with no twilight zone in the intellectual processes and with no mental reservations in its preaching."

Along with other revivalists, the "Hebrew-Christian" evangelist also finds his business booming in this supercharged fundamentalist atmosphere. And in his case there is an additional impetus supplied by the establishment of the State of Israel. "The prophecy is being fulfilled . . . the Jews are once again gathering in Palestine . . . the Second Coming is at hand," shout Appelman and Fleischer in North Carolina; Eddie Lieberman in South Carolina; Joseph Cohen in Virginia; Arthur Glass in Tennessee; Jacob Gartenhaus and Martin Chernoff in Georgia—to mention some of the more important and more successful "Hebrew-Christians."

IN THE fundamentalist regions of the American South, where religious revival meetings can still draw large crowds away from the movies, a modest but secure niche is occupied by the so-called "Hebrew-Christian evangelists," Jewish converts who seek to bring "their people" to Christianity—an undertaking that has so far produced more tumult than conversions. HARRY L. GOLDEN, who here reports on this aspect of Jewish Americana, is editor of the *Carolina Israelite,* a newspaper published in Charlotte, North Carolina, and has written for the Charlotte *Observer* and the Charlotte *News.* He is also the author of about fifty pamphlets on Jewish life in the South, and has lectured and written on Shakespeare. Mr. Golden was born in New York City in 1902.

To Jews in the South, the "Hebrew-Christian" evangelist is no unfamiliar figure. Such organizations as the Hebrew-Christian Alliance, the Baptist Board of Missions to the Jews, and the Gospel to Israel maintain connections in various Northern cities, but the real center of their activity and support is in the South. The well-established and conservative Protestant churches do not sponsor these "revivals," but the "Hebrew-Christian" evangelists are able to draw huge audiences from the great mass of unaffiliated and Church of God fundamentalists, who believe in the "old-time religion" and get their solace (and excitement) in the tents and auditoriums along the "sawdust trail." The evangelists proclaim in their literature and from their pulpits that their mission is to "bring the message of Christ to the Jews"; this is the basis for their solicitations at the revivals and among missionary-minded Christian laymen. But in their audiences there are no Jews. A curiosity-seeker or an occasional committee of observers from the B'nai B'rith will wander in, but beyond that the only way the evangelists catch the attention of Jews is by the hit-or-miss distribution of tracts and gospels on the streets and from store to store.

Appelman, the most successful of the "Hebrew-Christian" evangelists, is a dynamic speaker endowed with some of the histrionic ability of the late Billy Sunday. A resident of Kansas City, Missouri, Appelman spends most of his time holding revivals in the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Georgia. His "shows" are handled in a thoroughly professional manner, complete with advance man, advertising manager, and musical director. Before his arrival, the surrounding rural and mill communities are placarded with thousands of posters: "Appelman Is Coming—The Jew Who Preaches Christ Crucified." During his recent revival in Charlotte, Appelman took fifteen quarter-page advertisements in each of the two daily papers at $3.50 an inch, total, about $3,000. To meet this large expense an offering is taken up at each meeting. In addition, some outside donations come from businessmen and civic leaders who support all "religious" activities. The average attendance at meetings is two thousand.

Whether conducted by Gentile or Jewish evangelists, the revivals follow the same pattern. Next to the "witnessing" (a term used for the sermon), hymn-singing led by a soloist or a quartet plays the most important part in the services. Usually the meeting is opened with a rendition of "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," followed by such other tent-meeting favorites as "The Old Rugged Cross," "Throw Out the Lifeline," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," the doleful "Almost Persuaded," and the rollicking "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." Appelman, conscious of the fact that many a member of the Church of God may be in the audience, includes the sect's official hymn, "The Great Speckled Bird of God," sung to the tune of either "Blue Eyes" or "The Wreck of the Old 97."

The last night of the revival is reserved for the climactic sermon that always draws the largest attendance: "How I Became a Christian"—or, as Appelman advertises, "From Jewish Lawyer in Chicago to a Gospel Preacher for Christ." On this occasion Appelman asks for a special "love offering" for which his attendants distribute small envelopes bearing the following inscription:

IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST
MY LOVE OFFERING
TO HYMAN APPELMAN

Appelman can sway his listeners with the best of them, and his performance is constantly interrupted by excited shouts: e.g., "I'll pray for you, Brother Appelman, and I'll never smoke again!" While the collection plate is going around, Appelman keeps his audience of farmers and mill hands in stitches with such subtleties as: "Don't let that plate pass you by—remember, you can't put it over on a Jew." And he never misses an opportunity to assure his listeners of their "superiority," shouting intermittently: "Have mercy and pray for this old Jew!—Pray for all the Jews!—The Jews need your prayers to be saved." Wherever he goes, Appelman organizes a "prayer group" to hold weekly services in a church or a home to "bring the Jews to Christ." On many a Monday morning, as a Jewish merchant opens his store, he may not know it but the group of women passing by on the street are on their way to the Baptist church to pray for his salvation.

The "big" sermons of the "Hebrew-Christian" evangelists, in which they describe their conversions, are all cut from the same pattern. Every Jewish evangelist comes from a "very strict Jewish orthodox home," and had some "rabbinical connections": either he once studied for the rabbinate or there was a rabbi in the family. Then one day he came across a copy of the New Testament—and saw the light. They all heighten the drama by emphasizing their "Jewishness," using every trick of the stage or pulpit to fit themselves to the stereotype of the Jew that they know exists in the minds of their listeners. An exaggerated accent and overemphasized gesticulations in speaking are standard. A further emphasis on their "Jewishness" is obtained by the use of Hebrew phrases in sermons and printed tracts. Arthur Glass and Jacob Gartenhaus habitually punctuate their sermons with quotations from Isaiah and the Psalms, which they call "the prophecy," and, after giving the English translation, they quote from the New Testament, which they call "the fulfilment." In the autobiography that Arthur U. Michelson sells, there are ten pages of Hebrew passages from the Bible. At least once during a meeting the evangelist repeats in Hebrew a quotation from Isaiah 53:7—"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter"; then he reads from John 1:29—"John seeth Jesus coming and saith, Behold the lamb of God." Gartenhaus calls this part of his sermon "the shadow and the substance."

Most of the converts are foreign-born; probably an American-born Jew would lose most of his appeal as a "Hebrew-Christian" evangelist. Appelman, perhaps, might compete on his own merits as an evangelist, but like the others he chooses to make his appeal as a Jew, i.e., talking as a Jew is supposed to talk, looking and acting as a Jew is supposed to look and act. For the revival audience of Christian fundamentalists, the picture of a Jew witnessing for Christ reinforces their own fire-and-brimstone beliefs—and the effect would be dissipated if the Jew did not live up to their image of a Jew.

One recurrent theme of the evangelists is the claim that Jews are "not allowed" to read or own a copy of the New Testament. This is why they are not yet in the fold, and it is for the purpose of somehow "getting New Testaments into Jewish hands" that the evangelists solicit funds. They continually belabor the conflict between their "strict Jewish orthodox homes" and their "acceptance of Christ." Jacob Gartenhaus tells his audience that when he was a little boy in Europe he once found a gold crucifix on the street and when he brought it home to his mother she made him wash his hands "in three waters." Both Lieberman and Cohen tell how it was necessary to "smuggle" copies of the New Testament into their homes and keep them hidden from relatives. Appelman relates that his conversion came about on a business trip to Kansas City. He rented a room at the YMCA, and one day "there was a knock on the door and a man handed me a copy of the New Testament and wrung from me the promise that I would read it, especially the Gospel of John." A few days later, while he was still beset with some doubt, his mysterious friend pointed out to him Romans 10:9—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord, Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." This convinced Appelman, "and the following Sunday I was baptized. . . . I knew that my people in Chicago would think I had gone crazy. . . . I wired for money . . . none came. . . . I realized that my parents had disowned me, but I was not sad, because a song came into my mind, 'I Walked and I Talked with the King.'"

Eddie Lieberman was converted while serving a term in prison. A woman welfare worker brought him his copy of the New Testament and helped him in his decision. His sphere of activity is centered in the mill towns around Greenville and Spartanburg in South Carolina. During his revivals a huge banner usually hangs across the main street of the town: HEAR EDDIE LIEBERMAN, THE JEW WHO PREACHES CHRIST.

Joseph Cohen calls himself "The Russian Jew Who Preaches Christ," and advertises himself also as carrier of "The Prophecy Against Communism." He has a female assistant who shares his billing as "Ruth Drucker, a Brooklyn Jewess Who Preaches the Risen Christ." Once Cohen called at the store of the only Jew in a small town in Virginia to invite him to his revival; the invitation was declined, Cohen became abusive, and both men raised their voices. That night Cohen's sermon was devoted to his "suffering" at the hands of his "own people," and he shouted that "in this very town a Jew spat upon me and threatened me with violence because of my love for Christ!"

Jacob Gartenhaus, the dean of the "Hebrew-Christian" evangelists, received *his* copy of the New Testament as he came off the gangplank on his arrival in America: "A Christian lady thrust it into my hands, and when I finally meet her in Glory, I shall fall upon my knees and beg a blessing on her for all eternity." For many years Gartenhaus was the head of the Hebrew-Christian Alliance, and was also affiliated with the Baptist Board of Missions. Recently, however, he has cut out a good deal of his administrative work and taken to the revival road himself. A veteran with over twenty-five years of this sort of activity in the South behind him, he nevertheless refused to answer when I asked him: "*Nu*?—How many converts do you have to your credit?"

Martin Chernoff is a beginner, recently come to Georgia from Toronto, Canada. He was an apprentice *shohet* when his "call" came. He does not conduct revivals of his own, but fills speaking engagements before civic organizations, women's groups, and Sunday school classes, and sometimes occupies a pulpit at a Sunday evening service in Baptist churches around Atlanta. Many churches include the item "Jewish work" in their home missions budgets, and these funds help defray expenses for speaking engagements and distribution of the various tracts.

Jerome Fleischer, the head of the Southern Evangel to Israel, with headquarters in Charlotte, North Carolina, came to America as a child about twenty-five years ago, and after finishing high school in New York intended to become a partner in his father's meat market. But during the war a fellow soldier took him to a mission, where he read the Gospels. He was "amazed," he told me, when he saw that "they contained such names as Abraham, Jacob, and Isaac," and he immediately realized that "the Gospels were indeed the fulfilment of the Messiah prophecy in the Jewish Bible." He used his GI Bill benefits for a course at the Moody Bible Institute, was ordained, and came South several years ago. He told me that his great ambition is to "lead his old Jewish mother to Christ before it is too late"; but the elderly woman remains in New York, as "stiff-necked" as ever. Fleischer is a personable young man with a sense of humor, and he calls on Jewish businessmen in the towns he visits; he offers them his tracts, and they, in turn, usually offer him a job.

Arthur U. Michelson, in some ways the most flamboyant of all, operates the Jewish Hope Publishing House in Los Angeles, but directs his appeals to the Southeast through transcribed radio broadcasts. At one time he had as many as forty-two weekly broadcasts beamed to the Carolinas alone. Once or twice a year he follows up these broadcasts with personal appearances under the sponsorship of one of the local churches of the lesser-known Protestant fellowships. He holds two- or three-day revivals at which he sells his autobiography, *From Judaism and Law to Christ and Grace*. Like Appelman, Michelson had been a lawyer, and the story of his conversion follows the regular pattern—he came across a copy of the New Testament, etc., etc. But Michelson adds that Jesus himself visited him and urged him to "carry the message of Christ to the Jews." Born in Germany, Michelson claims to have been an "advocate-assessor" in the German legal profession. After his conversion he came to America and was "amazed that so few Jews in this great Christian country knew Christ." The story Michelson tells is full of incidents of "persecution suffered at the hands of the Jews because of my love for Christ." He writes: "Ever since the day when the Holy Spirit made it plain to me that the Lord had chosen me to present Christ to my people, they have persecuted me, shouting after me many times, 'apostate, kill him—burn him!'"

In recent months Michelson's radio broadcasts in the South have been considerably curtailed, and his solicitation of funds "for starving children in Palestine" has been seriously questioned by Better Business Bureaus in three cities as well as by some broadcasting managers. A few years ago he made a donation of $1,000 to the Youth Aliyah Committee of the Los Angeles Hadassah, and then promptly broadcast the news of his gift as a basis for new solicitations. The Youth Aliyah returned his donation.

The message of these evangelists is that "Judaism is false, and a sin from which the Jews must be saved." At the same time, both Gartenhaus and Fleischer protest that they are actually making a "contribution to the fight against anti-Semitism." They point to the "pleas" they make in every sermon to "love the Jew and pray for the Jew, because only through love and prayer will the Jew accept Jesus." Granted that nobody has yet discovered the magic formula for combating anti-Semitism, it may still be doubted that these "pleas" represent any contribution to the problem.

The reaction of the non-Jewish community, so far as it can be ascertained, seems to fall into three patterns.

First, that of the members of the evangelists' audience, who seem to leave the tent or auditorium convinced that all the troubles of the world, including their own, would be cured if only the Jews were led to Christ. The evangelists distribute thousands of pamphlets, free of charge, asking their listeners to carry on the work of propagating the faith among the Jews. Those distributed by Jacob Gartenhaus carry this message: "The Jew has been sick for 2,000 years; in vain has he sought healing and help of his physicians; in vain has he spent all his substance. By contact with Jesus, by the power which goes forth from Jesus, can he find healing.—(After you read this booklet please pass it on to some Jew or Jewess.)" Since the Jews remain stolidly unimpressed, they put themselves in the position of stubbornly refusing to hasten the redemption, and thus, one suspects, the "love" that seeks to convert them may all too easily be transformed into more hostile feelings.

Another kind of reaction is to be found among the genteel anti-Semites at the country-club level, who are likely to regard "Hebrew-Christian" evangelism as "just another Jew scheme to make money."

But the vast majority of our Christian neighbors, friends, and associates simply remain amazingly naive. A Gentile friend or neighbor meets you on the street during one of the revivals and, in an obvious attempt to be pleasant, says, "Great work that Appelman is doing, isn't it?" Occasionally, a Christian clergyman will invite the local rabbi to hear a "great Jewish preacher" during one of these revivals. And this is not for any lack of respect for the rabbi and his congregation: it is just that to many Christian Southerners a Jew is a Jew the way a Frenchman is a Frenchman. More than one Jew in the South has at one time or another been asked in all sincerity: "Are you a Baptist Jew or a Methodist Jew?"

As for the Jews themselves, they maintain a discreet silence. I have never been able to get the name of a single convert from Gartenhaus, Appelman, Fleischer, or any of the other "Hebrew-Christians." The rabbis deliver no sermons on the activities of the evangelists, the leaders make no statements. Every effort is made to avoid theological disputation. On the other hand, there is an element of risk in extending hospitality, and the few experiments in that direction have been hardly encouraging. Once one of the evangelists was invited to a Jewish temple, and later was a guest at the social hour following the Friday evening service. At his next meeting he shouted: "The Lord led me up into the synagogue last night, and the rabbi and the Jewish leaders are beginning to show interest in our work." He should live so long.

CEDARS OF LEBANON

MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN

ISRAEL ABRAHAMS

ISRAEL ABRAHAMS, one of the most distinguished of modern scholars of Judaism in the English-speaking countries, was born in London in 1858, the son of a rabbi who had come to England from Warsaw at an early age. Abrahams was educated at Jews' College and London University and taught at the former institution from 1881 to 1902, when he left to succeed Solomon Schechter as reader in rabbinics at Cambridge. He remained at Cambridge until his death in 1925.

Abrahams led the life of a scholar. He was active in the founding and administration of Jewish learned societies, presided over university theological societies, and from 1888 to 1908 was joint editor of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*. He wrote numerous essays, scholarly papers, and books, of which the most important is *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages* (London, 1896).

In religion, Abrahams was on the side of Reform. Though he opposed political Zionism, he looked to Palestine as a Jewish cultural center and was an ardent believer in the enduring value of the Hebrew language.

The essay reprinted below, an excellent sample of Abrahams' urbane scholarship, is taken from *The Book of Delight and Other Papers*, published in 1912 by the Jewish Publication Society of America, by whose permission it appears here. (Another essay from that volume, "Medieval Wayfaring," was published in this department in the July 1947 issue of COMMENTARY.)—ED.

> *"The Omnipresent," said a Rabbi, "is occupied in making marriages." The levity of the saying lies in the ear of him who hears it; for by marriages the speaker meant all the wondrous combinations of the universe, whose issue makes our good and evil.*
>
> —George Eliot

THE proverb that I have set at the head of these lines is popular in every language of Europe. Need I add that a variant may be found in Chinese? The Old Man of the Moon unites male and female with a silken, invisible thread, and they cannot afterwards be separated, but are destined to become man and wife. The remark of the rabbi quoted in *Daniel Deronda* carried the proverb back apparently to a Jewish origin; and it is, indeed, more than probable that the rabbinical literature is the earliest source to which this piece of folk philosophy can be traced.

George Eliot's rabbi was Jose bar Chalafta, and his remark was made to a lady, possibly a Roman matron of high quality, in Sephoris. Rabbi Jose was evidently an adept in meeting the puzzling questions of women, for as many as sixteen interviews between him and "matrons" are recorded in Aggadic literature. Whether because prophetic of its subsequent popularity, or for some other reason, this particular dialogue in which Rabbi Jose bore so conspicuous a part is repeated in the *Midrash Rabba* alone not less than four times, besides appearing in other Midrashim. It will be as well, then, to reproduce the passage in a summarized form, for it may be fairly described as the *locus classicus* on the subject.

"'How long,' she asked, 'did it take God to create the world?' and Rabbi Jose informed her that the time occupied was six days. 'What has God been doing since that time?' continued the matron. 'The Holy One,' answered the Rabbi, 'has been sitting in Heaven arranging marriages.'—'Indeed!' she replied, 'I could do as much myself. I have thousands of slaves, and could marry them off in couples in a single hour. It is easy enough.'—'I hope that you will find it so,' said Rabbi Jose. 'In Heaven it is thought as difficult as the dividing of the Red Sea.' He then took his departure, while she assembled one thousand men-servants and as many maid-servants, and, marking them off in pairs, ordered them all to marry. On the day following this wholesale wedding, the poor victims came to their mistress in a woeful plight. One had a broken leg, another a black eye, a third a swollen nose; all were suffering from some ailment, but with one voice they joined in the cry, 'Lady, unmarry us again!' Then the matron sent for Rabbi Jose, admitted that she had underrated the delicacy and difficulty of matchmaking, and wisely resolved to leave Heaven for the future to do its work in its own way."

The moral conveyed by this story may seem, however, to have been idealized by George Eliot almost out of recognition. This is hardly the case. Genius penetrates into the heart, even from a casual glance at the face of things. Though it is unlikely that she had ever seen the full passages in the Midrash to which she was alluding, yet her insight was not at fault. For the saying that God is occupied in making marriages is, in fact, associated in some passages of the Midrash with the far wider problems of man's destiny, with the universal effort to explain the inequalities of fortune, and the changes with which the future is heavy.

Rabbi Jose's proverbial explanation of connubial happiness was not merely a *bon mot* invented on the spur of the moment, to silence an awkward questioner. It was a firm conviction, which finds expression in more than one quaint utterance, but also in more than one matter-of-fact assertion. To take the latter first:

"Rabbi Phineas in the name of Rabbi Abbahu said, We find in the Torah, in the Prophets, and in the Holy Writings, evidence that a man's wife is chosen for him by the Holy One, blessed be He. Whence do we deduce it in the Torah? From Genesis 24:50: 'Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said [in reference to Rebekah's betrothal to Isaac]: The thing proceedeth from the Lord.' In the Prophets it is found in Judges 14:4 [where it is related how Samson wishes to mate himself with a woman in Timnath, of the daughters of the Philistines]: 'But his father and mother knew not that it was of the Lord.' In the Holy Writings the same may be seen, for it is written [Proverbs 19:14]: 'House and riches are the inheritance of fathers, but a prudent wife is from the Lord.' "

Another text that might be appealed to is Tobit 6:18. The Angel encourages Tobit to marry Sarah, though her seven husbands, one after the other, had died on their wedding eves. "Fear not," said Raphael, "for she is appointed unto thee from the beginning."

HERE we may, for a moment, pause to consider whether any parallels to the belief in Heaven-made marriages exist in other ancient literatures. It appears in English as early as Shakespeare:

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one.
Henry V., v. 2.

This, however, is too late to throw any light on its origin. With a little ingenuity, one might, perhaps, torture some such notion out of certain fantastic sentences of Plato. In the *Symposium* (par. 192), however, God is represented as putting obstacles in the way of the union of fitting lovers, in consequence of the wickedness of mankind. When men become, by their conduct, reconciled with God, they may find their true loves. Astrological divinations on the subject are certainly common enough in Eastern stories; a remarkable instance will be given later on. At the present day, Lane tells us, the numerical value of the letters in the names of the two parties to the contract are added for each name separately, and one of the totals is subtracted from the other. If the remainder is uneven, the inference drawn is favorable; but if even, the reverse. The pursuit of gematria [Cabalistic word cryptographs] is apparently not limited to Jews. Such methods, however, hardly illustrate my present point, for the identity of the couple is not discovered by the process. Whether the diviner's object is to make this discovery, or the future lot of the married pair is all that he seeks to reveal, in both cases, though he charm never so wisely, it does not fall within the scope of this inquiry. Without stretching one's imagination too much, some passages in the *Panchatantra* seem to imply a belief that marriage-making is under the direct control of Providence. Take, for instance, the story of the beautiful princess who was betrothed to a serpent, Deva Serma's son. Despite the various attempts made to induce her to break off so hideous a match, she declines steadfastly to go back from her word, and bases her refusal on the ground that the marriage was inevitable and destined by the gods.

As quaint illustrations may be instanced the following: "Raba heard a certain man praying that he might marry a certain damsel; Raba rebuked him with the words: 'If she be destined for thee, nothing will part thee from her; if thou art not destined for her, thou art denying Providence in praying for her.' Afterwards Raba heard him say, 'If I am not destined to marry her, I hope that either I or she may die,'" meaning that he could not bear to witness her union with another. Despite Raba's protest, other instances are on record of prayers similar to the one of which he disapproved. Or, again, the Midrash offers a curious illustration of Psalm 62:10, "Surely men of low degree are a breath, and men of high degree a lie." The first clause of the verse alludes to those who say in the usual way of the world, that a certain man is about to wed a certain maiden. In both cases people are in error in thinking that the various parties are acting entirely of their own free will; as a matter of fact, the whole affair is predestined. I am not quite certain whether the same idea is intended by the *Yalkut Reubeni,* in which the following occurs: "Know that all religious and pious men in this our generation are henpecked by their wives, the reason being connected with the mystery of the Golden Calf. The men on that occasion did not protest against the action of the mixed multitude [at whose door the charge of making the calf is laid], while the women were unwilling to surrender their golden ornaments for idolatrous purposes. Therefore they rule over their husbands." One might also quote the bearing of the mystical theory of transmigration on the predestination of bridal pairs. In the Talmud, on the other hand, the virtues of a man's wife are sometimes said to be in proportion to the husband's own; or in other words, his own righteousness is the cause of his acquiring a good wife. The obvious objection, raised by the Talmud itself, is that a man's merits can hardly be displayed before his birth—and yet his bride is destined for him at that early period.

Yet more quaint (I should perhaps rather term it consistent, were not consistency rare enough to be indistinguishable from quaintness) was the confident belief of a maiden of whom mention is made in the *Sefer ha-Hasidim* (par. 384). She refused persistently to deck her person with ornaments. People said to her, "If you go about thus unadorned, no one will notice you nor court you." She replied with firm simplicity, "It is the Holy One, blessed be He, that settles marriages; I need have no concern on the point myself." Virtue was duly rewarded, for she married a learned and pious husband. This passage in the "Book of the Pious" reminds me of the circumstance under which the originator of the latter-day Hasidism, Israel Baal-Shem, is said to have married. When he was offered the daughter of a rich and learned man of Brody, named Abraham, he readily accepted the alliance, because he knew that Abraham's daughter was his bride destined by Heaven. For, like Moses Mendelssohn, in some other respects the antagonist of the Hasidim, Baal-Shem accepted the declaration of Rabbi Judah in the name of Rab: "Forty days before the creation of a girl, a proclamation [*bat-kol*] is made in Heaven, saying, 'The daughter of such a one shall marry such and such a one.'"

THE belief in the Divine ordaining of marriages affected the medieval synagogue liturgy. To repeat what I have written elsewhere: When the bridegroom, with a joyous retinue, visited the synagogue on the Sabbath following his marriage, the congregation chanted the chapter of Genesis (24) that narrates the story of Isaac's marriage, which, as Abraham's servant claimed, was providentially arranged. This chapter was sung not only in Hebrew but in Arabic, in countries where the latter language was the vernacular. These special readings, which were additional to the regular Scripture lesson, seem to have fallen out of use in Europe in the 17th century, but they are still retained in the East. But all over Jewry the beautiful old belief is contained in the wording of the fourth of the "seven benedictions" sung at the celebration of a wedding, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast made man in thine image, after thy likeness, and has prepared unto him out of his very self a perpetual fabric." Here is recalled the creation of Eve, of whom God Himself said, "I will make for man a help meet unto him." Not only the marriage, but also the bride was Heaven-made, and the wonderful wedding benediction enshrines this idea.

In an Aggadic story, the force of this predestination is shown to be too strong even for royal opposition. It does not follow that the pre-arrangement of marriages implies that the pair cannot fall in love of their own accord. On the contrary, just the right two eventually come together; for once free will and destiny need present no incompatibility. The combination, here shadowed, of a predestined and yet true-love marriage, is effectively illustrated in what follows:

"Solomon the king was blessed with a very beautiful daughter; she was the fairest maiden in the whole land of Israel. Her father observed the stars, to discover by astrology who was destined to be her mate in life and wed her, when lo! he saw that his future son-in-law would be the poorest man in the nation. Now, what did Solomon do? He built a high tower by the sea, and surrounded it on all sides with inaccessible walls; he then took his daughter and placed her in the tower under the charge of seventy aged guardians. He supplied the castle with provisions, but he had no door made in it, so that none could enter the fortress without the knowledge of the guard. Then the king said, 'I will watch in what way God will work the matter.'

"In course of time, a poor and weary traveler was walking on his way by night, his garments were ragged and torn, he was barefooted and ready to faint with hunger, cold, and fatigue. He knew not where to sleep, but, casting his eyes around him, he beheld the skeleton of an ox lying on a field hard by. The youth crept inside the skeleton to shelter himself from the wind, and, while he slept there, down swooped a great bird, which lifted up the carcass and the unconscious youth in it. The bird flew with its burden to the top of Solomon's tower, and set it down on the roof before the very door of the imprisoned princess. She went forth on the morrow to walk on the roof according to her daily wont, and she descried the youth. She said to him, 'Who art thou? and who brought thee hither?' He answered, 'I am a Jew of Acco, and a bird bore me to thee.' The kindhearted maiden clothed him in new garments; they bathed and anointed him, and she saw that he was the handsomest youth in Israel. They loved one another, and his soul was bound up in hers. One day she said, 'Wilt thou marry me?' He replied, 'Would it might be so!' They resolved to marry. But there was no ink with which to write the *ketubah,* or marriage certificate. Love laughs at obstacles. So, using some drops of his own blood as ink, the marriage was secretly solemnized, and he said, 'God is my witness today, and Michael and Gabriel likewise.' When the matter leaked out, the dismayed custodians of the princess hastily summoned Solomon. The king at once obeyed their call, and asked for the presumptuous youth. He looked at his son-in-law, inquired of him as to his father and mother, family and dwelling-place, and from his replies the king recognized him for the selfsame man whom he had seen in the stars as the destined husband of his daughter. Then Solomon rejoiced with exceeding joy and exclaimed, Blessed is the Omnipresent who giveth a wife to man and establisheth him in his house."

The moral of which seems to be that, though marriages are made in Heaven, love must be made on earth.

ON THE HORIZON

ERNEST BLOCH'S "SACRED SERVICE"

Musically Untraditional, but Authentically Jewish

KURT LIST

NOW that Ernest Bloch has passed his seventieth birthday, many musicians look back on his career with a sense of unfulfilled promise, expressed most clearly, and with a touch of cruelty, in the remark of one well-known American composer: "Isn't it amazing what a disappointment Bloch has turned out to be?"

To understand this attitude, one must go back to the circumstances in which America became acquainted with Bloch. He came to the United States first in 1916 as conductor of an orchestra accompanying the dancer Maud Allen. In his thirty-six years he had already earned a small reputation in Europe: mostly in Paris, where his opera *Macbeth* was produced in 1910 with all the concomitants of a minor scandal, and in Switzerland, where he was born and at whose Geneva Conservatory he taught for several years; but American musicians were quite unaware of his existence. The Allen tour collapsed, and Bloch found himself stranded in a cheap furnished room in New York. From there he stretched out his feelers, got in touch with some of the younger composers, played his scores for them on a battered piano, and because of the unusual melismatic-Oriental aspects of most of his music (exemplified in the constant repetition of certain basic note-patterns) was hailed as a prophet of uncharted musical courses. Stravinsky and Schoenberg were then quite unknown on these shores; and to a young generation in quest of music beyond the traditional Wagnerisms then prevalent in our concert life, Bloch's simple declamatory music, strongly infused with medieval and Oriental melodic turns, looked like an important revolutionary step. It was not long before Bloch became a musical culture hero of America. There is today a whole generation of composers, including such men as Roger Sessions, Douglas Moore, Randall Thompson, Frederick Jacoby, and George Antheil, whose musical education was guided by him.

In the 20's the question of "Jewish music" was not yet so much in the foreground of discussion as it has been in recent years. Bloch's music appealed purely on its musical merits, although even then it included programmatic works of a consciously Jewish character, such as the *Israel* symphony, the *Schelomo* rhapsody, the orchestral *Trois Poèmes Juifs,* and the vocal-orchestral *Psalms 22, 114,* and *137.* In healthy contrast to the attitudes prevailing today, music was appreciated for its aesthetic values and not for its ideological basis; what composers admired in Bloch was his introduction of certain exotic strands that considerably enriched Western music.

But Bloch was no innovator like Stravinsky, whom he seemed at first to resemble

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THE composer Ernest Bloch, who recently passed his seventieth birthday, was prominent among those who brought the aesthetic revolution of "modernist" music to these shores. But, KURT LIST suggests here, Bloch's lasting contribution may be not to the broader stream of modern music in general, but rather to the tributary of Jewish music, where his work is preeminent. Mr. List, composer and music critic, has written for COMMENTARY on musical subjects since the magazine's beginning. His most recent article in these pages was "Mahler: Father of Modern Music," in the July 1950 issue.

most, or Schoenberg. His melismatic and rhapsodic style was purely personal. As such, it remained fixed in his development and did not, as in Stravinsky's case, lead to anything further. Bloch is definitely a minor master, and, like many other minor masters, he sprang full-grown into the public's eye at an early age and has not essentially developed since, though his late work clearly remains on the same high level of craftsmanship and emotional sincerity as the earlier.

It is understandable, therefore, that Bloch has been a disappointment to those who looked for guidance toward the future. Yet today, when we can look back on his work, we still find logic and consistency in it. Possibly none of his music has influenced or ever will influence the mainstream of Western music. But in the field of "Jewish music" it occupies much more than a modest niche.

THIS was brought home quite forcefully last season when London Records released Bloch's *Avodath Hakodesh (Sacred Service)*.* The recording of this work, commissioned in 1930 by Gerald Warburg, written between 1932 and 1934, and first performed in 1934,† was decidedly the high point of a season of Jewish music otherwise as barren and devoid of creative inspiration as the preceding ones. More than merely a well-wrought musical work, the *Sacred Service* opens up an original facet of Jewish music that should prove of interest to all those concerned with the field.

The *Avodath Hakodesh,* in Bloch's words, "is a setting of Hebrew texts used in the Reform temples of America. Most of them belong to the Sabbath morning service, and they originate from the Psalms, Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Proverbs, and other sources of Jewish spiritual patrimony. . . . Musically, the work falls into five parts, following the liturgy, the whole to be performed without interruption."

In many ways the piece is highly eclectic. Undoubtedly, Brahms is its godfather in several respects, such as the pastoral setting of the beginning or the dark and terrifying melancholia in *Etz Chayim.* Then there are strains of British epic music: the same influences that shaped the climaxes of William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* can also be heard here in the *Borechu.* Occasionally a folk idiom is invoked that has no specific source, but gains its folk character from a forced simplicity that is best described as an international folk language (German Romantic composers always used to prefix such sections with the term "*Mit Innigkeit*"). Puccini very often makes use of this device, and it is with his music that the *Kodosh* seems to have its greatest affinity.

Original Jewish or Hebrew melodies are used but rarely. Whenever they appear, as in the *Tzur Yisroel,* where a traditional tune is left unaltered in the melody, with the orchestra furnishing a disproportionate harmonic and coloristic background, the composer seems quite helpless; this is the more surprising since technical craft is Bloch's most conspicuous asset. The same helplessness appears again when he attempts to emulate a traditional idea with his own material as he does in the *Veoharto.* The result sounds stiff and markedly unconvincing.

From this one might conclude that the *Avodath Hakodesh* is a work in the Western tradition, far removed from Hebrew liturgy. This, however, is not the case. While Bloch at his most convincing steers clear of traditional emulations, he stamps his liturgy with a Hebraic character by other and far more important means. These are musical, organizational, and ideological.

Musically, Bloch differs from other composers by an original harmonic approach that employs the modes of medieval music in a unique fashion. At first glance, his music appears tonal in the modern sense; that is to say, it uses the classic harmonic progressions in a seemingly modified way. But what is primarily felt as modification is essentially a throwback to much earlier times. Bloch's chord progressions are separated from the melodic line; they are not, as in traditional harmony, invented together with the melody; instead, they are repeated tone clusters into which a melody, which is mostly traditionally Western, is integrated *a posteriori.* Thus both harmony and melody are felt as almost traditional; yet the divergence from the classical covenant is obvious. It is this aspect of his music that earned Bloch his original reputation as a revolutionary inventor. Actually he skirts the modern issue skilfully and beautifully. By interrelating modern melodic and ancient harmonic aspects he seemingly avoids both traditional epigonism and neoclassic preciosity. Yet he manages, without actually going the whole way with the "modernists," to shift his music to a new level where it sounds unusual, even revolutionary, to modern ears. Beyond that, it sounds "foreign," for often the melodies have to be modified chromatically to fit the modal harmonic scheme. Since this scheme, by repeating rather than adapting stereotyped formulas, runs counter to late Wagnerian chromaticism, the patterns of Bloch's melodies often have a chromatic repetitiveness reminiscent of Oriental melisma. These patterns, taken together with Bloch's unusual harmonic scheme and the titles he appropriated from a liturgical or Biblical frame of reference, have often suggested a new kind of Jewish music.

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*Marko Rothmuller, baritone, Dorothy Bond, soprano, Doris Cowan, contralto, with the London Philharmonic Choir, chorus master Frederick Jackson, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by the composer. One 12" long-playing record. London Records LLP-123. $5.95.

†The first performance was in Turin, Italy, in January 1934, with the composer conducting. The first American performance was in Carnegie Hall, April 11, 1934, by the Schola Cantorum.

THE organization of the *Avodath Hakodesh* embraces the basic tenets of both Hebrew and Christian liturgy. The invocations of the precentor, the subsequent responses, and the meditative orchestral interludes, are in the broad tradition. It is this organization that most decidedly gives the work its liturgical character.

Where the work differs most markedly from all other compositions of similar intention is in its ideology. Bloch establishes an immediate relationship with God. But unlike the God of Catholic liturgy—an alternately benevolent and scolding father—Bloch's is the immutable, strict, and avenging Lord of the Old Testament. Where Bloch attempts to express joy, as in the *Borechu,* he succeeds only in expressing stern savagery. "Sing praise to the Lord" is praise of God the Avenger. In the *Toroh Tzivoh,* when the Scroll is taken from and returned to the Ark, the Lord is one with the Torah, "the Law of the house of Jacob." In the *Toras Adonoy* the words read, "The Law of the Lord is perfect, It doth restore the soul." But this soul is restored to a musical accompaniment of a coldness such as can be found in no other composer, save perhaps in some passages of the severely pietistic North German *Deutsches Requiem* by Brahms.

It is, of course, ultimately inadmissible to speak of music in such literary terms as I have used above; these can convey at best only the writer's personal reaction to a work. But the fact remains that Bloch creates a unique personal mood which can hardly be analyzed in musical terms, and which has tended to affect almost all critics in the same manner. Adolfo Salazar speaks of Bloch's inspiration as something to be found "in the robust pages of the Scriptures"; Peter Gradenwitz remarks on Bloch's "confessional style"; Marion Bauer sees the role of the cantor in the *Avodath Hakodesh* as that of "leader and prophet"; and Alfred Einstein asserts that Bloch "tries to construct the character and spirit of his race out of himself."

For Bloch himself, the *Toroh Tzivoh* is his high point. He remarks in his notes to the work that man's " 'equations' of his pride and 'knowledge' are formulas, mere labels and theories, to be changed from time to time in the course of history. He is completely ignorant of the causes of all that is essential—Time, Space, Matter, Thought. Thus, as a last resort, he commits himself, soul and body, into God's hands; or, if one prefers it, he relies humbly upon the vast forces, the laws, the everlasting and higher Truth of the Universe, and upon their ultimate wisdom." Here is none of the trust in a higher being whose final decisions can be swayed by prayer and supplication; for Bloch, as for the Hebrew prophets, God is immutable Law, and the central theological question is not that of faith but that of truth. It is in this respect that Bloch's music is perhaps most expressive of the classic Jewish spirit; for by asserting the existence of an objective eternal truth, as distinguished from the subjective state of faith, Bloch poses the theological problem as basic. Thus he admits and even implies the possibility of skepticism and disputation. In a lesser degree Bloch may be regarded as the Spinoza of modern music.

And thus he has opened another avenue towards the creation of Jewish music. I have already demonstrated in some previous articles the main directions in which a Jewish renaissance in music is being attempted. Bloch follows none of these. He avoids the integration of traditional melos with modern textures, as indicated by Schoenberg, Fromm, and others. Where Bloch uses traditional melos he becomes markedly awkward. He also refrains from emulating Eastern melodies in the way Weinberg, Binder, and Saminsky do. Whenever Bloch re-creates a Hebrew tune that is not in his own image, it is a complete failure. And he engages in no effort such as Vinaver's to revitalize the Orthodox traditional line. On the contrary, one might go so far as to say that Bloch is essentially ignorant of the Jewish and Hebrew treasury of folklore and synagogue chant.

Bloch has said of himself that he is not an "archeologist." He is interested in the Jewish soul, "the complex, glowing, agitated soul that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naivety of the Patriarchs; the violence of the Prophetic Books; the savage Jewish love of justice; the despair of Ecclesiastes; the sorrow and the immense greatness of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs."

By and large, Bloch has admirably conveyed all this. Where he errs is in believing that "this message . . . in its great simplicity and variety . . . embodies a philosophy acceptable to all men." It seems rather that, by depicting the spirit of the Scriptures, Bloch has created such a uniquely separatist and Jewish world that it becomes radically unassimilable for the Western world. Yet, if there is such a thing as Jewish music, Bloch's comes closest to it.

IT IS something of a mystery why a man born and raised in Switzerland in the 1880's, a place and time of almost absolute indifference toward the Jewish question, should have felt it so constantly and passionately. Perhaps the answer is to be found in Bloch's essential lack of concern with "Jewish" data in the concrete sense, his basic ignorance of Jewish musical tradition which forced him to treat Judaism as almost an extraneous element to be *added* to music, his religious fervor and literary pre-occupation. For Bloch's music is essentially literary, both in its source of inspiration and in its purpose. And this dependence upon literature presents the greatest obstacle to his attaining greatness.

Bloch's music is basically liturgical, even in its most abstract moods. As such, it is bound to be programmatic. It is symptomatic that Bloch's chief faults—lack of structural coherence, as we find most markedly in his *Schelomo,* and lack of taste, as in the community-sing passages of *America*—are absent from the *Avodath Hakodesh.* This only reasserts the fact that Bloch's first love is the liturgy. For while it is true that even in his secular works, such as *America* and *Helvetia,* there is an almost liturgical confessional turn toward things holy to the composer, it is not until the *Avodath Hakodesh* that Bloch freely and unashamedly peruses all the established patterns of the liturgical form.

Having created in his *Avodath Hakodesh* a rather unique and unmistakably Jewish work, Bloch forces us to ask ourselves a very pertinent question: can Jewish music be anything else but liturgical, in the same way that Catholic or Protestant music is liturgical? And as the Church has justly recognized the masses of Mozart or Rossini to be secular, essentially un-Catholic works, should not all Jewish music outside the liturgy be recognized as an unhistorical hybrid? If we answer this question in the affirmative, very little of so-called "Jewish" music, except Bloch's works and the traditional chant, will preserve its reason for existence, either as music or as "Jewish."

THE STUDY OF MAN

AMERICAN REALITIES AND SOCIOLOGICAL METHODS

Two Recent Social Science Studies

The New American

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THERE are some of us who tend to bristle irritably when a sociologist undertakes to discuss character or personality. Only imaginative literature, we say, has ever dealt revealingly with such subjects whose very reality the economist and the sociologist find it convenient to disregard. David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd** does deal, not only with character, but with *the* American character and thus, for a double reason, puts the present reader's prejudices on the defensive. If in the end these prejudices are largely overcome, it is because the author is a very unusual sociologist with more imagination and a truer sense of the limitations of his method than is common.

"Character" is defined in this book in terms which limit it to a sociologically discussible entity, and before Mr. Riesman outlines the concepts around which the study will turn he enters a warning: "These types are constructions and the richness of human personality, human discontent, and human variety cannot be imprisoned within a typology." After such an admission even the prejudiced reader may be placated and he will discover, if he permits himself to, that Mr. Riesman's "construction," admittedly tentative as well as admittedly limited, puts a large group of phenomena into an intelligible pattern. One could hardly ask for more and it is one of the author's virtues that more is not claimed.

THE writers in this department are generally social scientists, commenting and reporting upon the work of other social scientists on subjects of interest to the general reader. This month, however, the department is given over to two literary critics who, at the invitation of COMMENTARY's editor, review two recent books by social scientists—one, on the long-range change in the American character, the other, on the adjustment of Puerto Rican migrants to America. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, and the author of *The Modern Temper* and *Samuel Johnson.* He was for many years dramatic critic for the *Nation.* NATHAN GLICK, a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, is the movie critic for the *Progressive.*

ANY discussion must begin, as the book itself does, with a statement of certain hypotheses which we are asked to accept as premises that cannot be demonstrated by anything except their usefulness in organizing the material to be presented. In Mr. Riesman's terminology, "character" means, not the whole of what is sometimes called "personality," but merely "the more or less permanent, socially and historically conditioned organization of an individual's drives and satisfactions—those components of personality that also play the principal role in the maintenance of social forms—those that are *learned* in the lifelong process of socialization." His first hypothesis is that there are three types of society in each of which is dominant one of three types of "character," namely what he calls the "tradition-directed," the "inner-directed," and the "other-directed." The second, even more tentative hypothesis (and it amounts almost to a philosophy of history) is that the three types of society are functions of a population curve.

In primitive societies where the birth and death rates are both high, the typical "character" is one whose social conformity is insured by his tendency to follow tradition—to do instinctively what "has always been done." At the stage where the death rate has declined and the population is increasing, the "inner-directed" character—i.e. that in which the stabilizing principal consists in shared, but individually asserted, moral and social ideas—takes over. Finally, in the stage which he assumes we have now reached, where the birth as well as the death rate has declined and population, though at a high level, is stabilized or decreasing, the "other-directed" character becomes dominant; and it is with this last type that Mr. Riesman is principally concerned.

**The Lonely Crowd: A Study of the Changing American Character.* By David Riesman in collaboration with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer. Yale University Press. 386 pp. $4.00.

Since American society began as a transplantation, it never had a genuine "tradition-directed" phase. Until quite recently it was "inner-directed," which means that the typical American was like other typical Americans because all were pursuing ends defined for them in terms of an inner conviction that certain ideals of either moral character or worldly success were worth realizing. Being a sociologist, Mr. Riesman is compelled to warn that this sense of inner-direction may be in part an illusion; that the inner ideal may in actual fact be sociologically conditioned. But at least the individual had the sense that the ideal came from within. By now, however, this type of American has become old-fashioned. The type now dominant is "other-directed," which means that the goal that he has before him is not set by something which he feels to be personal and frequently fiercely individual or even defiant, but by his desire to be "normal," to be, in a word, typically "American," or "modern," or whatever happens to be his word for his conception of what the other people of his group are like. Thus though there is nothing which he would more utterly reject than mere tradition he is, actually, like the tradition-directed individual, because conformity with his century, his generation, his age group, his country, and his "set" is his controlling desire.

HOWEVER skeptical one may be of the ultimate or exclusive validity of Mr. Riesman's premises, his terminology, or his philosophy of history, it is obvious that he is here dealing with phenomena whose reality, for good or ill, is pretty generally recognized and it is also obvious that his scheme enables one to bring together and to relate tendencies which have been discussed under categories as different as those employed by people who talk about the decline of individualism and those who rail against the disappearance of ideals. All such phenomena can be considered as phases of the same thing and the richest as well as the longest portion of Mr. Riesman's book is that in which he does just this. He surveys each scene of the typical American's life from the time when his parents begin his habit training, through elementary school and adolescence, on down to his business and domestic career; and with considerable documentation he shows how, at every stage, "other-direction" has replaced "inner-direction."

The goal always held before this new type of American, the thing which he is asked to form his sociological "character" by learning, is not an ideal of righteousness, or superior moral or intellectual excellence, or even outstanding effectiveness, wealth, or power. The key phrase has become "successful adjustment." Even in the kindergarten he is taught to "adjust himself to his age group" which means to learn to like to do what the others like to do. The very standards of artistic excellence held up to him are furnished, not by the classics, but by the paintings of his fellow pupils hung on the wall and the literary compositions of his fellow pupils read aloud. If he is taught music it is not as something which will serve as an inner refuge or as a source of intense individual delight but as a sort of community ritual which will encourage more "group participation."

Very soon the movies, the radio, and the comic book take over. The adolescent has become more conscious of what is here called his "peer group" than of anything else. His chief desire is to be an "in" rather than an "out" and society now encourages instead of opposing this tendency. Neither tradition on the one hand nor the possible inner ideals of the parents on the other are held up to him, since his parents themselves accept, for the children at least, the ideal of "adjustment"; and as one said in an interview, "You know you can't punish your children too much or they begin to think you are mean and other children tell them you are mean." Certain popular tunes, radio programs, and comic-book heroes achieve an otherwise incomprehensible vogue simply because it has become supremely important to demonstrate "belonging" by admiring at exactly the right time and to exactly the right degree what one's fellows do. When the adolescent grows into a man he carries his "other-directed" character with him, and this furnishes the all-inclusive explanation of that tendency toward the "standardization of American life" which has been discussed, piecemeal, in connection with everything from breakfast foods to literary taste.

One of the current ideals in both sociology and anthropology is objectivity and detachment carried to the point where any value judgment is likely to be regarded as a manifestation of mere prejudice. In conformity with this ideal, Mr. Riesman never says how he himself feels about the "inner" versus the "other" directed character. Though I think it is clearly enough discernible between the lines that he finds at least the contemporary manifestations of the "other-directed" man extremely depressing, he never says so, and he thus provides an occasion for the present reviewer to make a point which he would very much like to be permitted to make. It is simply this: *The whole contemporary tendency to study everything in sociological terms is itself a part of the phenomenon with which this particular study is concerned.* Its author is, I repeat, an inner-directed character. Had he lived in an age when that character was dominant he would have written a book whose core was a value judgment and he would have both exalted and made a plea for inner direction. As it is he writes instead a sociological treatise.

Mr. Riesman has to a very unusual degree the power to see all around his subject and to realize the extent to which a method is likely in itself to determine the conclusions reached. He is therefore careful to define the measure to which he believes sociological conditioning to be an efficient cause of human phenomena, and he rejects any air-tight deterministic scheme. Yet it is hardly possible to treat "objectively" and "sociologically" subjects like his without at the same time making concessions to determinism and without strictly limiting possible attitudes towards them.

What would be the use of urging standardized Americans to be more like Emerson or Thoreau; what, indeed, would be the good of even asking whether or not Emerson and Thoreau were admirable if one assumes, not that Emerson and Thoreau decided to become what they were, but rather that they are phenomena inevitably produced by a society which has reached a certain point on the population curve? If on this assumption it is possible to do anything at all to check standardization, the possibility must lie, not in any appeal to the intellect, but in the manipulation of sociological factors, including the birth and death rates. And that is the sort of thing which "other" rather than "inner" directed characters go in for.

This is, moreover, not the only way in which the contemporary dominance of the other-directed man and the sociological methods which it encourages affect the nature of the conclusions reached. Mr. Riesman is concerned with mass phenomena and the concern with mass phenomena is itself a phenomenon of the age. He talks exclusively about the "average man." All his references to the arts are to the most popular of the popular arts. Yet though it is true that the comic book is probably the most widely consumed form of literature, the classics are still available in cheap editions which sell extensively. Though it is true that records of jazz and hill-billy music outsell all others, the fact remains that what the average other-directed man will be careful to call "longhair discs" are bought in astonishing numbers. In a different age this would be regarded as the really interesting, the really significant fact; perhaps, indeed, the only one worth talking about. The commentator would discuss and eulogize "the saving remnant." But our society, being other-directed, does not believe that salvation through remnants is possible. It may be right. But that does not change either the fact that this is itself a sociological phenomenon or that the dominance of the sociological approach tends to promote the very tendencies which a sociologist like Mr. Riesman seems to disapprove of. A survivor from another segment of the population curve might even be imagined to say: "The masses are no vulgarer than they ever were. The only difference is that you concentrate your attention upon them and believe that they are supremely important."

To Mr. Riesman's own qualifications and caveats we may, then, add two others: first, that the difference between our age and others may be somewhat less than the methods chosen to examine them may suggest; second, that the more one concentrates one's attention on mass phenomena the greater the weight that will be given them, not only in judging, but also in planning, especially in planning such social institutions as the school. But when all qualifications have been made and all caveats have been heeded, there is still rather too much inescapable truth in the picture which *The Lonely Crowd* presents.

New York's Puerto Ricans

Nathan Glick

BETWEEN them, the social scientists and the business market "researchers" have bred a cultural behemoth: the interminable questionnaire. Merely to *read* the hundred-odd, several-barreled queries posed to each victim of this study* induces an overpowering fatigue. The idea seems to be that if you corner your subjects, formalize their responses, and limit yourself to the ascetic role of a calculating machine, you thereby attain a shorthand, shortcut knowledge which is somehow more authentic than the old-fashioned responses of the senses and the mind. This technique of pigeon-hole sociology, aside from its general cultural condescension and invasion of privacy, strikes me as particularly inappropriate to those Puerto Ricans in Harlem whom I have got to know in the course of a subsidiary kind of social work. They are the most open, hospitable, and unsuspicious people I have encountered in a city where these qualities have become increasingly rare. To subject them arbitrarily to this battery of questions is to take advantage of their easy availability.

I do not mean to impugn the motives of the authors. The study was financed by the Puerto Rican government and one of the major aims of the authors was to remove the human problem of the migrants from the realm of political scare-mongering and introduce into the discussion some cultural perspective and reliable fact. Against newspaper estimates running as high as 700,000, for example, they set the sober figure of 200,000 for the Puerto Rican population of New York. One also finds here a greater tact and modesty than, for example, in the "Yankee City" and "Jonesville" studies of W. Lloyd Warner and his associates. None of the questions, for one thing, was offensively personal. And although the authors erupt occasionally into such an occupational clumsiness as "There is no unilateral social hierarchy in Puerto Rico," the prevailing style of their report is plain, direct, even at times sensitive. I remember, too, that C. Wright Mills some years ago expressed his professional as well as personal admiration for the pregnant, individualized, painfully accurate and loving descriptions of two Southern share-cropping families in James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.* (In general, Mills's writing has been among the most sophisticated and least academic in American sociology.) It is this sensitivity that prompts the authors to say in their preface: "We are aware that no study of this kind can capture the full meaning of the journey from Puerto Rico to New York City and of the splendors and miseries of the people who make it. Confronted with a subject as alive, deep, and varied as a people on the move, we have had to rely largely on the collective and somewhat distant experience which statistical research offers, catching it in bits and pieces which we then try to fit together. . . ."

A COMPARISON of this statement with the text reveals sociology's split personality: its yearning for the "real thing" and its reveling in statistical accumulations. Instead of careful portraits of individuals or descriptions of the behavior of informal street groups, which might at least hint at "splendors and miseries," the authors spawn from their statistics a "composite" portrait. "The typical Puerto Rican migrant living in New York City's Spanish Harlem or the lower Bronx is 24 years of age, has completed about six years of schooling, comes from an urban area on the island and had always lived in such an area. The chances are six to four that the migrant is white, seven to three that she is married. We say 'she' because it is six to four that the migrant is female. In the wage worker stratum, it is about even odds that the typical migrant worked as a semi-skilled laborer."

Neither in this abstract potpourri, nor in the scores of generalizations ventured, do I recognize any of the Puerto Ricans I met and talked to—the imperturbable, slightly quizzical, dignified old women, the harassed, patient housewives, the bold, snippy girls, the deceptively shy ones, and the gigglers, the wiseacre boys on the corner who were so impeccably courteous at home. Nor was I reminded of the tiny communal kitchens where females of three and sometimes four generations silently and indifferently went about their divided labors of washing clothes and children, preparing a meal, ironing, and breast-feeding the baby.

But even in their own terms, the authors are vulnerable. For example, they want to arrive at some statement about the "adaptation" of the Puerto Ricans in New York. By arranging confessions of "troubles" according to language proficiency and employment status, they conclude that the better the migrant's English and his job, the better adapted he is. But isn't it just as plausible that the opposite may be true? As he learns more English and rises in the job scale, the immigrant is more likely to take over the middle-class prejudices that dominate the New York environment, which means that he will be disinclined to expose his true feelings or troubles, especially when they hint at lack of success. Also as he becomes more ambitious, he is likely to become more frustrated, the ceiling for Puerto Rican expectations here being what it is. On the other hand, it is the poorer, less educated newcomer, not yet involved in the competition for status, who is uninhibited about admitting his troubles. For him, they are a natural, not an invidious condition. The danger of statistical sociology lies in the assumption that quantity illuminates quality; but there are ambiguities in numbers that are not commonly dreamt of.

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* *The Puerto Rican Journey: New York's Newest Migrants.* By C. Wright Mills, Clarence Senior, and Rose Kohn Goldsen. Harper. 238 pp. $3.

A related danger is the tendency to consider the questionnaire as defining the entire universe of possible knowledge. On the evidence of the earlier interests of Mills and Senior, the reader might have been led to expect some clarification of the *political* context of New York Puerto Rican life. Yet despite the curious facts and rumors about the Puerto Rican mass base of Vito Marcantonio's East Harlem machine, *The Puerto Rican Journey* is strangely silent on all aspects of Puerto Rican political behavior.

THE book does offer a partial illumination, however, on the effect of American mores on the Puerto Rican's color consciousness. The authors divide their subjects into the categories of black, white, and intermediate, and watch for variations in the responses of these three color groups. My own experience in Puerto Rican Harlem would not have justified such a division, for I saw no signs of color discrimination among the Puerto Ricans themselves, and even the "Americanized" outsider accustomed to automatically registering color distinctions (though he might think he detested their social uses) soon stopped responding to color overtones in dealing with Puerto Ricans. On the island itself, as the authors point out, color carries little weight except among the tight group of "best" families which places a premium on pure Spanish derivation. Since the Puerto Rican community in New York is too new to have produced a significant moneyed elite, there would seem to be no internal pressure toward the establishment of color distinctions. Yet the study revealed an interesting variation in the responses of the three groups. (It should be remarked that the slightness of the variation, close to an average of 10 per cent, is largely disregarded by the authors; but its consistency does invite speculation.)

White Puerto Ricans, especially women, express a greater aversion to working with Negroes than do darker Puerto Ricans. In time, colored Puerto Ricans learn to dislike working with other Puerto Ricans, and the women among them become less likely to object to working with other Negroes, perhaps because they may be more privileged among American Negroes than among other Puerto Ricans. One of the ironies of the assimilation process for colored Puerto Ricans is that the more English they learn and use publicly, the more likely they are to lose the slight advantage their Spanish identity affords them over American Negroes in New York. The least secure group, according to the authors, is the intermediate one. The mainland, unlike the island, does not recognize shadings in pigmentation or feature-formation. It is likely, should this color standard take firm root among the migrants, that the community will ultimately be severed into those who assimilate into the white world and those who accept their place in the Negro world. In that event, the tragic figure will be the intermediately colored Puerto Rican unable to enter the white community and unwilling to identify himself with the Negro community.

Suggestive as these variations on the color theme are, they are hardly the definitive analysis that the authors, in their earnestness, imply. They do, however, by the very fact of their distance from commonplace experience, remind us of possible subjects for contemplation. I should say that the two elements most lacking in this study are the intimacy which would serve to check an obsession with statistics, and that free play of the mind which would lead beyond statistics to all the cultural possibilities of the situation. Our concern with assimilation, certainly, should include the possibility of assimilating into our own urban ways the slower pace of living, the everyday love of music, the unquenchable passion for outdoor and non-organized communal living, the absence of shame in poverty, which the Puerto Ricans brought with them to New York.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Peekskill

To the Editor of Commentary:

I wish to commend James Rorty and Winifred Raushenbush for their most accurate, authentic, and painstaking account of the Robeson "concerts" in Peekskill ["The Lessons of the Peekskill Riots," in the October Commentary]. Particularly interesting to me is their criticism of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization which I have had occasion to challenge several times. The ACLU is still inclined to condone the behavior of Communists in the belief that they are ordinary dissenters; one suspects that the contented members of the ACLU have never themselves been touched by the immoral standards of conduct that characterize the native Communist movement. . . .

I have been a resident of Croton for eighteen years (perhaps I should add: I am Jewish and was born in Russia) and have had the opportunity to observe the degrading methods used by Communists in spreading their seeds of dissension from door to door. . . . For many years the Communists in Croton have employed a give-'em-the-works program against any neighbors who oppose their way of thinking; this is one of their chief weapons for demoralizing a community, and it also engenders the bitterness and hatred that erupts when Communists are allowed to pursue their lawless ways. . . .

I wish it were possible to reprint the Rortys' article in every newspaper in the country.

Mary Plager

Croton-on-Hudson, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

Though James Rorty and Winifred Raushenbush say in the closing paragraph of "The Lessons of the Peekskill Riots" that these riots "provide us with a shocking example of how *not* to deal with Communist fomentation of racial and religious tension and conflict," the over-all attitude of their article, it seems to me, is to "understand," accept, and condone the Legionnaires' behavior. I feel that Mr. Rorty and Miss Raushenbush, as well as a great many other Americans, have somehow failed to learn some very important lessons in American democracy that I'd like to set forth here.

I thought the article dealt mainly with the reception accorded the invaders by the home communities and I'd like to confine my remarks to this aspect of the situation.

The central character in Mr. Rorty's and Miss Raushenbush's Peekskill story is Vincent Boyle, who is presented as a refreshing young American, "earnest," "still trying to understand," "of more than average intelligence," free of deviousness and free of anti-Semitism. Unfortunately Mr. Boyle has not only personal charm, earnestness, and intelligence, but also some distinctly anti-democratic attitudes which are clearly evident in his letter to the Peekskill *Evening Star,* quoted in part in the article. . . .

The call to "vehemently oppose" the appearance of the Robesonites and the reference to the Verplanck handling of the Klan are nothing short of calls to violence and extra-legal vigilantism. The American tradition I was brought up on was protest through the written and spoken word; more forceful intervention was to be left to the courts of law and the police. I must say I'm disheartened by our authors' lack of faith in this principle.

Similarly, Boyle's request for cooperation with the American Legion in this matter suggests that the Legion has taken over the administration of justice from our courts and police. I readily grant the Legion's right to express itself —in words, please—but I consider its assumption of power through violence or threat of violence as dangerous as the Bund's activities in behalf of Hitler Germany.

And while discussing the Legion let me say I challenge its notion that veterans are super-citizens with greater rights and privileges than others. I was brought up to believe in the equality of man and to despise hierarchies. I don't believe a wounded veteran necessarily understands society and citizenship better than others. Similarly, I'm truly sorry Vincent Boyle lost a brother and father in World War II, but I don't see that that entitles him to any greater say in the running of our democracy, as Mr. Rorty and Miss Raushenbush seem to think. Briefly, I believe in an equal vote for every citizen and ample opportunity for everyone to speak his piece. . . .

Mr. Boyle's idea of leaving "no doubt in [the Robesonites'] minds that they are unwelcome around here now or in the future" and of striving "to find a remedy that will cope with the situation the same way as Verplanck and with the same result that they will never reappear in this area" sounds to me like a call for a reign of terror. . . .

His statement that the Communists are coming "to induce others to join their ranks and it is unfortunate that some of the weaker minded are susceptible to their fallacious teachings unless something is done by the loyal Americans of this area" expresses the arrogance common to all anti-democratic elements: we are superior and must "take care of" our weak-minded brethren who can't be trusted to think right. I got the impression that the authors shared Mr. Boyle's fear that the Communists would gain 100,000 new adherents in the Peekskill area and I wonder what made them think the Peekskill populace would be less discerning than they themselves.

To Mr. Rorty and Miss Raushenbush, how we defend ourselves against the Communist threat is only a matter of tactics. I've tried to convey that it is also a matter of some very important principles.

JOSEPH S. MILLER

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The Rortys' piece on the Peekskill riots is by far the best on the subject. It won't please everybody: it shouldn't. It is heartening, though, to see, set up in type, something that gives off the exotic aroma of honesty.

A number of us up here are grateful to the Rortys.

BERNARD SEAMAN

Croton-on-Hudson, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

You have rendered a public service of lasting importance in publishing "The Lessons of Peekskill." As a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, I am particularly grateful for your report. . . .

HAROLD E. FEY
Managing Editor

The Christian Century
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Having just read (with the utmost self-control) "The Lessons of the Peekskill Riots" by James Rorty and Winifred Raushenbush, I must write that it is a heartbreaking whitewash of the entire issue, clothed in double-talk and contradiction which could perhaps be matched only by the *Daily Worker* itself.

That the attitudes and role of anti-Semitic and anti-Negro Peekskill residents should be so lightly touched upon is sad and frightening. The writers seem sorry that they cannot completely absolve these incipient fascists of guilt; and they almost do so, their hatred of Communism is so great and so misdirected. . . .

MARVIN SICHERMAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"The Lessons of the Peekskill Riots" struck me as being one of the finest jobs of objective reporting in the field of social sciences that has come to my attention.

J. FREDERIC DEWHURST
Economist

The Twentieth Century Fund
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations on the fine piece by James Rorty and Winifred Raushenbush. . . . There is great strength in the authors' restraint. It is packed full of facts showing the authors have done a great deal of research. And may I add that the entire October issue of COMMENTARY is excellent.

LOUIS WALDMAN

New York City

Differences . . . and Differences

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In October's COMMENTARY there is a story ("The First Three Stars," by David Schreiber) about a little Jewish boy who knows that Jews are different. Whatever his father tells him about them has the same meaning—Jews are different. If Chaimke's world is so strange it is because there are differences . . . and differences; and some of them (or possibly all of them), as Barry Pain once said, are wrong 'uns. Here even time and the calendar are reckoned differently, for although it is December and Timmy Mulcahy and one of Timmy's older brothers will that day come down the street carrying a Christmas tree, behind him in the synagogue basement ten men are reading *Pirke Avoth* under the delusion that these are still the summer months. They are also under the delusion that they are reading *Pirke Avoth.* Who may underestimate the potency of purple-black wine, black bread, and herring? This is what makes the learned rabbi, Chaimke's grandfather, lick his lips. This is what makes the crowfooted eyes crinkle and sparkle, not the keen and tender logic of a passage which is not there. But since they are under the delusion that they are reading *Pirke Avoth,* it is fortunate that there are ten of them, for as every ignoramus knows, a *minyan* is required for the reading of *Pirke Avoth*. Or is it?

In Chaimke's world, the word "Saturday" may not be used in synagogue because of its Roman origin, yet Chaimke's father who has issued this particular decree subsequently speaks twice of Venus. If this bewilders the reader, Chaimke, at least, knows that all will be resolved when at night his father will tell him why neither Saturday nor Venus is to be mentioned in synagogue. After all, Chaimke is only a bit past seven and when he misses the point his father tells him, "Later, later you will see," and whenever he rebels, his father smiles with the knowledge that his son will understand better later on. How are the dreams of parents fulfilled! Chaimke grows up and learns to smoke and is able to understand—what it must have meant to his grandfather to abstain from tobacco on the Sabbath. *Nu*—so is wisdom acquired!

J. Brothers

Harrison, New Jersey

Revisionism in South Africa

To the Editor of Commentary:

Our attention has been drawn to an article entitled "South Africa: Life on a Volcano" written by B. Sachs for your June issue.

Although we are not interested in expressing an opinion about the article generally, we feel impelled to point out a misstatement of fact in the following sentences from the article: "The same factors that tended to create a strong Zionism also tended to promote the growth of Revisionism (the extreme right-wing party in Zionism).

"... Nevertheless, though stronger than in any other English-speaking country, the Revisionists form only 15 per cent of the total Zionist strength. The United Zionist party (ideologically General Zionists) has easily the largest following and was during the last few years rather more moderate than its American counterpart."

We do not know from what source the author of the article obtained his information, but the only test of strength among the South African Zionist parties that could be used as a basis, is the result of the last Zionist Congress elecions held in this country. In that election the Revisionist party emerged as the second strongest party with the support of a third of the Zionist electorate. While the United Zionist party led the poll, it cannot be claimed that they have "easily the largest following." The results of the election were:

United Zionist party	36 per cent
United Zionist Revisionist party	32 per cent
Zionist Socialist party	27 per cent
Mizrachi	5 per cent

The results of that election also served as the basis for the composition of the South African Zionist Federation, which has already twice been constituted in accordance with these proportions—the last occasion being the most recent Zionist Conference held in September of 1949.

Until such time as new elections may be held in South Africa, the official status of the parties remains in accordance with the above quoted figures.

Harry Hurwitz
General Secretary

United Zionist Revisionist Party
of South Africa
Johannesburg, South Africa

To the Editor of Commentary:

I obtained the figure of 15 per cent by canvassing expert neutral opinion.

The last election results do not accurately reflect the true state of affairs, as the non-party section, which included some of the leading Zionists, did not participate in the election.

Since the last election, the Revisionists have been losing ground. One of the reasons is that Chief Rabbi L. I. Rabinowitz, who was a powerful influence in the community, resigned from the party. Another is that there is less glamor about the doings of Herut than there was four years ago. The recent split between Herut and the Grossmanites has further weakened the Revisionists.

B. Sachs

Johannesburg, South Africa

"Weight and Sense ...."

To the Editor of Commentary:

Each time I read my copy of Commentary I feel impelled to write you thanking you and congratulating you on your fine job. Impulse has finally broken through indolence. There is no magazine I know that is doing what you are doing, and I don't limit this to subject matter dealing with Jews. There is weight and sense and honest exploration, and if I don't happen to agree with everything everybody writes, it's a good healthy argument with people I respect. Perhaps what I like most is that in a world of doctrinaires, your doctrine has variety, good humor, and scholarship. . . .

Michael Blankfort

Los Angeles, California

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Judaism "Not Cricket"

The Gentleman and the Jew. By Maurice Samuel. Knopf. 325 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by David Daiches

Mr. Samuel has written a fascinating and provocative book. In the framework of an autobiographical discussion of his own intellectual development, he discusses Jewish history and ideals, the nature and value of the Bible, and the complicated problem of Jewish nationalism and its relation to the present position of Zionism and the State of Israel. He relates his whole interpretation of Jewish history to a formulation of the difference between Hebrew and non-Hebrew ideals which I for one find untenable. This formulation, which is suggested in the book's title, *The Gentleman and the Jew,* is at best an oversimplification, at worst a total misunderstanding. That it does not detract in any serious degree from the book's merits can be ascribed to the fact that his other arguments depend on this assumption less than Mr. Samuel thinks, as well as to the general brilliance and honesty of his thought.

The formulation with which I quarrel is that the Western tradition of the gentleman, which can be traced through Plato and Castiglione and Shakespeare's *Henry V* to Tennyson, Kipling, and the English public school code, is based on competition and an exaltation of conflict and is therefore fundamentally immoral, to be opposed to the Jewish conception of co-operation based on a common striving after ethical values. "The gentleman is the noblest ideal of man possible in a society that immorally accepts competition and rivalry as the basis of life," and against this "pagan competitive code (hate)" we must set "the prophetic co-operative code (love)": the former derives from the Greeks, the latter from the Hebrew Bible.

Mr. Samuel's account of his first discovery of the pagan competitive code is done with great charm and wit. He tells of his childhood in Manchester, England (whither he had come from Rumania as a very small boy), his discovery of and initial enthusiasm for the English boys' magazines which exalted the code of fair play with its contempt for cads and rotters, its emphasis on gay loyalty and camaraderie, its postulate of a life of cheerful magnanimity where nothing that is "not cricket" is ever done except by outsiders. At the same time he was studying the *Pirke Avoth,* the "Ethics of the Fathers," at *cheder,* and side by side with "Play up, play up, and play the game" he was reading "The more the study of the law, the more the life" and "Who is wise? He that learns from all men. Who is mighty? He that subdues his evil nature. . . . Who is honored? He that honors mankind." He did not at first appreciate the basic conflict between what he later calls "the great sporting ritual" and the Jewish ethic: his book is in part the record of his discovery of that conflict and his total rejection of the former ideal in favor of the latter.

The book is written autobiographically, and perhaps it can best be reviewed in an autobiographical tone. I feel very sympathetic toward Mr. Samuel's description of the dual ideals which surrounded his childhood and youth. I know what he is talking about, having grown up in Scotland as the son of an Orthodox rabbi. One major difference between my background and Mr. Samuel's is that my father, while thoroughly Orthodox, was dedicated to the reconciliation of rabbinical Judaism with the best in Western thought: he wrote both Hebrew commentaries on the Talmud and a book on David Hume; he took an equal pride in my Hebrew studies and in my ability to read Homer in Greek; he would thrust "Baba Metzia" at me one day, the poems of Bialik the next, and Herbert Spencer or Matthew Arnold the next (I am here recalling specific incidents). I was therefore predisposed from childhood to consider the two ideals of which Mr. Samuel speaks as both requiring reconciliation and able to be reconciled. I could, in fact (and perhaps some day I shall), write an autobiography of the kind that

Mr. Samuel has done that would be a counter-autobiography to his. For in large measure we see what the pattern of our life leads us to see.

I see with Mr. Samuel that much of the British code of fair play was designed to give ease and grace to the habits and manners of a ruling class; but, unlike him, I draw the conclusion that one should admire and imitate the ease and grace without necessarily admiring or imitating the social and political philosophy from which in some degree it sprang. It was a Jewish sage who, when challenged because he sat at the feet of an apostate, remarked: "When I see a pomegranate I eat the pulp and throw away the skin." The charm, the gallantry, the social ease which the concept of the gentleman brought into daily life were wholly admirable things, and do not in themselves necessarily imply an underlying code of competition and hate, even if it is true that historically they emerged in conjunction with such a code.

THE association of the gentlemanly ideal with competition (and so with war and hate) is insisted on by Mr. Samuel, but I think that the historical facts can be interpreted quite otherwise. There is considerable ground for claiming that the ideal of the gentleman, with its insistence on what Castiglione called *sprezzatura*, "nonchalance," was deliberately non-competitive: like "the effortless superiority of Balliol men," true gentlemanliness implied a concealed self-confidence that disdained the vulgarity of competitive striving. It is true that the notion of honor is bound up with that of mutual striving, but, in the first place, that notion as we find it in, say, Spenser or Sidney is a deliberately romantic view based on a stylization of a non-existent chivalric code, and, secondly, any concept of striving after an ideal implies some sort of struggle and competition. The notion of "fight the good fight," of a *struggle* to be moral, is not classical but Christian: Aristotle could not concede that a man who had to struggle against temptation in order to be virtuous could be truly virtuous—if he was, he wouldn't be tempted; the relation between the Christian *psychomachia* and the knightly view of honor achieved through struggle may not be of the closest, but the link is there. There is, that is to say, more of the Hebrew-Christian ethic in this "pagan" concept of honor than Mr. Samuel concedes.

And is the idea of honor so un-Jewish? The term *kovod* (honor) is common enough in Jewish discourse, and is not always used in a context of cooperative love. When I was at school at Edinburgh the Orthodox Jewish parents were keener than anybody else to have their sons and daughters distinguish themselves by getting school prizes and scholarships, which were always awarded on a competitive basis. Com-

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munity leaders were always seeking *kovod* of one kind or another. The struggle over who should have *maftir Yonah* on Yom Kippur was intense. Mr. Samuel may reply that this is a different kind of honor from the honor of the Castiglione-Kipling tradition, and of course it is different. But is it so different that it rejects the very notion of competition? Perhaps Mr. Samuel would answer that if it does not reject that notion, so much the less Jewish it is.

We might say that competition in scholarship, for example, is quite different from the elaborate pattern of gentlemanly striving after honor in the manner of Sir Philip Sidney or the English cricketer. Perhaps so; but we should also point out in any discussion of the subject that the former kind of competition has a long history in Europe as something like a counter-ideal to that of the Kipling hero. The Renaissance ideal courtier was, of course, both soldier and scholar; but what of the Renaissance humanist, represented by Erasmus and Colet and Sir Thomas More? What of the tradition of Christian humanism, of which Milton in England was such a conspicuous example? Mr. Samuel maintains that the notion of a Christian gentleman is a contradiction in terms: one can be a Christian (which, on his view, is to fall into what is basically the Hebrew pattern) or a gentleman, but never both. I think that within the tradition of Christian humanism he might have found the two concepts reconciled.

And what of the traditional British collocation, "gentleman and scholar"? Surely there is a bridge there between the pagan and the Jewish ideal? A gentleman, as defined in a book of etiquette published in England in 1834, is essentially one who treats others as he wishes that they would treat him—and we know who first said that. A sense of honor, that notion so much derided by Mr. Samuel, can mean not preeminence in martial exercises but that habit of self-respect that leads one to treat all persons with courtesy and dignity. I quote the concluding paragraph of the early 19th-century book on etiquette: "Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion—but in *the* MIND. A high sense of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a GENTLEMAN." It takes a great deal of special pleading to link this definition with a tradition that begins in Plato and ends with Hitler and with a view that implies "that life is, *au fond*, an unspeakable abomination."

The most sustained effort to portray the character of a Tory English gentleman in modern English literature is represented by the character of Tietjens in Ford Madox Ford's recently republished novel sequence, *Parade's End*. Tietjens is almost pathologically opposed to all form of competition—he resents the whole idea as ungentlemanly. "He couldn't tell the fellow that the idea of a competition was loathsome to him. Any sort of competition was loathsome to Tietjens. Even competitive games." (Page 593.) It is the crude and ungentlemanly who are most competitive. In Scotland, which has hardly been touched by the English public school ideal, where educational ideas stem directly from Protestant humanism, education is more fiercely competitive than in England: poor scholars wrestle with each other for prizes and scholarships. When I left Edinburgh University to do graduate work at Oxford I was struck by the complete difference in manner among the English public school boys from anything I had known in either Scottish or Jewish circles. There was much more "gentlemanliness"—and much less of the competitive spirit; in Scotland, where the educational atmosphere at least had been more democratic and less dominated by notions of honor and fair play in the Kipling sense, there had also been much fiercer competition. This fact does not destroy Mr. Samuel's thesis, but it weakens it, and it represents one of the many aspects of the subject that he does not take into consideration before forming his grand generalization.

In spite of its title, however, the Jew-Gentleman antithesis does not dominate the book, and the later discussions, though not always relevant to the presentation of this thesis, dealing with the Bible, Jewish history, and the Jewish future, are wholly admirable. I wish I had space to quote some of his perceptive remarks on the Hebrew prophets, or on the relation between the Old and the New Testaments, or his cogent and clear-sighted comments on the problems of Israel. But it must suffice to recommend the book most warmly to Jews and Christians alike as a brilliant and searching analysis of some of the values of civilization. If I do not altogether agree with the author's main thesis, I certainly recognize the value of this kind of discussion and welcome the clarity, force, and self-searching honesty that are so conspicuous in it.

Portrait of a Gentleman

PARADE'S END. By FORD MADOX FORD. Knopf. 836 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by MONROE ENGEL

THE publication of Ford Madox Ford's tetralogy in one volume is a long overdue act of justice. Read together in this way—as one novel really and even at that a somehow incomplete one—these four books take on a stature and pertinence they do not seem to possess when read separately. It is possible for those of us who have been up to now innocent of Ford's genius to see what it is his adherents have been talking about.

The unique accomplishment of *Parade's End* is its central character, Christopher Tietjens, a kind of corpulent, ratiocinative ghost of the 18th century. For Tietjens is one of the few characters in either English or American fiction who can present his own position—whose intelligence, that is, is equal to that of his creator, and before whom the creator can therefore abnegate himself, so that the novel becomes a completely dramatic confrontation. The European novel has such characters, the novel of France and Russia, but the English and American novel customarily has instead such monoliths as Pickwick or Ahab or, driven to its logical conclusion, the behemoth, the great White Whale itself.

The four books of *Parade's End* (*Some Do Not, No More Parades, A Man Could Stand Up,* and *The Last Post*), published originally between 1924 and 1928, constitute a saga of the passing of an old order. What was going with the old order, what made it more than a change of climate, was the very idea of order. The rationalism of the 18th century was the last body of ideals of sufficient breadth and humanity to form a basis for a more or less stable order of life. The optimism of the 19th century, the belief in infinite improvement, was no substitute. Whatever its philosophical ramifications, it was essentially a mercantile euphoria, premised on limitless commercial expansion. And when business went, not bankrupt perhaps but dangerously unstable, all that optimism began to fall apart, persisting only in the blind whistling in the dark of the die-hards—a whistle, to be sure, that may still be heard in our day.

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The latter-day Victorian and the Georgian writers were already a pretty somber lot, and by 1924 anyone of Ford's perspicacity knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that we were in rats' alley. A lot more time has gone by since then, and today our writers for the most part have their eyes on the abysmal future. But for Ford in the mid-20's it was possible to look both ways and see what he thought he was losing, as well as what he was getting into.

In his introductory letter to *A Man Could Stand Up,* Ford says: "I hope . . . that this series of books, for what it is worth, may make war seem undesirable." Well, his friend William Carlos Williams described Ford in a poem as fat and lying, and it is not hard to imagine him, with his delicate sense of the lie, laying a trap for his readers, and wishing them to fall into it even at his own expense. For many writers have done a more effective job of making "war seem undesirable" than Ford. But this isn't what he was up to, or not primarily. War isn't, in the pattern of *Parade's End,* an unforeseen outbreak of horror, but an unavoidable step in the process of a world three-quarters gone to pot, and the other quarter well on its way.

CHRISTOPHER TIETJENS is the last Tory—which is not the same as being an exponent of Toryism, for as such he would have had company. He is rational, aristocratic, and humane. This all involves certain contradictions, of course. Tietjens will not divorce his wife, though given outrageous cause, because a man does not bring charges against a woman—gentlemanly certainly, but not entirely rational. Nor is it quite rational to refuse the money left you by your father because he believed certain falsehoods against you, but allow that you will accept money left you by one of his friends who believed the same things.

Tietjens' rationalism then, as it is subsumed in his Toryism, is not an originating so much as a regulating force. The code by which a gentleman lives is complicated and often irrational, but, once given the code, a good Tory gentleman—Christopher Tietjens—subscribes to reason in any given circumstances for the application of the code, and what reason dictates, nothing short of extreme physical measures can keep him from doing. Thus Tietjens sticks to perfectly cranky notions with an unheated steadfastness that makes him a kind of saint of reason. And like any saint he must be loved jealously, hated wickedly, universally maligned, and finally more or less crucified—finding, of course, peace of a sort in his martyrdom.

IT IS a measure of the success of the novel that this saint who within his own terms (and they are pretty good terms) can do no wrong, should, despite our suspicions of any but unsavory motives, take on flesh—quite a deal of worn flesh, in fact, until he might be an *alter ego* of Ford himself. He is a Quixotic saint whom we see first as a clumsy, unkempt, ineffectual, rich man's younger son, cuckolded, his name given to what may well be another man's child. By the time we are finished, only one of these circumstances has changed, but we are nevertheless prepared to concur in his canonization.

There is some sleight of hand in all this—sudden overripe flushes of virtuosity that purport to contribute more than they really do. But despite this, we have at the end seen an antique, superannuated, anachronistic, noble man in action, and the distance our civilization has come beyond him seems, in good part, a measure of our moral poverty.

Christopher Tietjens does most to carry the novel, but he is far from alone. Ford was a prodigal writer, and he has created what Hollywood would call a "galaxy of stars." Mark Tietjens, Christopher's elder brother, who when he heard on the eve of the Armistice that the Allies were not going to march into Berlin, vowed never to utter a word again—and except for one break on his deathbed, never did. Sylvia Tietjens, Christopher's Catholic wife, who is the chief victim of his saintliness, as he is of her sexual madness. The Wannops, *mère et fille,* the elder a writer, the younger a suffragette, a singular strain in the society of that age. Mark Tietjens' French mistress, Marie Léonie Riotor, who had lived with him thirteen years, fixing his mutton chops and his baked potatoes, before she ever knew his full name. And there are many more. But it is their reference to Christopher Tietjens that binds them into the novel, so that even though in *The Last Post* Christopher appears only once, and then briefly, there is no doubt that he is still the chief character.

FORD, then, was writing the story of a man who lived beyond the end of his world. The power and the beauty of the book will be a shock to a whole generation of readers who, coming of age after its popularity, have for the most part never heard of its existence, and know of its author only that he once changed his name. The book will doubtless be overrated in those quarters where it will have the partisan value of being in some sense a traditional novel—though its tradition is that of France, not England, and even to that tradition its adherence is far from strict. But it would be too bad for the novel to leap from obscurity to too great an eminence, for despite Ford's accomplished storytelling, his ability to write a panoramic novel and to create characters who transcend their individuality, there is in his thinking about people and society, parallel to his positive conservatism, a tinge of nostalgic softness which makes of the old county families a kind of never-never society in which the rich were responsible, the poor proud though tractable, and all lived in bucolic splendor—this despite the fact that Ford saw only too clearly the reasons for the death of the Tory culture he must have loved very deeply.

In a Climate of Wealth

Mink on Weekdays. By Felicia Lamport. Houghton, Mifflin. 309 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by Isa Kapp

"The very rich are different from us," said F. Scott Fitzgerald, and was right at least in the sense that wealth creates *Lebensraum* for particular qualities of character. Benevolence, quizzicalness, a general blandness in the face of surprises—these are the sprouts of a wealthy climate. In that indulgent world where chambermaids are changed once a week, carrots served in the shape of birds, religious orthodoxies tempered to whim, and babies wear mink on weekdays, it is gratuitous to treat oneself or one's experience intensely.

Felicia Lamport, born to the casual manner, affectionately mocks the prodigious circumstances of her youth, which permitted unwanted eggs to be dumped onto Fifth Avenue, and glutted her with culture like determined hostesses. By the time she was ten, she and her sister had been catapulted from Fräulein to Mademoiselle, through tennis, swimming, piano, golf, trips abroad, and "responsibility" in the shape of twelve chicks and an un-housebroken lamb. They had heard of a *cache-sexe,* were read to at night from the works of Madame la Comtesse de Ségur, but could never join the literary discussions of their contemporaries who were reading *The Five Little Peppers* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* They said their prayers in four different languages, "rather like a report to God of our linguistic accomplishments to date."

The Lamport zeal to educate their young is understandable when one sees that they regarded skills and knowledge as simply another kind of possession. They may have found these the most tantalizing possessions of all, since they could infinitely prolong the act of acquisition, pursuing them in new forms when Parisian gloves and linens began to pall. Property is heroine, plot, and stage-set for *Mink on Weekdays*—it is the fifth dimension in which the Lamports move. If they are distinguished from the dreary rich, it is by that hearty sensuality which teaches them how to use property without being intimidated by it. Still they never can get away from their belongings. Their strong

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opinions, even their eccentricities, always concern "things."

In some respects, property makes the whole world kin. At least, it makes for a world that recognizes only its own demarcations and exclusions. And in the universe of property, the Jew momentarily loses his displacement and becomes a citizen. The Lamports, though Jewish, are never excluded from anything. They cannot be: they are consumers on too large a scale as well as mass producers of their own pleasure. In summer, the cornucopia of their lawn-party food and hospitality deflects members from the country club next door. At home, they furnish the costumes for their costume parties. Their servants intermarry: prudish French governess versus Japanese libertine. They are able to incorporate into their front rooms the "feeling" of Palestine, hold out for interior decorators with the Byzantine spirit, and manifest upon their walls "interpretations" in bas-relief of the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Rachel's Tomb, and the Long View of Jerusalem with Orange Groves in Foreground. Since all Lamport experience ultimately refers back to such private palpable consummations, what place or relevance remains for class or religious barriers, for snobbery or malaise? Mrs. Lamport, who leads the family crusades, empirically discovers that a Swede can possess a unique instinct for the geography of Palestine, a dress model may turn out to be a kindred spirit during an intimate discussion of *haute couture,* and a Japanese butler turn into a master of Chinese-American chow mein.

THE elder Lamports enact a kind of holiday Jewishness that their Gentile servants take more seriously than they themselves do. Felicia's father, caught absentmindedly munching a grape on Yom Kippur, proceeds to an apple with defensive bravado—"might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb." The laws of the Lamport kitchen are kosher, but the nursery obeys its pediatrician's commandment to serve bacon. The real defender of the faith is Jo, the Japanese butler. When the maid takes two plates from the shelves, he follows her into the dining room. " 'Clala!' he said dramatically, 'God gonna stlike you dead. You got milkik plate touching fleikik plate.' " (I have, incidentally, been authoritatively informed that the Japanese cannot pronounce *l*'s. Either Felicia's memory was tricked by a conventional stereotype or Jo was a Chinese in disguise.)

Though Mrs. Lamport's frivolous matriarchy is described in the Clarence Day tradition, Father is a classic Jewish figure in his skeptical, punning obeisance. Felicia writes of her parents' Judaism in the vaguely affectionate tone an agnostic Protestant son might take toward his parents' churchgoing. Her descriptions of Jewish life read like an aunt's letter about the antics of nephews and nieces that she providentially need not take home with her. Her own humor is not really Jewish: everything is so much taken for granted that there is no residue of tension from which a comic notion might leap. *Mink on Weekdays* does take a humorous attitude toward pomp and circumstance, and some episodes *are* funny, but only to the extent—and with the unreal sprightliness—of the college column. How can the reminiscence of this vivid leisure-class life turn into a fundamentally dim and sagging account? Perhaps property is jealous of the mind, and exerts itself to censor the imagination.

The American Citizen-Intellectual

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS. Edited by PERRY MILLER. Harvard University Press. 521 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by MARVIN MEYERS

IS THERE a dominant style of "Man Thinking" in America which organizes thought and character, art and popular taste, prophecy and history into a meaningful union? To its interpreters, America has always appeared a sort of open-air laboratory, a collective demonstration of grand designs. So *The Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England* unfolds the 17th century; and, with Tocqueville, Frederick Jackson Turner, and Vernon Louis Parrington, other, more secular patterns fall into place. Always there is the historian turning a relentless unifying instinct upon the materials of American thought and culture, leaving a record of exemplars, types, case histories—and not very much of the individual man thinking.

Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* (1835) and Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* (1926) formulate what are still, among historians, the key positions for the work of unifying the American mind. (Turner's "frontier thesis" lies within the scope of Tocqueville's general approach. Moreover, his many students have not chosen to follow through his leads for intellectual history.) Tocqueville devises a systematic and subtle sociology of democracy in America: his portraits of the lawyer, the philosopher, the journalist, the "public," are units, alive with bright insights but still units, in a uniform demonstration of the effects of a democratic social condition upon the intellectual process. Rarely is a name named; date and place—America: 1830's—only admit the contingencies that feed the general laws.

The American scholar of 1830 (in Emerson's broad sense of the term) was typically a citizen-intellectual, and thus a fit subject for study as a reacting social agent. Nor did the land teem with intellectual sports and monsters, whose genius would be wasted in the reduction to uniformity. Over the course of American history, both these conditions have remained in force sufficiently to warrant Tocqueville's method as one of our models of interpretation. So the failure of American historians to develop a respectable literature along Tocqueville's line cannot, I judge, be put to any delicacy of taste which rebels at sociologizing over intellectual matters. Tocqueville has been echoed countless times, but generally at random, piecemeal, in a monotone. The damnable perspicacity of the young Frenchman a century ago has appropriated too much of what we wanted to say. Later endeavors have the air of intelligent and unprovocative chat about long familiar, long settled matters. It is not, then, Tocqueville's method, but his particular triumph of method over data, that has so far defied imitation.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON is still another brand of unifier. His *Main Currents in American Thought* has been ranked as one of the marvels of modern synthetic scholarship and his disciples turn up on every new book list of American history. Master and students alike would appear intent upon persuading the present generation that American thought has been essentially a succession of polemical encounters over the conduct of public affairs, and that its study is a preface to good citizenship.

This is not Tocqueville's way of searching out explanations of a uniform social process. It is, rather, a kind of history that arranges the past in a pageant of liberal-democratic genealogy, a procession of great spokesmen fixed in traditional formation for a frontal engagement with the doubters and nay-sayers. As a result,

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the mind of Jefferson, archetype of the political intellectual, has almost disappeared under the ministrations of Parrington's modern historical friends. When Daniel Boorstin's *The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson* appeared not long ago, "Jefferson scholars" nodded in qualified approval, quite unaware that their heads had been cut off.

PROFESSOR PERRY MILLER of Harvard has been breasting the Tocqueville stream and the Main Currents for many years now, and has made a distinguished—and distinctive—career of writing American intellectual history (his specialty is the Puritans) in terms of its native subject matter: ideas. His most recent book is a history-by-anthology of Transcendentalism, almost rashly unique in its attempt to build an interpretation with no appreciable representation of Emerson. (This is not a matter of principle with the editor; Emerson, he felt, was readily available to the general reader, the others were not.) The anthology does its historical job effectively, constructing the movement that refused to be a movement out of its Unitarian origins; structuring its array of central intellectual commitments at the moment of greatest unity; drawing it slowly apart again, under the stress of its schism. Transcendentalism is rescued from the blanketing mists of "Mid-Century Reform Movements"—the characteristic historical treatment—and restored as a religious persuasion intent upon such serious business as the refutation of Lockean psychology and the Unitarian doctrine of miracles.

Yet all of this is more in praise of the book Miller might have written from his sources than the present anthology. With Emerson and Thoreau out of sight, Transcendentalism loses much of its stature. Editorially clipped to their doctrinal essentials, the documents are mostly of a plodding sort, poor in imagination and style and philosophic resourcefulness. Emerson said of Theodore Parker: "He was no artist. . . . What he said was mere fact, almost offended you, so bald and detached; little cared he." With the change of a few terms, this would fit many of the selections. Emerson goes on to celebrate Parker's character; there was force and beauty in the man which was not in the prose, viewed as literature or theology. This too characterizes much of Transcendentalism: that the works come alive only as they are rooted in their authors.

Some of the editor's notes are more rewarding than the accompanying texts, precisely because they suggest the revealing intersections of character, doctrine, and history. An exposition of the editorial design that is implicit in the choice and arrangement of documents and in the notes would make a book well worth having. The other kind of book has already been done in part by the late F. O. Matthiessen, whose intensive textual study of Emerson and Thoreau (in *American Renaissance*) seizes more of the nature and meaning of Transcendentalism than will, I suspect, the most scrupulously inclusive history of the movement.

OBVIOUSLY, an approach such as Miller's to intellectual history, which honors the idea and the mind as objects worthy of study in themselves, requires a certain intellectual density and dignity on the part of the material under study, which the documents in this anthology rarely possess. Some of the sources assembled by Miller even talk back rather curiously to their editor and the school of intellectual history that he represents. I refer to the selections, heavily underscored by Miller, from Orestes Brownson, supplemented by George Bancroft, which give a quite novel version of the practical consequences following from Transcendentalist premises, particularly concerning the office of the scholar.

It has been customary to regard the Transcendentalist prescription for the intellectual as something in the Emerson vein, echoed here in the selection from the philosopher Frederick Henry Hedge: "What other reformers are to the moral culture, he must be to the mind of his age. . . . He must be a radical in speculation, an ascetic in devotion, a Cynic in independence, an anchorite in his habits, a perfectionist in discipline. Secluded from without, and nourished from within, self-sustained and self-sufficing, careless of praise or blame, intent always on the highest, he must rebuke the superficial attainments, the hollow pretensions, the feeble efforts, and trivial productions of his contemporaries. . . ."

The opposite possibility has remained unexplored—that the Transcendentalist philosophy, positing in every man the faculty for spontaneous intuition of truth, would issue in a value-system making Everyman, collectively, the arbiter of philosophy, art, and politics; in Bancroft's words: "The common judgment in politics, morals, character, and taste is the highest authority on earth, and the nearest possible approach to an infallible decision." This is at war not only with Emerson, but with Jefferson and what had previously been the democratic philosophy in America. The mass had not before been turned loose without the tight guidance of an aristocracy of reason and a constitutional order. Brownson, for whom there has been a certain forced vogue as anticipator of the Marxist analysis of class, turns out—in those selections at least—to be the chief figure in the Americanization of "the general will." The omnipotence of public opinion so disastrously embedded in the Jacksonian America of Tocqueville's description—but rejected even in the major Jacksonian statements of principles, for the spokesmen remained obedient to Jefferson—becomes here the legitimate authority for the American scholar. The intellectual must not be a solitary soul, he must enter a total engagement with the mass, "must have like passions with them; feel as they feel; crave what they crave; and resolve what they resolve. He must be their representative, their impersonation. . . ."

This popularity principle leaves Brownson defenseless against his own fate, for in his time his Transcendentalist voice was attended to only in a few choice New England households, his organ was very much a little magazine, and his principles, insofar as they went beyond the Democratic party platform, led him well outside the Main Currents of mid-19th-century America. (Even in politics, Brownson was not above fabricating his *rapport* with the masses. As Joseph Dorfman describes it, Brownson just prior to the election of 1840 got up a "temporary creation" called the Workingmen's Association of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and prepared in its name an address to other workingmen for support of the Democrats. In his *Boston Quarterly Review,* Brownson reprinted the address, without mention of its authorship, as an interesting and promising sign of workingmen's sentiment.)

For the intellectual historian in search of a method, Brownson makes the worst of several systems. Parrington's concern to exalt the politically correct is superimposed upon Tocqueville's search for the dominant mode; and history or critical judgment must be distorted to maintain the fusion. The lesson of this may carry over to the historian as intellectual and democrat, with the hint that he hold the two elements apart not as a matter of expediency but of necessary principle.

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ISRAEL REVISITED. By RALPH MCGILL. Tupper and Love. 116 pp. $2.00.

Reviewed by MILTON HIMMELFARB

THE exact statistical data may not be available, but there is little reason to doubt that, *per capita,* more books continue to be written about the Jews than about any other comparable group. All the more is this true of Zionism, Palestine, and now the State of Israel and the Israeli war of independence. There is no sign that the flood of books pouring off the presses will abate soon.

In the sample before us, only one work is fictional, unconcerned with high politics, war, and strategy, and dating from well before Israel's independence—Maletz's novel, *Young Hearts,* about life in a *kvutzah.* Yet this work of fiction is ultimately more instructive than the histories and analyses.

The number of Israelis living and working in the various communitarian settlements, the *kibbutzim* and the *kvutzot,* formed a relatively small part of the total Jewish population even before the recent massive wave of immigration. The *kibbutzniks,* however, are the recognized elite in Israel, and their way of life is the Israeli mystique. If in the United States the small boy wants to be a fireman or a cowboy when he grows up, in Israel he wants to be a *kibbutznik;* the difference is that in Israel he rarely outgrows his veneration for his childhood hero. In the war for independence, the accomplishments and leadership of these people were out of all proportion to their numbers; they provided most of the soldiers for the celebrated Palmach, as well as most of the commanders who led their country to victory against greatly superior might.

The doctrines and attitudes that constitute the communitarian ideology in Israel may be described as a combination of Zionism, Marxism, utopian socialism, and the teachings of Rousseau and Tolstoy. In *Thieves in the Night,* Arthur Koestler attempted in part to describe what life is like in an agricultural commune committed to this ideology. Maletz lacks Koestler's cleverness, and he is not a particularly good novelist. However, *Young Hearts* gives the reader a truer and more deeply felt sense of the lives of men and women than Koestler's gaudy tract. When his novel was published, several years ago, Maletz had himself been a *kibbutznik* for more than twenty years. He knows what he is writing about in a manner that Koestler, with all his quick intelligence, can never know.

IN ISRAEL *Young Hearts* (*Maagalot*—"Circles"—in Hebrew) was something of a *succès de scandale.* It showed that the *kibbutznik's* life, however far from being corrupt or cynical, was also far from being the uniformly noble and exalted thing that its idealizers had painted. The serpent of human nature had not been completely excluded from the communal paradise. Competition, it was found, could not be wholly left behind when bourgeois society was abandoned; it insinuated itself into the life of the collective in covert striving for status and prestige, and even the collective did not have enough status and prestige to go around. Unrequited love remained, sad and sometimes tragic. (This is Malraux's painful discovery, that socialism cannot solve the problem of the ugly woman or the automobile accident.) Above all, doctrinaire collectivism was the enemy of privacy, and the need for privacy, whether to rear children or simply to refresh the spirit in occasional solitude, was found to be more urgent than had been imagined. Nevertheless, like Ecclesiastes, Maletz ends on a note of affirmation: " 'You know,' Hannah said to Menahem, 'I think that in spite of everything it *is* good.' And Menahem turned to look back at the fields spreading beneath them. 'Yes, Hannah,' he whispered, 'perhaps it is so. It is good.'"

Young Hearts, therefore, is a moving account of the pathos of utopia. Aldous Huxley prefaced *Brave New World* with a quotation from an author who proclaimed that the frightening thing about utopias is that they are attainable. We need not go so far, but we should remember what the medieval historians tell us, that when the burghers of the Middle Ages had wrested or bought from the lords and prelates the right to elect mayors in their towns, they thought they had established the reign of peace and goodness forever. The *kibbutzim* and *kvutzot,* impressive proof of man's search for righteousness and wholeness in a corrupt world, have recently gone a considerable distance toward removing some of the irritants Maletz complains of, and there seems to be a good prospect for the continued retreat of doctrinaire logic before simple human needs. Still, *Young Hearts* teaches us again that society, at its most honest and most nearly perfect, cannot fully assuage the anguish of a man and his soul in the world, that even in Zion there can be no ease.

NEXT in interest is the diary of a South African journalist now with the Israeli embassy in Washington, Levin's *I Saw the Battle of Jerusalem.* Like the man who was asked what he did during the Terror, Levin can say: "I survived." He and his wife were in Jerusalem during its months of bitter trial in 1948, and his diary is the story of what happened to them and to thousands like them, and what they did and thought. People who have won independence at such cost and with such sacrifice will not lightly surrender it; and the Jews who defended Jerusalem with their bodies will not cede to others the governing of their city. So much becomes obvious when one reads this book.

It is hard to avoid sharing the Jerusalemites' indignant and contemptuous revulsion from the anxieties now being voiced in various ecclesiastical quarters for the sanctity of the city. When the Arab armies were methodically shelling Jerusalem and killing its inhabitants, and venerable synagogues were being destroyed by incendiary bombs, the Christian churches were silent, seemingly unaware of peril to holy places. It was only when the warfare had ended with an unexpected partial victory for Israel in Jerusalem that the churches became agitated. The pious phrasing of their tardy concern is probably more offensive to the Israelis than anything else.

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THE rest of these books are a mixed bag of scholarship and journalism.

Hurewitz's *The Struggle for Palestine* is a work of solid, sober, and impartial scholarship, likely to remain an authoritative work on the period 1936-1947. These were the years of the breakdown of the Mandate, inquiries, insurrection, White Papers, "illegal" immigration, and all the rest of the well-known chain of events that finally led to the United Nations recommendation, the war in Palestine, and Israeli independence. Dr. Hurewitz records and analyzes meticulously; refraining from stating his own preferences, he seemingly shares Reinhold Niebuhr's conviction that the Palestine case was an acute instance of the always painful clash of right with right. He does not say so, but the reader will feel justified in inferring from this book that Oxenstierna's lament about the stupidity of rulers applied with particular vigor to the British and to Arab leadership.

Professor Dunner's *The Republic of Israel* is less substantial than it looks. The historical section is smoothly written and makes easy reading, but it does not say anything that has not been said before by any number of Zionist writers. A very considerable part of the book consists of a detailed exposition and criticism, mostly favorable, of a draft constitution for Israel. That document itself, however, is realistically not much more than the interesting recommendations of Dr. Leo Kohn, a political theorist. The odds against the adoption of any constitution in the near future are many, because the responsible leadership in Israel wishes to avoid a *Kulturkampf* between the religious and secular elements, or at least to postpone it.

Kimche's *Seven Fallen Pillars* (Lawrence of Arabia's pillars) is a journalistic history of the Near East from 1915 to 1950. Kimche knows the area well, and some of the individual chapters are very good. The whole, however, is inferior to its parts. Sometimes he seems to urge an end to British domination in any form, and sometimes only a more benign and enlightened domination. There are several inconsistencies of this kind. In addition, while it is true that behind-the-scenes reporting (which sometimes reads almost like hiding-in-the-closet reporting) can be very interesting, doubts arise; does a man hiding in the closet always hear clearly?

Colonel Pearlman was the chief press officer of the Israeli armed forces during the war of independence. He is an experienced writer, and he was in a position to know many things not generally known. It is therefore all the more surprising that his *The Army of Israel* should be so essentially uninformative about the things that really count. For example, Kimche would attribute decisive importance to Ben Gurion's victory in the debate over the professionalization of Haganah. Ben Gurion wanted it to be an army like all other armies, with all their distinctions of rank and their other inequalities; he felt that only by paying this price could planning and discipline be achieved, and through them victory. Those whom Kimche calls the left-wing romantics said no; they wanted Haganah to remain the egalitarian militia it had been in its underground days. Is this true? If it is true, how much did Ben Gurion's policy contribute to the ultimate victory? This is only one of the questions Pearlman fails to discuss.

Sugrue's *Watch for the Morning* is for the most part competent if not especially noteworthy human-interest reporting on Israel by a liberal American Catholic; but it also has an elusive and oddly appealing strain of mystical expectation, a feeling that Israeli independence, and indeed the fact and being of Israel, are a portent that the Great Days either have come or are about to come. Shaw's *Report on Israel* consists primarily of articles he wrote on assignment for American magazines. It is well written and interesting, dealing more with relatively anonymous citizens than with celebrities or statesmen, and is illustrated with photographs by Capa. McGill's *Israel Revisited* is another one of those ephemeral little documents that seem to be produced by a kind of spontaneous generation.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

David Daiches is chairman of the division of literature at Cornell University.

Monroe Engel has contributed reviews to Commentary and other periodicals.

Isa Kapp has written articles and book reviews for this magazine, the *Reporter,* and others.

Marvin Meyers is an instructor in social science at the College of the University of Chicago.

Milton Himmelfarb is on the staff of the American Jewish Committee.

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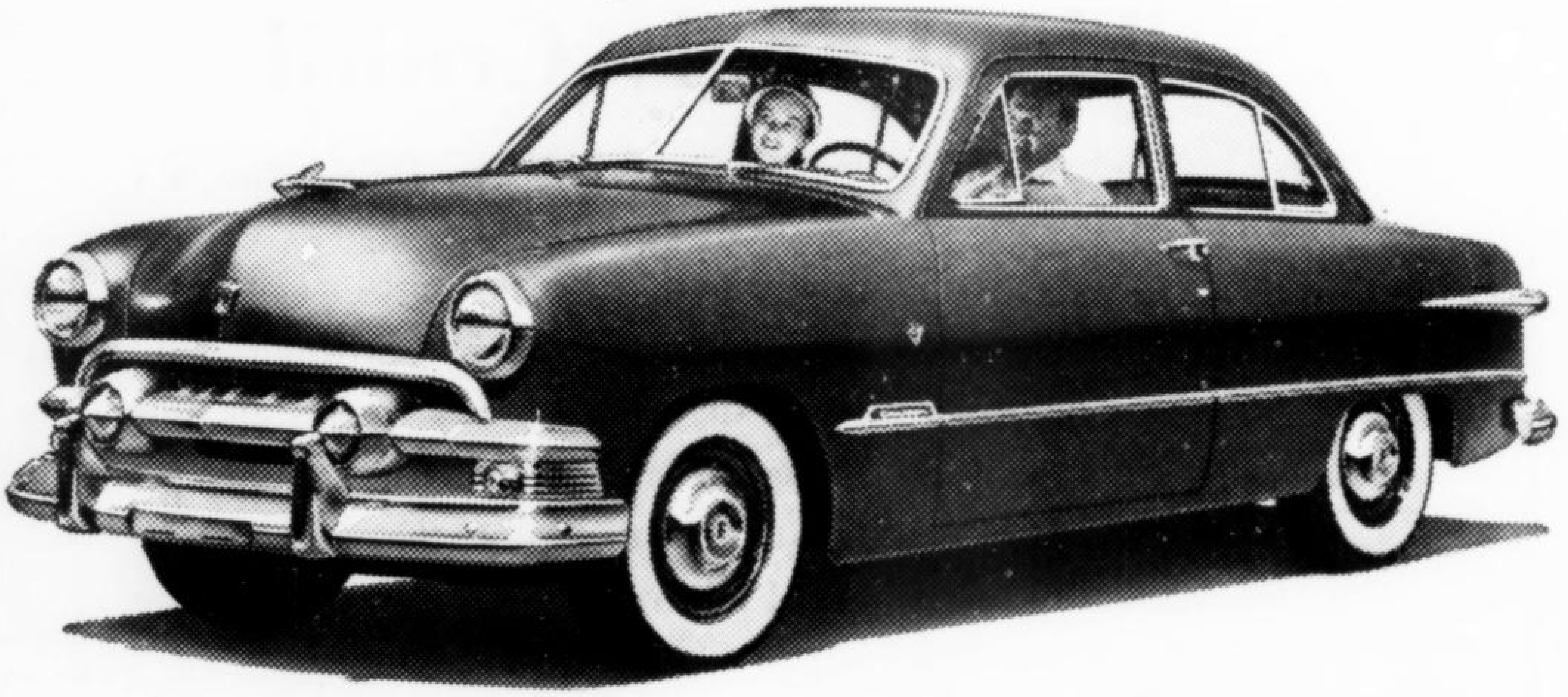

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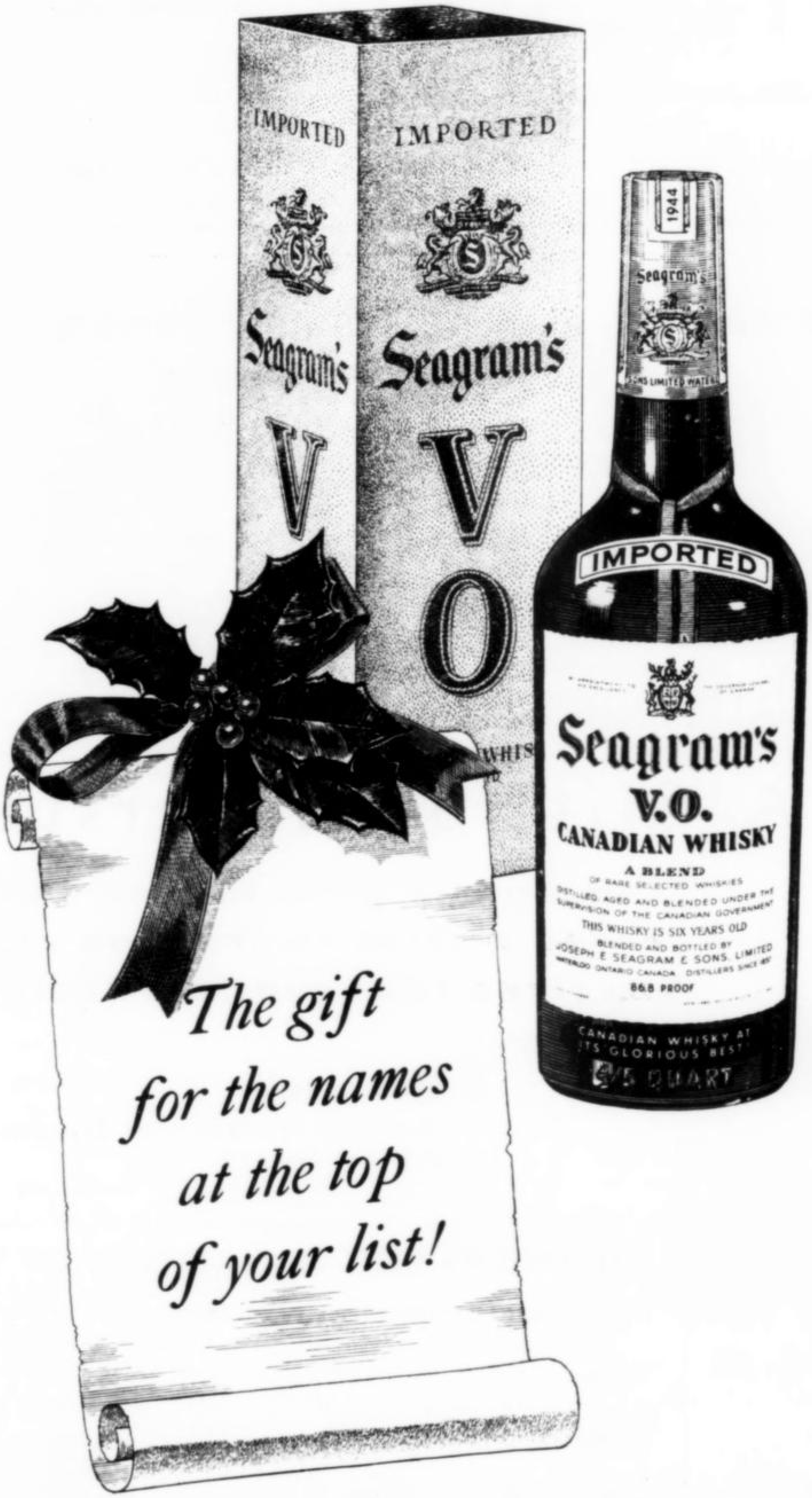
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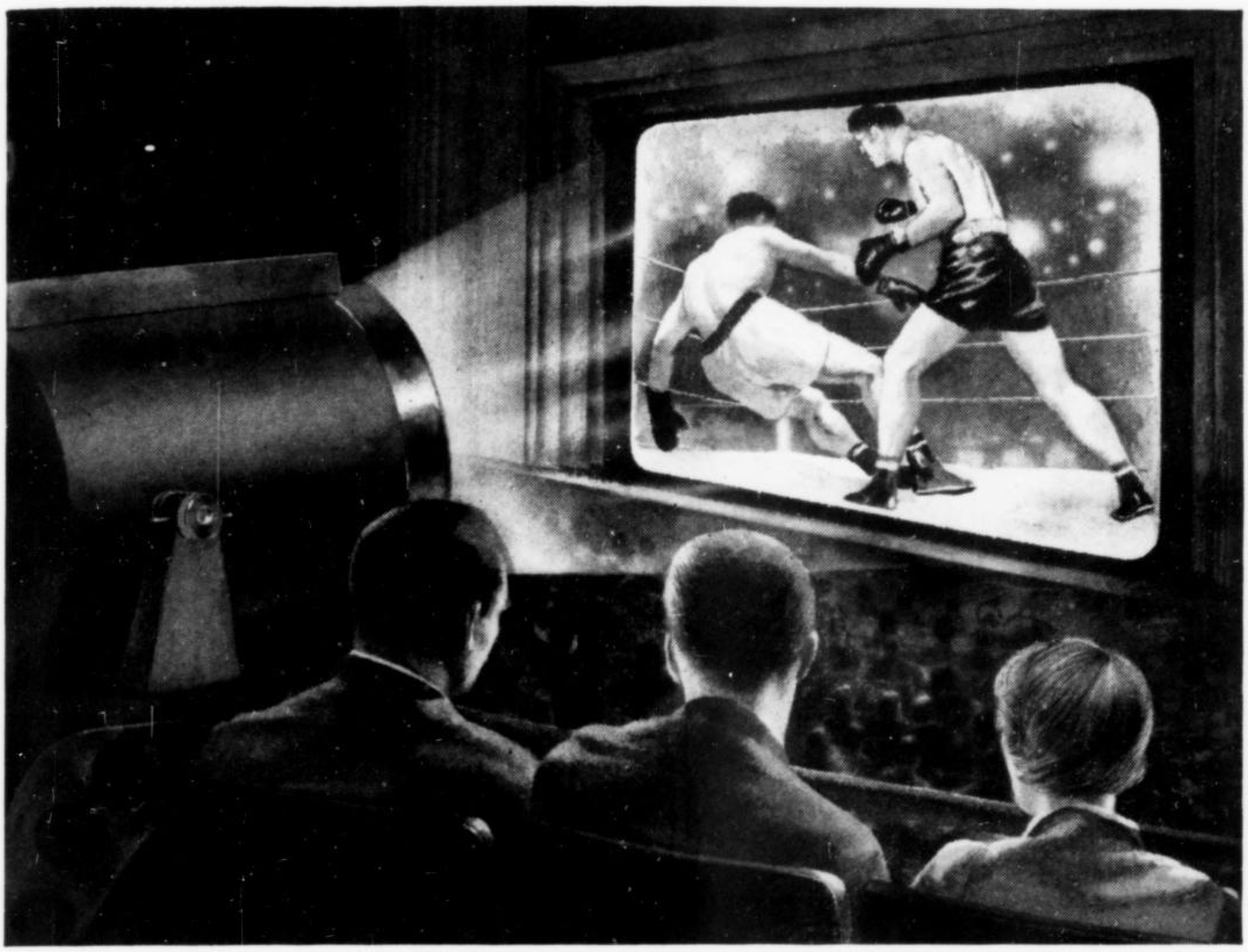

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